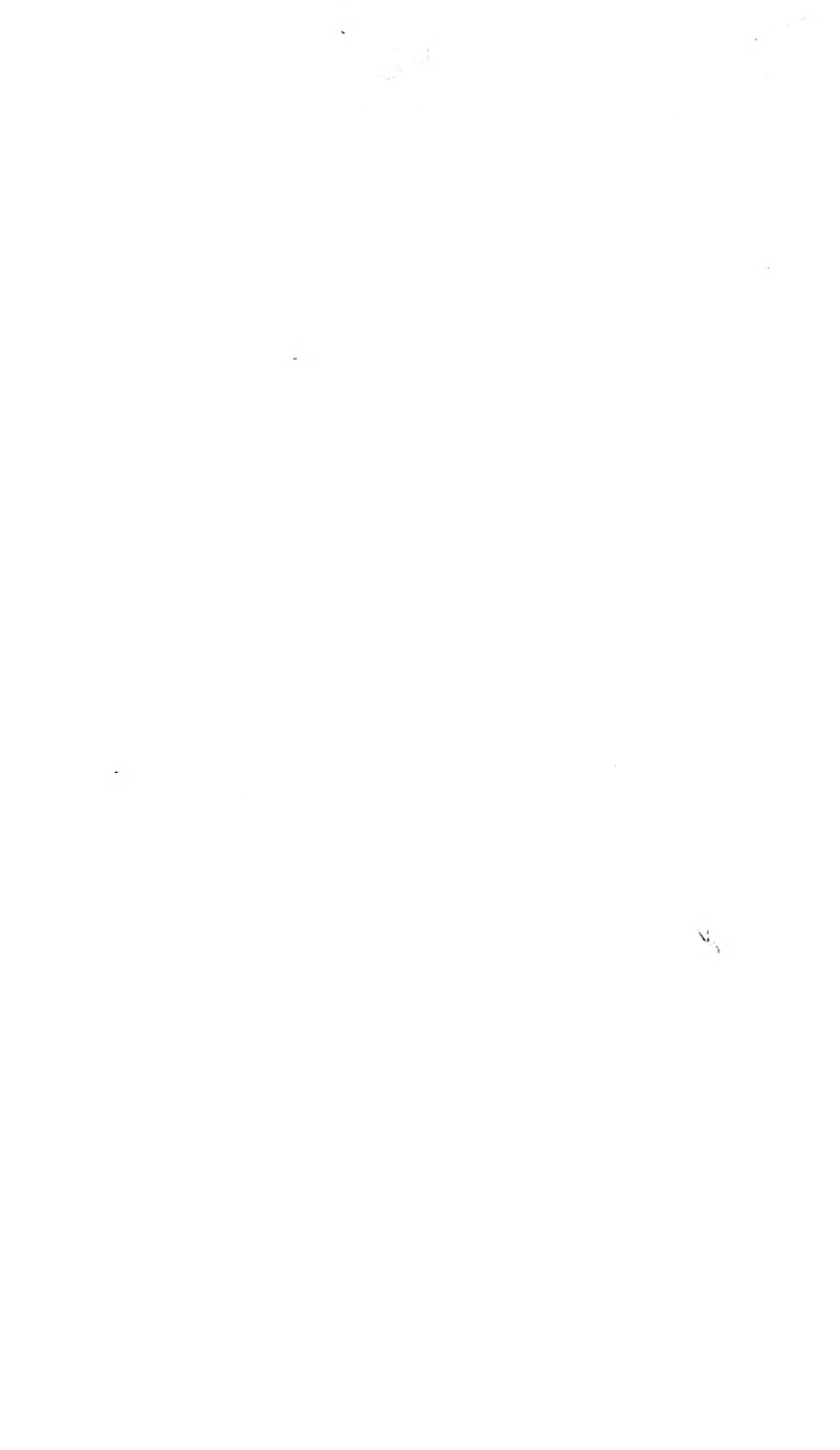


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LUCIAN AND HIS TIMES: THE UNDERFLOW OF CHRISTIANITY.

BY HOWARD CANDLER, M.A., F.R.S.L.

[Read January 24th, 1912.]

THE Temple of Janus was closed. The whole civilised world was wrapped in profound peace.

“No war, or battle sound
Was heard the world around.”

In an obscure town of Palestine a babe was born who, thirty-three years afterwards, was crucified under the government of the procurator of Judaea as a common malefactor, partly on the ground of the accusation that he claimed regal authority, and partly because he was obnoxious to the Court of Herod and to the ecclesiastical domination of the Jewish priesthood. At his death the number of his adherents was about 120, but they rapidly increased and spread beyond the confines of Palestine. At Antioch the “New Way” attained the dignity of a distinctive name; the disciples were called Christians first at Antioch. Henceforth Christianity was one more among the multitude of superstitions with which the Roman world was rife—magic from Thessaly, the worship of Isis from Egypt, of obscure gods and goddesses from Syria,

Judaism, curious Chaldaean rites, in addition to the ordinary civic religion of Rome and the crowd of jostling philosophical schools. The tolerant government admitted one more Deity, Christ, to the honours of the Pantheon.

At first the new religion was largely * a religion of slaves and peasants, and created no ripple in the social and political world. Josephus (38–100 A.D.) makes no mention of Jesus; for the brief passage in which his name occurs is recognised as an interpolation. But when the religion had spread from Syria through Asia Minor to Greece and Italy, and thence from Spain in the west to Africa in the south, and the men who had turned the world upside down and were everywhere spoken against became a close knit ubiquitous brotherhood with secret signs and symbols, the authorities became alarmed, and from time to time persecutions, more or less violent, took place. Pliny, as pro-consul of Bithynia, asks advice of Trajan what he is to do with this peacefully lawless sect; Celsus argues; Juvenal scoffs; the educated and polite classes indolently wonder. The underground stream everywhere forces its way to the surface in increasing volume and strength. And in less than 300 years after the death of the founder a wonderful thing happens. Constantine the Great, the undisputed monarch of an undivided world, makes

* Largely, but by no means universally. The New Testament contains the names of men and women of rank and reputation, and the late Epistle of James clearly indicates that the presence of wealthy men in the Christian synagogues was an ordinary occurrence. Sufficiently long lists have been drawn up of men of light and leading in the Roman world who were open adherents of the Christian faith.

profession of Christianity and takes the cross of a malefactor as his standard. The faith of the poor and despised multitude, heralded by no force of sword or ecclesiastical intolerance or philosophic wisdom, became and has remained (with one brief interval of three years) the professed faith of Europe; and the whole system of paganism as an organic entity toppled down like a house of cards.

What was the strong solvent? What was the cause of this overwhelming change? How was it that all that was embraced in the proud boast *Romanus sum* gave way before the humble confession *Christianus sum*? What could induce the conquerors of the world to plead—a Roman if you please; but, in any case, a Christian? *

Greece and Rome were the two centres of civilisation in that part of the world with which we are concerned. From about 150 B.C. to 120 A.D., or later, Greece had largely ceased to be a civilising factor. No name in art, science, poetry, drama, or philosophy, except the great name of Plutarch (66–

* Bound up with the works of Lucian is a very important dialogue, entitled “Philopatris.” It is written in a strain of Lucianic satire, and spares neither pagan nor Christian beliefs, but it must be relegated to a period some century and a half after Lucian’s death. It represents the Christians, who are assembled in an “upper chamber,” as a set of morose fanatics filled with apocalyptic visions of death and destruction to their city and country, and lost to all sense of patriotism. The writer regards them with much the same antipathy, contempt, and suspicion as the ordinary Englishman of the Seventeenth Century or the Calvinistic Puritan of New England regarded the Quakers. With this difference—the Englishman and the Puritan of the New World had not forgotten how to fight, whereas in Rome it had become increasingly difficult to get a Roman citizen to enter the ranks and defend his country—as with our own Labour party—and the military forces were almost wholly barbarian mercenaries.

120 ? A.D.), presents itself. The *Graculus Esuriens* of Juvenal, like the German clerk or waiter now in England, or the Jew of the middle ages, was everywhere in evidence, and everywhere an object of suspicion and dislike.

In Rome, the Augustan age was over. In the time of Lucian (120–200 A.D.), only seven names in literature rise to prominence, and of these Ptolemy was born at Alexandria, Galen at Pergamum in Asia Minor, and Apuleius at Madaura in Africa, Lucian himself being a Syrian. Of earlier famous men, Terence was born at Carthage, Seneca, Martial, and Quintilian in Spain, Petronius at Marseilles, and Epictetus was a Phrygian slave. In any case, the golden age had passed and the silver age was passing.

But religion can flourish in a silver age as well as in a golden age, or even a copper age. But in Rome the ancient, virile, national religion was dying or dead. Lucretius had long ago lamented that the outcome of religion was shameful and disloyal deeds. Juvenal says that no boy who had attained the privileges of manhood (at fourteen years of age) any longer believed the fables of his early years. He bitterly complains that the Roman had cast away all that he had been used to honour as a Roman citizen; all the noble arts of war and peace—we have already dealt with the difficulty in filling up the legions with Roman citizens—and only clamoured for food and games. The Haruspex, whose duty it was to inspect the entrails and proclaim the omens (like priests at Naples of the present day presiding over the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius),

could not pass another diviner without winking at the folly of their official acts. This religion, which had at no time been a religion for slaves or for the wounded in life's strife, was no longer a religion for free men, and could not be accepted by the wrangling philosophers. The gods of Olympus had departed. The women flocked to the temples of Isis, or of the Syrian deities, or of Cybele, or followed the superstition of the Jews, or of the cruel and obscene deities of Carthaginian worship. A cry was heard over the ocean that even Great Pan was dead. Here and there the worship of some minor god remained: of Hercules, the friend of man, or of Aesculapius, the healer, in ineffective contrast to the Saviour of mankind; yet, generally, with legends which now seemed incredible and which had lost any moral or spiritual significance they once held, men felt themselves in an eddying ocean tossed to and fro without rudder and without compass.

Let us consider for a moment the work of some of the prominent thinkers who attempted to guide the better instincts of thoughtful and earnest men.

Seneca (died 65 A.D.). Many of his moral treatises and ten of his tragedies have come down to us. His influence was strongly felt in the middle ages, and can be traced in such different characters as Chaucer, Roger Bacon, Columbus, and, directly or indirectly, Shakespeare. It was long believed, and is not beyond the possibilities, that he was personally acquainted with St. Paul.

Plutarch (66-120 A.D.). Modern Europe still reads his 'Lives,' which have an immortal fame. Though he, born at Chaeronea in Boeotia, lectured

on philosophy in Rome in the reign of Domitian, it is strange that his name is not mentioned by any contemporaneous Roman writer. Besides his 'Lives,' much of which we know, apart from personal acquaintance, through Shakespeare, his 'Moralia' contained his lessons for his generation and for the middle ages.

Philo the Jew (died 80 A.D.). His works, written with profound belief in the Divine authorship of the Bible, were an attempt to allegorise and harmonise scripture with the teachings of Plato. It is probable that his influence over the Roman world was slight, though he was selected to oppose Apion in a matter concerning the privileges of the Greeks in Alexandria, but it was by no means slight with the writer of the fourth Gospel, who refined and sublimated the thoughts and the very words of Philo.

Epictetus (died before 120 A.D.). This great and noble stoic is known to us by his 'Enchiridion,' put together by Arrian from the notes he took of his master's lectures. Epictetus was no Christian, but it is almost impossible to believe that he was not acquainted with the Epistles of St. Paul, for he frequently employs unusual words, phrases, and idioms of the Apostle, and sometimes the framework of his argument.* Epictetus had the strongest possible belief in the filial relationship of man to God—that God was the captain of his salvation, that he had been placed in the world to take his part in the battle of life, and that he could not surrender his post or escape his duties—that he would not desire

* It is possible that here and there St. Paul is using stoic terms, and that the parallelism is the other way about.

to do so. His religion was the masculine religion of a noble, generous-hearted man, and, if men were not so often the creatures of their emotions, and bowed down by sorrow, deep passion, or anguish, or by intolerable and imperative impulses, the religion of Epictetus would bear a man bravely and honourably through life. But we are not all stoics. Some of us are slaves; some of us are women; some of us are miserably bound by unhappy circumstance, or by fatal weakness. Epictetus was the last great stoic. He stemmed the torrent in vain, because he appealed only to half human nature. But if the strong man desires to be stronger, to be braced to highest efforts, he should read and apply the 'Enchiridion' to his daily life. It is very curious that Lucian, who mentions him four times, and once in terms of genuine admiration, seems to have acquired no share in his spiritual nature. The two natures seem antagonistic.

Marcus Aurelius (died 180 A.D.). The 'Meditations' of Marcus Aurelius, or 'The Golden Book,' as the men of the middle ages delighted to call their beloved treasure, is conceived in a gentler and more Christian spirit. It is not virile like the work of Epictetus. It does not startle one with vehement phrases which grapple the soul in bands of steel. But it is too near to Christianity for us not to feel that the high and noble sentiments of the writer have been better expressed by Christian apologists who had a surer foundation. Our wonder rather is that a pagan thinker could have been so Christian and so modern.

Lucian. This is a long introduction to Lucian

himself. We might preface our remarks with a few words on his life.

Little is certainly known of the life of Lucian, and of that little, most of our information is derived from autobiographical hints in his writings. Nor is it necessary to dwell much on the scattered facts of his life as we know them, except so far as they denote character, and connection with the life of his time, and are an explanation of his writings. For us, Lucian is not an actor in the business of the world, but a thinker and a writer.

Circumstantial evidence enables us to place his birth not later than 120 A.D., at the end of the reign of Trajan, or at the beginning of the reign of Adrian (117-138). He was a Syrian, born at Samosata. His parents were poor, and at the age of fourteen he was apprenticed to a maternal uncle, who was a statuary. His apprenticeship lasted one day, for, being set to polish a marble tablet, he broke it, was soundly beaten, and ran home refusing to return. He tells us the real reason of his parting with his uncle was that the old statuary was afraid he would be excelled in his art by the young aspirant. In his "Dream," he was visited by Ἑρμογλυφικῇ (Sculpture), and Παιδεία (Liberal Education). Sculpture was in the eyes of the Greeks a mere mechanical art and education the birth-right of a free man, and he then and there made the selection of his life-time. Later on he was a more or less successful advocate, and studied rhetoric, travelling through Greece, Italy, and Gaul. At Athens he learnt, or, in any case, perfected himself in the Greek language, becoming the master of a

most graceful form of Attic speech. Greek scholars are agreed in extolling the charm and purity of his style. For myself, with little more than a school-boy acquaintance with Greek, I can only venture to express my admiration at the lucidity and limpid simplicity of the writer, his selection of the exact word to suit his meaning, his playful irony, and that lambent malice which makes the reader laugh with, rather than laugh at, the object of ridicule presented to him. Lucian's knowledge of Latin seems to have been imperfect, but he displays an intimate acquaintance with Roman manners.

Later in life (say when he was forty years old), Lucian had become a person of considerable importance, and had probably accumulated a sufficient fortune. He abandoned rhetoric and giving lectures, and wrote the works which have made him his lasting fame. He was not a philosopher, he tells us (οὐ σοφός), but a layman, one of the multitude (ἰδιώτης, ἐκ τοῦ πολλοῦ δήμου).* When he was old, it appears that the Emperor Commodus made him procurator of a part of Egypt. The date of his death would seem to be in or about 200 A.D.

Such are the external facts known about Lucian. As for the man himself he was the most modern of all men of the old world. He was, as Ben Jonson says of Shakespeare, a man of any time; of any nation. He was a *flâneur des boulevards*. It would not have seemed out of place to have seen him sipping his absinthe and hob-nobbing with Voltaire at some Parisian café, tempering the keen and cruel rapier thrusts of Voltaire with his own more gentle satire,

* In Cambridge dialect: "A Poll Man, not a Doph."

Or, on the other hand, he might well have gone *bras dessus dessous* down the Via Sacra with Montaigne, cheapening at some *librarius* a *codex* or *charta* of the now almost unknown Lucius, from whom he and Apuleius were equally to “convey” (as Shakespeare says) the story we now call ‘The Golden Ass.’ Their scepticism would mutually please. Montaigne would say “*Que sais-je ?*” and Lucian would adduce the doubtful attitude of Pyrrho, who, after he had been sold and handed over to the merchant at the auction, was not satisfied that any negotiation had taken place. He might be compared with our Thackeray; for neither of them suffered their eyes to be blinded with delusions, and both equally detested hypocrisy; but, while Thackeray had a magnanimous compassion for the creatures whose follies and wickednesses he ruthlessly exposed, Lucian had for them a supreme contempt.

What do we mean by cynicism? The root of cynicism is to be found in Danton’s bitter exclamation, *Qui hait les richesses, hait les hommes*, though Thackeray himself was too warm-blooded and too clear-sighted to be a cynic. He would rather have held to the motto: *Tout connaître, c’est tout pardonner*. But to pardon truly one must know truly. Lucian knew, but he did not pardon, and he did not hate. He was like Dante and Dante’s Virgil in the Third Canto of the Inferno. They saw from the height above the struggling masses of impotent souls entangled in the web of their ignorances, and they passed on.*

* When the learned man drives away vanity by earnestness, he, the wise, climbing the terraced heights of wisdom, looks down upon

To Lucian the Syrian the mythologies of Greece and Rome seemed not only incredible but ridiculous. He looked upon them with alien and averted eyes. Nor did the philosophies greatly attract him. He saw something to admire, but much more to attack. But what revolted him was the want of harmony between the professions and teachings of the lecturers and their lives. He found them greedy of notoriety and gain, and drowned in luxury and debauchery. It might have been supposed that the noble lives and examples of Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius and their noble, strenuous teachings would have appealed to his better nature. One died about the time of his birth and the other was his contemporary. But he only mentions Marcus Aurelius twice, in one case extolling his gentle and kindly nature. And as for Epictetus, we have seen that he only mentions him four times, once with general marks of esteem. As for the other founders of philosophical systems, in the 'Auction of the Sectaries,' one after another—Pythagoras, Diogenes, Aristippus, Democritus, Heraclitus, Socrates, Chrisippus, Aristotle, Pyrrho, and elsewhere, Euripides, are the victims of his lash. In the 'Fisherman,' philosophy in person, with Virtue, Temperance, Justice, Science, and Truth (who can only with difficulty be found) as

the fools—serene he looks upon the toiling crowd, as one that stands upon the mountain looks down upon those that stand upon the plain.

Dhammapada.

Cf. Lucretius :—

Sapientium templa serena,

Despicere unde queas alios, et cernere possis

Errantes.

assessors weigh the philosophers and find them wanting.

What was the influence of Lucian on his generation? It must have been very considerable, and it must have acted as a universal solvent. At his touch, religion and philosophy, gods and philosophers, were found worse than immoral or incredible; they were contemptible and ridiculous; and ridicule kills all noble sentiment. If Lucian did not build up anything, at least he rent all ineptitudes and pretentious shows of wisdom asunder, and, in the void, Christianity had room to grow strong and interpenetrating. Men cannot live without religion, and if there was no God it would be necessary, as Robespierre said, to create one. And Christianity said in effect to hungry mortals: "All your known gods are gone. You have an altar to the Unknown God. This God has always been with you. And now we make Him known to you. Ye are all His children. He has never been far from you." This, and the assurance of immortality, were what the multitude could understand—something which inspired hope and trust.

If Lucian revered all great and simple truths but felt they could not be brought to any system, would not he, a Semite, be attracted by Christianity? I think he was, and in his youth had been almost persuaded to be a Christian. Listen to him in 'Hermotimus.'

Lycinus (*i.e.*, Λύκιος = Λουκιανός) meets Hermotimus, hurrying to his master's lecture, full of care and anxious thought. In a delightful Socratic dialogue he persuades him: (1) That if in twenty years he

has only got to the foot of the ascent, his chances of reaching the top of the mountain where Virtue dwells are small; (2) that as each of the diverse teachers insists that only his is a route that leads right, and that all the other routes of the other teachers are wrong, there is nothing to certify him that he is after all on the right route; (3) that his teacher who dwells in the very temple of virtue is guilty of theft, drunkenness, gluttony, cruelty, love of gain, violent passion; and (4) that a course which is so painful, so precarious, and which demands so much expenditure of time and money, can be of no great value to humanity. Hermotimus is in despair. Then Lycinus says that he has heard of a way to the City of God, which is not for the educated and noble and rich only, but for all; that the way there is absolutely free and not to be bought for money; that the possession of that city is the possession of an equal brotherhood. Lycinus is speaking.

Lycinus: I compare virtue to a city whose inhabitants enjoy perfect happiness; wise, courageous, just, temperate—almost gods. All which is to be found among us—theft, violence, covetousness—are banished from this fortunate city; all the citizens live at peace. And this is just as it ought to be, for that which causes excitements in other cities—seditions, rivalry, quarrels which cause men to trip up the heels each of other—they have all gone. Gold, pleasures, vain-glory—all which can raise dissension—none of these are found there. Long since they have driven such useless things out of the city, which they do not consider are necessary to the excellent understanding of the people. Life there is calm, perfectly happy, under equitable laws, under the aegis of liberty.

Hermotimus: What then, Lycinus! Is it not well that

everybody should wish to become a citizen of such a city, without counting the fatigue of the journey, not discouraged by the length of time in getting there, so long as one can be inscribed among the number of the inhabitants and possess the rights of citizenship?

Ly. : By Zeus, Hermotimus, nothing can be more urgent. We must neglect everything else, set at nought the fatherland which would hold us back, remain insensible to and not delay for the lamentations and tears of our children and relations, but rather engage them to march along the same route with us. If they would not or could not come, we must repel them and advance straight towards the happy city; if they seize our cloak to prevent our passage, we must throw it on one side and continue the journey. We need not fear, indeed, that entry will be shut against us on the plea that we come naked.

Some years ago I heard an old man tell how things were going; he even urged me to follow him there; he would show me the way, get me enrolled on my arrival as a citizen, give me a place in his ward and fellowship that I might have my share in the common weal:

“Too mad, or young, the offer I refused” (*Iliad*).

I was at that time only fifteen years old, but, for all that, I was then perhaps in the suburbs, even at the very gates of the city. This old man told me, among other things with regard to the city, so far as I can remember, that all the inhabitants are strangers come from other countries; no one was born there; they are principally barbarians, slaves, cripples, dwarfs, poor; in a word, no one is refused; it is their custom to inscribe all who will, without regard to fortune, dress, appearance, birth, ancestral rank. None of those things are valued. All that is necessary for a man, whoever he be, to become a citizen is to have intelligence, a love of good, to scorn delights and live laborious days, to possess a soul which neither yields nor faints in front of the numberless difficulties met with in the way. If one proves that he has such powers; if one has successfully pursued the

route which leads to the city, one is a citizen by right, and is placed in the same rank as the others. Thus the words higher, lower, noble, plebeian, bond, free, are reckoned in that city as names and conditions of no value.

Does not this fine passage seem built on Christian sentiment? Does not this vision of noble truth remind us of Bunyan, these phrases, of Milton, the words and ideas, of the Gospels and St. Paul? Had Lucian indeed become a Christian we might have gained a second Augustine, but we should never have known the author of 'The Dialogues of the Gods,' 'The Auction of the Philosophers,' or 'The False Prophet.'

Unhappily the conclusion of the controversy between the two friends is lamentable. Hermotimus is persuaded to forego his ineffectual task by the arguments, half sophistical, half admirable, of Lycinus. But the final result is purely negative—truth is undiscoverable. *Que savons nous?* One excellent piece of advice Lycinus advances to his despairing friend—the same as St. Ambrose inculcated on his disciples. "Don't lament the past," says he. "It is gone, never to be recovered. But on the stepping-stones of the dead past rise to higher things in the future." Good! But Hermotimus might well have cried out—"What higher things?"

Though the irony of this dialogue is playful, the note struck is entirely serious. Lycinus, that is, Lucian, would persuade himself, if he could, that truth and virtue, as they exist, so also can be found. But his scepticism is too strong for him. *Video*

meliora, proboque. Deteriora sequor. He is another Ecclesiastes.

In 'Hermotimus' we see Lucian at his best, striving against the futilities of negation and catching a glimpse of hope and trust in the higher aspirations of humanity. In 'Peregrinus' and 'The False Prophet' we see him struggling with honest indignation and naked sincerity against debased superstition and unblushing hypocrisy, though he naïvely expresses a doubt whether it is not below the dignity of a philosopher to interest himself in such matters. In the charming 'Dialogues of the Gods and of the Dead' he lets himself go with a most delightful *abandon*, and proves at the same time by his unrestrained freedom of speech that the multitude and the philosophers alike had lost all sense of reverence for the gods. I will conclude with an extract from a somewhat less known dialogue—'The Crossing of the Styx,' or 'The Tyrant'—in which Lucian's serious view of the underlying facts of sanity and truth contend with an inimitable and most amusing presentation of the follies of the religion he is attacking.

Mercury is conducting the souls of the dead to Charon's boat to bring them across the Styx. Clotho, the Fate, who, with her sisters, spins, presides over, and cuts the thread of life, and who keeps the register of those who die, attends to see that all is in order and that the register is correct. Charon gets impatient and cries out:

Charon : Why are we still delaying? Have we not lost enough time?

Clotho : Quite true. Forward ! on board ! I will take my register in hand, and seated at the foot of the ladder, will ticket off each of the passengers, and make out who he is, whence he comes, how he died. You, Mercury, take them in order and place them here. But, first put on board the new-born children. What answer can they make to my enquiries ?

Mercury : Here, boatman, are three hundred of them, including all those exposed at birth.

Ch. : Ah ! the good haul ! It is unripe grapes you are bringing me.

M. : Shall we, *Clotho*, throw in with these the dead over whom no one has wept ?

Cl. : You mean the old men. Yes. Come near all you who are more than sixty years old. How ? They cannot hear me. Age has made them as deaf as a post. They will have to be picked up and put in the boat.

M. : There they are, 398—all dry and ripe and cut down in full harvest.

Cl. : True enough. They are raisins, not grapes. Now Mercury, bring forward those who have been wounded to death. First of all, 804 soldiers ought to have died yesterday fighting in Media.

M. : There they are.

Cl. : Seven men have committed suicide for love, as well as the philosopher Theagenes, who died of grief for a girl of Megara.

M. : They are close to you.

Cl. : Where are the gentry who slew one another in emulation for a kingdom ?

M. : Here.

Cl. : And the man who died at the hands of his wife and her lover ?

M. : At your right hand.

Cl. : Bring those condemned to death, crucified or empaled, and those slain by robbers. I have on my tables sixteen. Where are they, Mercury ?

M. : There they are, wounds and all. Now shall I bring in the women.

Cl. : Yes, and the shipwrecked, and all those carried off by fever and Agathocles, the doctor who was called in to heal them.

Ch. : By Jupiter, get that man on board who is bound hand and foot. I hope his prayers won't seduce you.

Cl. : Stop a bit. Let us see who he is.

M. : It is Megapenthes, son of Lacydes, the tyrant.

Cl. : Up with you ! Get on board !

Meg. : Oh no, mighty Clotho ! Let me go back a moment to earth. I will return of my own accord and without being sent for.

Cl. : And why do you want to go back to earth ?

Meg. : Let me finish my palace. It is only half built.

Cl. : You are fooling me. Come ! on board !

Meg. : Oh, Fate ! I only ask a little moment. Give me a day to let my wife know of the goods I am leaving her, and the place where I have buried an immense treasure.

Cl. : The matter is closed. You can get nothing from me.

Meg. : Must all that beautiful treasure be lost then ?

Cl. : (*sarcastically*). It won't be lost. Make yourself happy. Megacles, your cousin, will find it and use it.

Meg. : What an outrage ! An enemy, whom, fool that I was, I did not put to death.

Cl. : Well, it is he, anyhow. He will survive you forty years and more, and, what's more, he will enjoy all your goods and gold.

Meg. : How unjust you are, Clotho, to distribute my possessions amongst my most cruel enemies !

Cl. : And you, my fine fellow, have you not taken all that belonged to Cydimæus, whom you killed, after cutting his children's throats before his eyes.

Meg. : (*mysteriously*). Listen, Clotho, I have something to say to you alone, apart from this crowd.

Cl. : Stand a little aside, you others.

Meg. : If you will set me free, I promise you a thousand talents of gold in current money. You shall have them to-day.

Cl. : So you are still thinking, poor fool, of gold.

Meg. : I will add, if you like, two goblets I took from Cleocritus when I killed him. They weigh one hundred talents of fine gold each.

Cl. : Weigh ? Shew him his way* on board, for he won't go of his own accord.

Meg. : I intreat you. The town wall is not finished. The arsenal is incomplete. I can get it all done in five days.

Cl. : Don't trouble yourself. Another will finish the wall.

Meg. : Clotho ! I have a request to make which is quite reasonable.

Cl. : What is it then ?

Meg. : Let me live till I have subdued the Pisidians, imposed a tribute on the Lydians, and raised a magnificent monument to my glory, where I will have all the splendid actions and exploits of my reign inscribed.

Cl. : What a man it is ! You ask for a day and would require twenty years.

Meg. : I will give you surety of my quick return. If you like, I will hand over to you as hostage my only son and heir.

Cl. : What, you wretch ! Him whom you have so often wished to reign in your stead on earth ?

Meg. : Yes, I did wish that once. But now I wish to save my skin.

Cl. : Your son will soon follow you, assassinated by the new king.

Meg. : At least, oh Fate, do not deny me one thing.

Cl. : What is it ?

Meg. : I want to know what will happen after my death.

* ΜΕΓ. : . . . ἔλκοιτας ἑκάτερον χρυσοῦ ἀπὶ φθοῦντάλαντα ἑκατὸν.

ΚΛ. : "Ἐλκετε αὐτόν" εἶπκε γὰρ οὐκ ἐπιμβήσειν ἑκὼν.

Cl. : Listen, and let the revelation increase your grief. Your slave Midas will marry your wife. He has long been in love with her.

Meg. : Infamous man ! I who made him a freedman at the prayers of my wife.

Cl. : Your daughter will soon find her place in the house of the new tyrant. The images and statues which the state has raised to you will be thrown down and become the laughing stock of the mob.

Meg. : Tell me, will none of my friends be enraged at these outrages ?

Cl. : Have you then any friend ? What right have you to a friend ? You don't perceive then that all those whom you saw every day grovelling at your feet, your people who applauded to the echo each of your words and actions, only did so from fear or from expectation of profit. It was only your power they sought, and they seized the opportune moment.

Meg. : For all that, at our feasts their libations were accompanied with loud proclamations and good wishes for my happiness. All were ready at need to die for me.

Cl. : And yet it was after having supped with one of them yesterday that death seized you. It was the last cup of wine which proved fatal.

Meg. : Ah ! that explains the bitter taste. But why did they poison me ?

Cl. : Don't ask too many questions. It is time to embark.

Meg. : One thing wrings my heart, Clotho, for which, were it only for a moment, I would once more see the light of day.

Cl. : What is it, then ? It must be a matter of great importance.

Meg. : My slave, Carion, after my death came into my chamber the evening I was laid out and, finding the occasion good, seeing that no one was in charge, he shuts the door, seizes my mistress, Glycerium, with whom I expect

the rascal had long had a secret understanding, and, just as if no one was there, he hugs her in his arms. Then he casts his eyes on me and cries out, "Ah, brigand! you have often beaten me unjustly. Wait a bit." At these words he plucks me by the beard, bangs me with his fist, and then spits in my face, exclaiming, "Go where all wicked men go." I was burning with anger, but could not avenge myself, cold corpse that I was. Then the perfidious girl, when she heard the noise of those who were coming, moistens her eyes with her pocket-handkerchief to make believe she was weeping for my loss, sobs like anything, and goes away crying "Oh Megapenthes, Megapenthes, oh." Oh, if I could only get hold of them——!

Cl. : Stop your idle threats and get on board. It is time to appear before the tribunal of the judge.

Meg. : Who will dare to condemn a king?

Cl. : A king? No one! But a dead man, Rhadamanthus. You will see him and hear him pronounce just judgments soon enough. On, on, no more delay.

Meg. : Oh fate! let me be one of the common people; poor, or even a slave, instead of a king. Only let me live again.

Cl. : Where is Charon and his stick? And you, Mercury, both of you drag him by the feet to the ladder; for he will never get in by himself.

M. : Follow us, you slippery fellow. Hold him tight, Charon, and, my word, for greater security. . . .

Ch. : Quite so. Fasten him to the mast.

Meg. : Well, anyhow I must take my seat in the place of honour.

Cl. : Why?

Meg. : By Jupiter, because I was a king, escorted by ten thousand men at arms.

Ch. : My faith! Carion was not in the wrong to pluck you by the beard. I will make the memory of your tyranny bitter to you with a taste of the stick.

Cl. : There, there! Away with him!

And now listen to the splendid ending. The tyrant has been tried :

Rhadamanthus : No need of further witness. Put off your purple garments that we may count the stains on your soul. Great God ! he is marked from head to foot a livid blue with the multitude of spots. What sort of punishment must we inflict on him ? Cast him into Phleggython or deliver him to Cerberus ?

Cyniscus (the cynic) : No. But, if you permit, I will suggest a new sort of punishment applicable to his crimes.

Rhad. : Say on. I shall be much obliged to you.

Cyn. : It is the custom, I believe, for the dead to drink the water of Lethe.

Rhad. : It is.

Cyn. : Let him only not be permitted to drink of it.

Rhad. : Why ?

Cyn. : He will be cruelly punished by the memory of his earthly power and by the thought of his old pleasures.

Rhad. : Right ! Let him suffer this chastisement. Chain him near Tantalus and let him remember all he has done during his life.

Brutal and ineffective for the poor ignorant fool. But is not this a more excellent way than the mediaeval hell ?

The CHAIRMAN (W. J. COURTHOPE, Esq., C.B., D.Litt., V.P.) : I am sure that I am only expressing the feelings of all those who are present in saying how much obliged we are to Mr. Candler for his extremely able and interesting paper. He will perhaps allow me personally to express my admiration for the skilful manner in which he has condensed into a brief and effective form the very pregnant subject which is indicated by the title of his paper. He has dwelt justly on the completely negative

character of Lucian's genius. Undoubtedly the negation of all positive religious belief in Lucian's time was at once one of the most important factors in the eventual establishment of Christianity as the religion of the Roman Empire, and also the explanation (though, as Mr. Candler justly said, only partially the excuse) of Lucian's sceptical attitude towards the new Faith. It is evident that Lucian's judgment on all matters about which he speaks in his dialogues was exclusively intellectual, and what his age needed was moral Faith. He used the dialogue, as Plato had used it centuries before, mainly for the purpose of testing the truth of current opinions; and perhaps we ought not to be too hard on him for not attempting a constructive solution of the moral problems of his time, seeing how little success Plato himself had achieved in his efforts to constitute by means of philosophy alone a positive mode of belief which would satisfy the needs of human nature. On the other hand, the artistic use which Lucian made of the dialogue as the instrument of his thought is deserving of our very high admiration. Mr. Candler has spoken of the charming purity and limpidity and the absence of all affectation from his style, and I may incidentally commend this to the advocates of classical education—with whom I enthusiastically range myself—as an illustration of the expediency, in teaching the classics, of drawing attention historically to the character of the *thought* in the great authors of Greece and Rome, instead of confining the attention, as has hitherto been too much the practice, to mere accuracy of philological detail. Lucian's use of the dialogue

which he applied to the circumstances of his own age was, intellectually speaking, exactly what his age needed, and when we consider the relation in which he stands to Christianity we ought to observe how great was his intellectual influence on such a writer as Erasmus, whose ‘Colloquies,’ evidently modelled on those of Lucian, did so much to advance the cause of the Renaissance and the Reformation in the sixteenth century. As to the matter of such a dialogue as “Hermotimus” and its connection with Christianity, Mr. Candler has well shown us, looking at it from the merely philosophical side, in how many respects it anticipates the spirit of Bunyan’s ‘Pilgrim’s Progress’; and to this I would add that the extract he has so appropriately given us from the dialogue of the ‘Crossing of the Styx’ may be suggestively compared with the style of some of the early English Moralities. If anyone will refer to the admirable Morality called ‘Everyman,’ he will at once see what a close parallel exists between the satirical replies of Clotho to Megapenthes the Tyrant and those of Goods to Everyman when the latter attempts to rely on his riches at the moment of death.

THE BEST POETRY.

BY THOMAS STURGE MOORE, F.R.S.L.

[Read March 27th, 1912.]

I SHALL attempt to show you why the best poetry usually passes unobserved, and how you may train yourselves to recognise it.

Matthew Arnold, our greatest literary critic in the last century, thought that if we were to draw full benefit from poetry, "we must accustom ourselves to a high standard and to a strict judgment," and thus learn to recognise "the best in poetry."

No easy task, you think.

Yet the means whereby it may be accomplished are simple.

First : A habit of making the mind up as to which poem among those we read satisfies us best ; not to rest there, nor until we know whether the whole poem causes our admiration or whether parts of it are only accepted as introduction or sequel to this or that passage ; till, if possible, we discriminate the most perfect line, phrase or rhythm.

Secondly : A determination to become intimate only with verse that stands the test of our most active moods, instead of letting the luckless day, with its relaxed temper, console itself with something that we have perceived to be second-rate. For in proportion as we are loyal to our taste, it will

become more difficult to please until at last a really sound judgment is acquired.

Perhaps you will think I speak too confidently, and that good taste in poetry is not within the reach of every honest endeavour.

For a while please imagine that you may be mistaken, and admit that the method of developing taste is possibly both simple and native to mankind.

Difficulty really arises through the mind's pre-occupations, which prevent a sufficiency of consideration being applied to æsthetic experience. So manifold and strong are these distractions that perhaps not more than half a dozen men in a generation continue to form their taste through many years together.

The probability of this will appear if we roughly sketch the accidents which deter us from persevering, even though we leave out of sight all those which deprive taste of opportunity, and indicate merely such as induce bad habits of mind.

Many readers, supposing them to have set out unprejudiced, may soon be committed to praise or blame, and then prove reluctant to revise and reject those so confident judgments. This unwillingness to renounce infallibility already seduces their minds to continue a higher strain of praise or a more rigorous blame than now appears due; and such disloyalty spreading will even blight the roots of admiration.

More modest souls are, on the contrary, all ears for others' opinions; yet the very openness of their minds may let in such a crowd of contradictory voices that in the din and confusion their own poor

reason, unable to hold its own, by degrees acquiesces in silence.

Some, again, read verse so quickly or in such quantities that energy fails them for searching, sifting and listening to their genuine impressions with ardour and thoroughness: while others will desist from effort through mere indolence, and so making fewer and fewer discoveries of excellence, will gradually take less interest in poetry till they no longer find it worth while to read any.

Then there are those who conclude that great poets produce nothing but great poetry, and drown their taste in forced admiration for a sea of failure, since success crowns the efforts of poetical geniuses far less frequently than those of skilled artisans.

Taste, in minds more orderly than appreciative, is often suffocated by scholarship. Knowledge concerning man, period or text absorbs them, till beauty, whose supposed presence was their pretext for study, is habitually overlooked by their familiarity.

Again, ardent partisans will find the poetry whose beauty most delights them tainted with convictions to which they are opposed,—heterodox religious dogmas, or ultra Tory or ultra Radical theories with which they have no patience: or it may even happen that some true poet shocks their respectability with what they can honestly call gross immorality.

In all these ways, and many more, men habitually stunt and adulterate their taste instead of allowing it to refresh, refine and reform their minds, even when they have started unprejudiced, and alert for discovery.

Now a still greater mass of individuals are biassed against poetry from the start. Its mere unfamiliarity appals them. Like old-fashioned servants, they keep their lives consistently downstairs in regard to it. Whether vice or virtue, it is not for the likes of them.

Their bolder brothers are ashamed to associate so fantastic a mode of speech with business-like cogitations. Rhyme is all very well in a music-hall song; but what an inconceivable nuisance to a man who wishes to be undistracted! And even when not so alienated by ignorance, or the inhuman circumstances of their lives, they may alone be impressionable through some enthusiasm, and thus become exclusive readers of imperialistic or socialistic verse because they are aglow with sympathy for the poet's ideas, and remain immovable by similar or superior beauties not so associated.

In this way many folk enjoy hymns to whom all other poetry is distasteful, or are ravished by limericks who could not be tempted to open a Golden Treasury.

Again the kindling eloquence of some critic, the voice and manner of some reader, cause their taste to be passionately espoused: when the same ardent hero-worship which transplants it may prove the enemy of its further growth. For discipleship will often take a perverse pride in refusing to admire and love, except where it has the warrant of its master's actual example.

All these are kinds of initial bigotries which may easily be so ingrained in a person of fourteen that hardly any upheaval can be conceived which should

lay bare the foundations of their humanity to this most congenial of influences, the power of the best poetry.

A third class are those who are meanly corrupt; endowed with a little taste, they have employed it on personal or social ends, instead of desiring to be employed by it in the discovery of excellence. They have sought sentimental consolations or a pick-me-up for enthusiasm, and used and abused this nectar as others use and abuse alcohol.

Or by its means they have tried to shine in society, to pass for cultured people cheaply. Or they have learned to understand and theorise about it in order to teach in a school or give an extension lecture; or, through the weakness of all their other tastes, have drifted into literary criticism or a professorship at an university by way of excusing their existence.

In all these ways taste may be harnessed to a market cart, and trot backwards and forwards on the highway, respected among other respectable trades, but stunted, cowed and gelded.

Now, suppose that all these dangers have been avoided,—and there are few walks of life not notably infested by one or another of them,—right across the road of progress in good taste there then lies waiting a more terrible ogre, who enslaves great geniuses and starves minds potentially as rich as the Indies. He is that species of vanity which admires what is impertinent or accidental because it is a man's own. All satisfaction with mere cleverness, mere daintiness, mere subtlety, oddity, bravado, bluffness, etc., with which fine designs have been teased or disfigured is wound

of his dealing. No literature has he scarred more deeply than our English. Shakespeare himself could not defend the grandest poems ever conceived against his barbarity.

“ ‘Be true to your taste,’ this mocking giant cries, ‘your own taste, not any one else’s. Be not overborne by tradition or corrupted by fashion. Dare on your own account and let the ideal take care of itself. What! Correct nature, correct yourself! Amazing nonsense! You are what you are; Nature is what it is. That is all we want to know; all we can admire.’ ”

Deluded by this advocate of a specious loyalty to taste, men tie themselves to first thoughts and raw emotions as though these were more essentially their own than thoughts cleared and polished by reflection, or emotion chastened by considerate expression. They will relinquish study in dread of tainting their originality, checking their verve, or confusing their impressions. “I want to put down just what I think, what I feel, nothing more, nothing less,” they plead. Alas! had you taken up with that theory in infancy you would be a baby still.

A thriving taste is like a seedling, intensely itself, but determined to be a tree. Its possessor must be loyal to the laws of its growth and provide it with food, light, air. It does not desire instant petrification to preserve it from change and inconsistency, but is eager to embrace and attack the unknown in order to obtain new impressions, to arrange and recompose with its own. And as a creator who owns such a taste is constantly recasting, reconsidering and correcting his work, and eschews both haste

and lethargy, so an appreciator, whose taste lives, strives after larger comprehension by watching those whom he surmises may possibly possess such ; and by sifting and searching his present judgments he will be constantly reconstructing hierarchies of merit, giving marks, 100 for Shakespeare's best sonnet, a duck's egg for his worst.

Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie lately published "The Sale of St. Thomas," a fine poem. He must take up at least half a dozen poets and come very near the top of the class. Yet, if in "The Emblems of Love," which has appeared since, he seems to us to have done but little to secure that pre-eminence, this also should be promptly admitted.

In a definite number of stanzas, Mr. Herbert Trench's fine gift of a musical style becomes one with felicity of conception. It is worth while to know it, and to be jealous over a single unit more or less. This ceaseless movement and reorganisation of a man's judgment is a condition of the growth of taste, and enables him to look back on bygone admirations with the conviction that those of to-day are stronger, more definite, and yield him purer delight.

But improviser and impressionist accept just what happens to be there, and, while they try to record it unaltered by reason or tendency, it dwindles for lack of the nourishment that a purpose and reconsideration would have given it. Impressionism should not be regarded as the practice of a school of painters ; this bad habit is as old as Jubal, the father of all such as handle the harp and organ. Even the modern avowed and vain-glorious im-

pressionism impoverished the art not only of Whistler, but that of Meredith; nay, it had infected even such a genius as Browning, and all but justifies what Mr. Santayana, perhaps the finest literary critic alive, says of him :

“ Now it is in the conception of things fundamental and ultimate that Browning is weak, he is strong in the conception of things immediate. The pulse of emotion, the bobbing up of thought, the streaming of reverie—these he can note down with picturesque force or imagine with admirable fecundity. Yet the limits of such excellence are narrow. For no man can safely go far without the guidance of reason. His long poems have no structure. . . . Even his short poems have no completeness, no limpidity. . . . What is admirable in them is the pregnancy of phrase, vividness of passion and sentiment, heaped-up scraps of observation, occasional flashes of light, occasional beauties of versification, all like—

‘ The quick sharp scratch
And blue spurt of a lighted match.’

There is never anything largely composed in the spirit of pure beauty, nothing devotedly finished, nothing simple and truly just.”*

Rossetti called a sonnet “ a moment’s monument.” Fortunately he did not mean all he might have meant by it, and his own sonnets were the result of long hours of meditation, and recast again and again. His phrase, however, epitomises this theory; a moment, not a choice moment, but any single moment, is considered as worthy of an eternal monument. With this end in view the writer is more fortunate than the artist. He may record

* ‘ Poetry and Religion ’ : “ The Poetry of Barbarism,” p. 208.

minute after minute just what words come into his head, till at last none come and his work is finished. And appreciation for such work is acquired in the same manner, by stupefying reason and yielding oneself, like the smoker of opium, to a stream of suggestions.

The out and out impressionist would be like a man who should strip his clothes off in order to prove that his honesty needed no disguise, and, when he was naked, must be clapped into an asylum because he had lost his wits. Instead of accumulating resources, the improviser or impressionist whittles them away ; though he be rich at the out-start, he will always be poorer in the end. This process has a wide-spread fascination even in practical life, as the bankruptcy courts attest. Running downhill begets its proper exhilaration, one moves faster and faster ; the invigoration derived from ascending must maintain itself in spite of decreasing speed.

Now not only do the victims of these many maladies of taste which I have enumerated miss sound health, but, by implacable necessity, they become passively or actively, here or there, enemies and maltreaters of poetry, who resist and persecute her best.

Why should we then wonder at the ups and downs of literary history, the blindness of contemporaries, the long-continued bigotry of worthless fashions, or at the lives and misfortunes of poets ?

Poetry, as distinguished from prose, is formally rhythmic ; and the reason why it is so, is that

a majority of the finest mentalities have considered formal rhythms capable of greater beauty. Apart from their beauty they are simply inconvenient.

Browning compares the ravishing depth and warmth of colour, which Keats discovered the secret of, to Tyrian purple, and says that he flooded the literary market with—

“ Enough to furnish Solomon
Such hangings for his cedar-house,
That, when gold-robed he took the throne
In that abyss of blue, the Sponse
Might swear his presence shone.

“ Most like the centre-spike of gold
Which burns deep in the blue-bell’s womb,
What time, with ardours manifold
The bee goes singing to her groom,
Drunken and over-bold.”

—stanzas whose beauty is worthy to rank with Keats’s own work, and which add to his luxurious richness of diction a directness and energy of movement such as he has left no example of.

But Browning continues :

“ And there’s the extract, flasked and fine
And priced and saleable at last !
And Hobbs, Nobbs, Stokes and Nokes combine
To paint the future from the past,
Put blue into their line.

“ Hobbs hints blue,—straight he turtle eats :
Nobbs prints blue,—claret crowns his cup :
Nokes outdares Stokes in azure feats,—
Both gorge. Who fished the murex up ?
What porridge had John Keats ? ”*

* “ Popularity ” : ‘ Browning’s Works,’ vol. vi. p. 192.

—stanzas in which the artificial form of verse seems merely to incommode that vigour and directness, so eminently characteristic of Browning, both when he writes poetry and when he distorts prose into its semblance and caricature.

Take another instance of this abuse, from Wordsworth :

“ Yes, it was the mountain echo,
Solitary, clear, profound,
Answering to the shouting cuckoo
Giving to her sound for sound.

“ Unsolicited reply
To a babbling wanderer sent ;
Like her ordinary cry
Like—but oh, how different !”

These two stanzas enchant the ear, and kindle the mind to joyous receptiveness. But, alas ! the poet continues much as the genius of the Salvation Army adapts the tune of a successful music-hall song to other words.

“ Hears not also mortal life ?
Hear not we unthinking creatures
Slaves of folly, love, and strife—
Voices of two different natures ?

“ Have not we too ?—yes, we have
Answers, and we know not whence ;
Echoes from beyond the grave
Recognised intelligence !

“ Often as thy inward ear
Catches such rebounds, beware !—
Listen, ponder, hold them dear ;
For of God,—of God they are.”*

* ‘ Poems of the Imagination,’ xxix.

And one has almost forgotten that he was inspired when he set out. The Muse was responsible for those first delightful stanzas; Mr. Wordsworth, philosophical member of the Church of England, for the three last, commendable in many ways but not as poetry, since all they say might have been expressed as well or even better in prose.

Emerson says :

“The thought, the happy image, which expressed it, and which was a true experience to the poet, recurs to the mind, and sends me back in search of the book. And I wish that the poet should foresee this habit of readers, and omit all but important passages. Shakespeare is made up of important passages, like Damascus steel made up of old nails.”*

It would have been much better if Wordsworth had published his two stanzas and Browning his two, and omitted the rest of their poems. Why did they not ?

Emerson shall tell us :

“Great design belongs to a poem and is better than any skill of execution,—but how rare ! I find it in the poems of Wordsworth, ‘Laodamia’ and the ‘Ode to Dion,’ and the plan of ‘The Recluse.’ We want design, and do not forgive the bards if they have only the art of enamelling. We want an architect and they bring us an upholsterer.”†

It is this demand that makes the poet shy of proffering his fragment of pure gold, and eggs him

* ‘Letters and Social Aims’: “Poetry and Imagination,” p. 152.

† *Idem.*, p. 153.

on to work it into a statue by adding clay, iron, or anything else which he has handy.

That ode on Dion, which Emerson mentions, set out to be the finest ode in our language, and though less complete, less successful than several of Keats's, it still retains some superiority over them. As a magical treatment of the tragedy of heroism, it stands beside Milton's "*Samson Agonistes*," and the scene of the quarrel between Brutus and Cassius in "*Julius Cæsar*." That scene Nietzsche considered the grandest in all Shakespeare, on account of the importance and dignity of its theme; and the ode on Dion may claim a similar advantage among other odes.

Wordsworth's subject was not Dion's tragedy, as told by Plutarch, but his own sense of its import: yet he seems to have felt uneasy at not telling the story, and breaks off to paint a preliminary scene; then the might of his true subject seizes him again, and without ever completing the story he rushes on to his goal, the moral that cried out of it to him. Now this moral is the most important inference to be drawn from experience, and raises the question about which men will contend longest.

The facts necessary for the comprehension of the poem, but not easily to be deduced from reading it, are that Dion was a finely gifted man and Plato's disciple; had been unjustly exiled, and on his return, coming to the head of affairs, intended to use power ideally, yet permitted the opponent of his government to be illegally put to death; was reproached for this in a vision, and soon after fell a victim to an assassin's knife.

In reading, I will omit the division of clay; you can all decide whether I am justified in so doing when you read the poem for yourselves at your leisure.

The beauty of Dion's character and its relation to that of Plato are first compared to a white swan sailing in the light of the moon.

“Fair is the swan, whose majesty, prevailing
O'er breezeless water, on Locarno's lake,
Bears him on while proudly sailing
He leaves behind a moon-illumined wake:
Behold! the mantling spirit of reserve
Fashions his neck into a goodly curve;
An arch thrown back between luxuriant wings
Of whitest garniture, like fir-tree boughs
To which, on some unruffled morning, clings
A flaky weight of winter's purest snows!
—Behold!—as with a gushing impulse heaves
That downy prow, and softly cleaves
The mirror of the crystal flood
Vanish inverted hill, and shadowy wood
And pendent rocks, where'er, in gliding state
Winds the mute Creature without visible mate
Or rival, save the Queen of night
Showering down a silver light,
From heaven, upon her chosen favourite!

“So pure, so bright, so fitted to embrace,
Where e'er he turned, a natural grace
Of haughtiness without pretence,
And to unfold a still magnificence,
Was princely Dion, in the power
And beauty of his happier hour.
Nor less the homage that was seen to wait
On Dion's virtues, when the lunar beam

Of Plato's genius, from its lofty sphere
 Fell round him in the grove of Academe,
 Softening their inbred dignity anstere;
 That he, not too elate
 With self-sufficing solitude,
 But with majestic lowliness endued,
 Might in the universal bosom reign,
 And from affectionate observance gain
 Help, under every change of adverse fate.

* * *

Mourn, hills and groves of Attica! and mourn
 Illisus, bending o'er thy classic urn!
 Mourn, and lament for him whose spirit dreads
 Your once sweet memory, studious walks and shades!
 For him who to divinity aspired,
 Not on the breath of popular applause,
 But through dependence on the sacred laws
 Framed in the schools where Wisdom dwelt retired,
 Intent to trace the ideal path of right
 (More fair than heaven's broad canseway paved with
 stars)
 Which Dion learned to measure with delight;
 But he hath overleaped the eternal bars
 And, following guides whose craft holds no consent
 With aught that breathes the ethereal element,
 Hath stained the robes of civil power with blood,
 Unjustly shed, though for the public good.
 Whence doubts that came too late, and wishes vain,
 Hollow excuses, and triumphant pain;
 And oft his cogitations sink as low
 As, through the abysses of a joyless heart,
 The heaviest plummet of despair can go.
 But whence that sudden check? that fearful start!
 He hears an uncouth sound.
 Anon his lifted eyes
 Saw at a long-drawn gallery's dusky bound,

A shape of more than mortal size
 And hideous aspect, stalking round and round.
 A woman's garb the Phantom wore,
 And fiercely swept the marble floor,—
 Like Auster whirling to and fro
 His force on Caspian foam to try ;
 Or Boreas when he scours the snow
 That skins the plains of Thessaly,
 Or when aloft on Maenalus he stops
 His flight, 'mid eddying pine-tree tops !

“ So, but from toil less sign of profit reaping,
 The sullen Spectre to her purpose bowed,
 Sweeping—vehemently sweeping—
 No pause admitted, no design avowed !
 ‘ Avaunt, inexplicable Guest ! avaunt,’
 Exclaimed the Chieftain—‘ Let me rather see
 The coronal that coiling vipers make ;
 The torch that flames with many a lurid flake,
 And the long train of doleful pageantry
 Which they behold, whom vengeful Furies hannt ;
 Who, while they struggle from the scourge to flee,
 Move where the blasted soil is not unworn,
 And, in their anguish, bear what other minds have
 born !’

“ But Shapes that come not at an earthly call,
 Will not depart when mortal voices bid ;
 Lords of the visionary eye whose lid,
 Once raised, remains aghast, and will not fall !
 Ye Gods, thought He, that servile implement
 Obeys a mystical intent !
 Your minister would brush away
 The spots that to my soul adhere ;
 But should she labour night and day,
 They will not, cannot disappear ;
 Whence angry perturbations,—and that look
 Which no philosophy can brook !

" Ill-fated chief ! there are whose hopes are built
 Upon the ruins of thy glorious name ;
 Who, through the portal of one moment's guilt,
 Pursue thee with their deadly aim !
 O matchless perfidy ! portentous lust
 Of monstrous crime !—that horror-striking blade,
 Drawn in defiance of the Gods, hath laid
 The noble Syracusan low in dust !
 Shudder'd the walls—the marble city wept—
 And sylvan places heaved a pensive sigh ;
 But in the calm peace the appointed Victim slept,
 As he had fallen in magnanimity ;
 Of spirit too capacious to require
 That Destiny her course should change ; too just
 To his own native greatness to desire
 That wretched boon, days lengthened by mistrust.
 So were the hopeless troubles, that involved
 The soul of Dion, instantly dissolved.
 Released from life and cares of princely state,
 He left this moral grafted on his Fate :
 ' Him only pleasure leads, and peace attends,
 Him, only him, the shield of Jove defends
 Whose means are fair and spotless as his ends.' ”*

What magnificent language and rhythm ! Nevertheless, this poem, compared with the Ode on the Intimations of Immortality, may be classed as unknown ; yet it contains more and better poetry.

Unfortunately the last three lines, if not clay, are not pure gold ; for it is not true that pleasure leads and peace attends, or that the shield of Jove defends the clean-handed hero, and we notice something trite in the enunciation of the thought. Wordsworth should have found it obviously false, since he

* · Poems of the Imagination.' xxxii.

accepted Jesus of Nazareth as the perfect type. Yet, means fair and spotless as the end proposed are ideal requirements both in art and heroism. The contention that this scrupulousness, the ideal beauty of which is freely recognised, should control business, is probably the hardest bone of contention with which humanity is provided—the one about which every compromise of necessity begs the question.

Brutus, Dion and Samson (who for Milton represented Cromwell) are such tragic figures because the beauty of their heroism became tarnished and ended in failure.

For my fault-finding with Wordsworth I hope you will think I have made amends; I would fain do as much for Browning, but time and capacity fail me for reading his magnificent "Artemis Prologues," perhaps the most splendid 120 lines of blank verse in English. I will read one of his successful lyrics instead.

Browning imagines a page-boy in love with a queen, and, while tending her hounds and hawks, complaining of this hopeless passion and overheard by her.

"Give her but a least excuse to love me!

When—where—

How—can this arm establish her above me,

If fortune fixed her as my lady there,

There already, to eternally reprove me?

('Hist!'—said Kate the Queen;

But 'oh!'—cried the maiden, binding her tresses,

'Tis only a page that carols unseen,

Crumbling your hounds their messes!')

"Is she wronged?—To the rescue of her honour,
 My heart!
 Is she poor?—What costs it to be styled a donor?
 Merely an earth to cleave, a sea to part?
 But that fortune should have thrust all this upon her!
 ('Nay, list!'—bade Kate the Queen;
 And still cried the maiden binding her tresses,
 "'Tis only a page that carols unseem,
 Fitting your hawks their jesses!') "

The turn of rhythm on "when—where—how" is so felicitous that it seems madness for a poet to dream of adding another stanza which, as coming second, should be more perfect.

Yet when we read—

"Is she wronged?—To the rescue of her honour,
 My heart!
 Is she poor?—What costs it to be styled a donor?"—

we breathe free, and glory in his triumph.

Yet this song is not in the 'Oxford Book of English Verse,' where under Browning's name several obviously inferior things appear.

Ben Jonson, like Browning, produced a mass of work pregnant with intelligence, but which rarely became pure poetry. However, he, like Browning, yields a handful of perfect things. I will read one:

"See the chariot at hand here of Love,
 Wherein my lady rideth!
 Each that draws is a swan or a dove,
 And well the car Love guideth.
 As she goes, all hearts do duty
 Unto her beauty

And, enamoured, do wish, so they might
 But enjoy such a sight,
 That they still were to run by her side
 Through swords, through seas, whither she would ride.

“Do but look on her eyes, they do light
 All that Love’s world compriseth!
 Do but look on her hair, it is bright
 As Love’s star when it riseth!
 Do but mark, her forehead’s smother
 Than words that soothe her!
 And from her arched brows, such a grace
 Sheds itself through the face,
 As alone there triumphs to the life
 All the gain, all the good, of the elements’ strife.

“Have you seen but a bright lily grow,
 Before rude hands have touched it?
 Have you marked but the fall o’ the snow
 Before the soil hath smutched it?
 Have you felt the wool of beaver?
 Or swan’s down ever?
 Or have smelt o’ the bud o’ the brier?
 Or the nard in the fire?
 Or have tasted the bag of the bee?
 O so white! O so soft! O so sweet is she!”*

Palgrave failed to observe the marvellous perfection of this song. It is not in his ‘Golden Treasury,’ which yet contains so much poor stuff. It is by such felicities as the climax—

O so white! O so soft! O so sweet is she!—

that the form of every lyric should be a discovery.

* “Underwoods,” iv.

The surprise of this kind that seems to have fallen most directly out of heaven is the line—

“Sad true lover never find my grave”—

from the dirge in “Twelfth Night.”

“Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid.
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
Oh, prepare it!
My part of death, no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown:
A thousand thousand sighs to save
Lay me, Oh, where
Sad true lover never find my grave
To weep there!”

The difficulty of accounting for the scansion of that disquieted Shakesperean editors for upwards of two hundred years, till at last it was observed that the irregularity was exceedingly beautiful. So easily is the goal of æsthetic research obscured even for men as intelligent as Pope or Capel.

Now, for fear of enervating our taste by an over-constant effort to appreciate what is perfect, let us compare a stanza from the great lyric in Matthew Arnold’s “Empedocles,” and one from Browning’s much-vaunted “Rabbi Ben Ezra,” with one from Shelley’s “To a Skylark.”

“In vain our pent wills fret,
 And would the world subdue;
 Limits we did not set
 Condition all we do;
 Born into life we are, and life must be our mould.”

Undoubtedly that is a true thought, and expressed with more cogency and clearness than—

“Grow old along with me!
 The best is yet to be
 The last of life for which the first was made:
 Our times are in His hand
 Who saith, ‘A whole I planned,’
 Youth shows but half; trust God; see all nor be afraid.”

It is obviously more often than not impossible to obey the command to grow old along with any genial old gentleman; it is often, also, untrue that the best is yet to be. No doubt, it would be very consoling if experience bore out the old Rabbi: but it does not.

Now listen to Shelley, for the desired, the enchanting, the ever-acceptable accent which creates beauty and joy even out of depression:

“We look before and after
 And pine for what is not:
 Our sincerest laughter
 With some pain is fraught;
 Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest
 thought.”

True. “To a Skylark” treats continually of lovely and agreeable things, but so does Rabbi Ben Ezra; he compares passionate youth with serene

old age, and, refurbishing the hackneyed image of the potter and the clay, substitutes for the non-descript "vessel," a Grecian urn. Yet with all these opportunities he never turns a single stanza so beautiful as the most abstract of Shelley's.

The fact is, Browning represents Rabbi Ben Ezra as a prosperous old man enjoying a stately decline, who allows his after-dinner optimism to get the better of his observation and experience. He is moved by thought, but less conscious of its truth or beauty than of its supposed efficacy for cheering, that is bamboozling: and this purpose of his cannot beget afflatus sufficient to rise to a fine form and movement, so his utterance is outclassed not only by Shelley's, which is beautiful, but by Arnold's, which, though plain, is sincere.

I mentioned that some of the best poetry has been honestly charged with immorality. Such accusations are usually made by people who regard the fact that poets can and often do preach excellent sermons as the only excuse for verse. Now to elucidate this difficulty we must conceive of English morality as something dependent on the customs and habits of the English, not as an absolute criterion of worth. In practical life it is a mistake to run counter to one's neighbours without a weighty reason without being prepared to suffer as a consequence.

But in the realm of contemplation, whither poetry should lift us, morality, instead of being established, is a project.

There, if it is not to prove futile, neither deed nor doer must be left unconsidered, but the whole

reality must be harmoniously reviewed. For this reason we should welcome all who can give fine literary form to any accident, however inconvenient that accident may be in a mundane sphere. An unpalatable truth thus becomes associated with beauty—an object for contemplation, yielding refreshment and recreation.

“It is all very well in a book,” as people say of extravagant behaviour, implying that in practice it is less pardonable; and what they say is quite true. Only their tone of voice may be disparaging to literature and betray the penury of their taste.

A consequence of this more comprehensive horizon which poetry demands is that a poem must not only be enthralling by beauty and intensity, but, if it be of any length, by its interest.

Rossetti rightly queried whether a long poem ought not to be as absorbing as a novel. It ought. A novel need only fail of being a poem by that degree of beauty which formal rhythms have over informal. Most novels do fail in many other ways, but many long poems fail just where good novels succeed. It is in vital interest that Shakespeare’s “Macbeth,” “Lear,” “Hamlet” and “Othello” are so superior to “Paradise Lost,” though that poem perhaps maintains a higher level of beauty than they do.

The “Ancient Mariner” is for the same reason a finer poem than any of equal length since written. For though “Enoch Arden” and “The Ring and the Book” are as interesting as novels, they fail like novels also, the one by lack of the distinction that utter sincerity gives, the other by lack of the restraint that the love of beauty dictates. Keats’s

“*Lamia*,” Arnold’s “*Empedocles*,” though less absorbing, more nearly marry a considerable interest to a proportionate beauty. And for the same reason Mr. Yeats’s verse dramas succeed better than any of those by the Victorian poets; though several, like Browning’s “*Strafford*,” are more powerful, or like Swinburne’s “*Atalanta*,” more original, or like Tennyson’s “*The Cup*,” more theatrical.

We, like the folk of many previous ages, have it dinned into our ears that poetry, to be great, must treat of actual pre-occupations, and not harp on any which are as notably neglected as was the ideal of justice in Dante’s day. Well, well, let us allow that the best kind of people at present discuss plans for mitigating the evils of social inequality. How does the best poetry treat this problem?

Not in Lloyd George’s way, nor yet like Mr. and Mrs. Webb, nor even like Bernard Shaw. Their ways are, of course, aimed at and achieve a different kind of success. But do they as grandly allay our passions and restore us to as propitious a frame of mind?

The opinions of Byron and Shelley took their cue from the advanced political thinkers of that day, but failed to inspire their loftiest verse. Such themes as personal guilt, and loneliness or some woman, some cloud, a skylark or the healing power of night inspired their happiest flights. They chanted freedom, indeed, but are outclassed by reactionary Wordsworth on this theme: while a poet, never praised for thought, conceived this problem in very lovely verse, almost as we realise it to-day.

“With her two brothers this fair lady dwelt
Enrichéd from ancestral merchandize,
And for them many a weary hand did swelt
In torchéd mines and noisy factories,
And many once proud-quivered loins did melt
In blood from stinging whips;—with hollow eyes
Many all day in dazzling river stood,
To take the rich-or’d driftings of the flood.

“For them the Ceylon diver held his breath,
And went all naked to the hungry shark;
For them his ears gushed blood; for them in death
The seal on the cold ice with piteous bark
Lay full of darts; for them alone did seethe
A thousand men in troubles wide and dark:
Half-ignorant, they turned an easy wheel,
That set sharp racks at work, to pinch and peel.

“Why were they proud? Because their marble founts
Gushed with more pride than do a wretch’s tears?—
Why were they proud? Because fair orange-mounts
Were of more soft ascent than lazar stairs?—
Why were they proud? Because red-lined accounts
Were richer than the songs of Grecian years?—
Why were they proud? again we ask aloud,
Why in the name of Glory were they proud?”

That question is so much more winsome than an accusation. What have we, any of us, added to favouring circumstance to warrant pride? Asked not in the name of justice, but of Glory. How universal the difficulty of a reply appears! To rail at tyrants is by comparison as though, when a little girl was naughty, we should scold her dolls; for kings and governors are only the toys of that lust for possessing which makes us all, rich and poor alike, so negligent of nobler things.

Though the first line of "Endymion" has become a proverb and already smells musty, serious people have not acquired the habit of looking for truth in beauty, where the nearest approach to it can be made. They expect and recommend precisely the opposite course, and approved Lord Tennyson, when in "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After," he set the turbid accusations of Carlyle and Ruskin to tuneful numbers, although he failed of Keats's success. Whereas a living poet, never mentioned by those who plume themselves on pre-occupation with these problems has, I think, surpassed those slightly rhetorical stanzas in Keats's "Pot of Basil," which had remained the high-water mark of expression on this theme.

THE STATUES.

- "Tarry a moment, happy feet
That to the sound of laughter glide !
O glad ones of the evening street,
Behold what forms are at your side !
- "You conquerors of the toilsome day
Pass by with laughter, labour done ;
But these within their durance stay ;
Their travail sleeps not with the sun.
- "They like dim statues without end,
Their patient attitudes maintain ;
Your triumphing bright course attend,
But from your eager ways abstain.
- "Now, if you chafe in secret thought,
A moment turn from light distress,
And see how Fate on these have wrought,
Who yet so deeply acquiesce.

“ Behold them, stricken, silent, weak,
The maimed, the mute, the halt, the blind,
Condemned in hopeless hope to seek
The thing which they shall never find.

“ They haunt the shadows of your ways
In masks of perishable mould :
Their souls a changing flesh arrays,
But they are changeless from of old.

“ Their lips repeat an empty call,
But silence wraps their thoughts around.
On them, like snow, the ages fall ;
Time muffles all this transient sound.

“ When Shalmaneser pitched his tent
By Tigris, and his flag unfurled,
And forth his summons proudly sent
Into the new unconquered world ;

“ Or when with spears Cambyses rode
Through Memphis and her bending slaves,
Or first the Tyrian gazed abroad
Upon the bright vast outer waves ;

“ When sages, star-instructed men,
To the young glory of Babylon
Foreknew no ending ; even then
Innumerable years had flown,

“ Since first the chisel in her hand
Necessity, the sculptor, took,
And in her spacious meaning planned
These forms, and that eternal look ;

“ These foreheads, moulded from afar,
These soft, unfathomable eyes, -
Gazing from darkness, like a star ;
These lips, whose grief is to be wise.

“As from the mountain marble rude
The growing statue rises fair,
She from immortal patience hewed
The limbs of ever-young despair.

“There is no bliss so new and dear,
It hath not them far-off allured.
All things that we have yet to fear
They have already long endured.

“Nor is there any sorrow more
Than hath ere now befallen these,
Whose gaze is as an opening door
On wild interminable seas.

“O Yonth, run fast upon thy feet,
With full joy haste thee to be filled,
And out of moments brief and sweet
Thou shalt a power for ages build.

“Does thy heart falter? Here, then, seek
What strength is in thy kind! With pain
Immortal bowed, these mortals weak
Gentle and unsubdued remain.”

That I think is first-rate poetry. It does not attribute to human agency what possibly lies beyond its scope, in order either to praise or blame. It recognises that some virtues are almost always the work of adversity, others of prosperity; some proper to youth and health, others to age and suffering; and it is thus considerate while rapt in an ecstasy of contemplation such as can but clothe itself in delightful phrases and felicitous images.

To my mind the stanza about aged stricken folk is the finest:

“There is no bliss so new and dear,
 It hath not them far-off allured.
 All things that we have yet to fear,
 They have already long endured ” —

while above all the others I prize the two lines—

“She from immortal patience hewed
 The limbs of ever-young despair.”

Yet while I thus distinguish, I reprove myself for separating them from the wave of five stanzas, of which they form the crest :

“Since first the chisel in her hand
 Necessity, the sculptor, took,
 And in her spacious meaning planned
 These forms, and that eternal look;

“These foreheads, moulded from afar,
 These soft, unfathomable eyes,
 Gazing from darkness, like a star ;
 These lips, whose grief is to be wise.

“As from the mountain marble rude
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“There is no bliss so new and dear,
 It hath not them far-off allured.
 All things that we have yet to fear
 They have already long endured.

“Nor is there any sorrow more
 Than hath ere now befallen these,
 Whose gaze is as an opening door
 On wild interminable seas.”

That I think is more successful poetry than any

in Browning's "Rabbi Ben Ezra" or in Tennyson's "Locksley Hall"; nay, more successful than any produced by those great poets after the first glorious flush had paled on the forehead of their youthful genius. Is it not well described by Shelley's line—

"Our sweetest songs are those which tell of saddest
thought"?

It is the work of Laurence Binyon, and published in his 'London Visions.'

Now these are merely my opinions, and should not be adopted by you: nor need they ever become yours, unless your progress towards the distant goal of a perfect appreciation of excellence should happen to lead you over the very same spot where I now stand.

Each one of you is a traveller over these delectable mountains, and not what has delighted me or any other pilgrim brings you on your way and holds off fatigue and depression, but what delights *you*. Only be occupied and ever anew eager in arranging what you admire by order of merit. Examine your preferences, do not rest content with enjoying them, and you will grow aware of niceties and differences in what is admirable that otherwise would have escaped your notice. You will invigorate and render rational what may have seemed the truly mystical fascination which verse exerted over you.

Let me warn you against negative standards. Never record your impressions by enumerating faults, as the newspaper critic so often does. Never accept the absence of apparent flaws as proof of the presence of excellence. Keep to the positive merits

and try to define them; merely turn away from what calls for blame. Disparaging warps the mind far worse than over-lauding. Above all, institute comparisons whenever you find two poets, treating the same theme or using the same form with felicity to diverse effect, or in any way rivalling one another. Animals see, breathe and feel, man alone discovers, appreciates and admires; it is not enough to passively enjoy; we must create order in our experiences.

RECENT DISCOVERIES OF CLASSICAL LITERATURE.

BY JOSEPH OFFORD,

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[Read April 24th, 1912.]

IN the year 1892 I had the honour of bringing before the Royal Society of Literature the subject of the discoveries of remains of ancient classical literature, summarising very inadequately, it is to be feared, those recovered works which I deemed the most important since the completion of the achievements of Cardinal Mai and his successors in deciphering the palimpsest manuscripts in European libraries.

The portions of lost books I was able to enumerate at that time were very considerable both in number and contents, especially those found upon papyri preserved in almost rainless Egypt, and it was not then thought probable that in future the harvest would annually be equally prolific. But the yearly average of newly published texts, most of them, it must be admitted, mere fragments, has not diminished, nor does it appear to be likely to do so for some time to come. Moreover, although many of the pieces edited are so short, they often possess an importance quite disproportionate to their length.

It should be mentioned that the continuance for a time of further new publications now, arises more from the immense quantity of papyri already in Europe that are not yet sufficiently examined by specialists rather than from new finds occurring as frequently as formerly was the case. In fact the discovery of papyri in Egypt has seriously diminished in volume. The extension of artificial irrigation and of the area of cultivated land, and the flooding of large tracts by the further raising of the Assouan Barrage, will tend still further to reduce the possibility of rescuing many more precious literary relics from oblivion. This short paper may therefore prove to be a sort of summing up on behalf of the Royal Society of Literature of the most remarkable epoch in the story of classical literature, since, at the Renaissance, the Humanist search for, and editing of, many Greek and Latin manuscripts some three centuries ago.

As this hurried review of the matter, for reasons of time and space, must necessarily be confined to the consideration of texts of the classics hitherto unknown, it cannot include a survey of the many new manuscripts of portions of authors previously extant. It is well, however, to allude here to their value because of the information they afford as to the purity of the text of the versions we possessed previous to the recent discoveries.

This is very great, because it almost universally tends to confirm the comparative accuracy of the texts as preserved in the codices that fortunately escaped destruction in the "dark ages." Now, we can at least say that in the case of all those pre-

viously extant authors of which it is possible to compare with duplicate newly found editions which we know for certain date either early before, or shortly subsequent to our era, that the versions we have had in use since the revival of learning differ, though later in date, but slightly from those held to be correct 2000 years ago.

Any vague dread among certain scholars that the well-known classics may, in some cases, have been forgeries of lost books written to satisfy Roman book collectors cannot now oppress even the most sceptical mind.

The works considered as authoritative specimens of their alleged authors in Alexandria, the greatest seat of literary activity of antiquity, are, for all intents and purposes, identical with those—few of them, alas!—we have been perusing and enjoying.

Turning now to our subject proper, it will be convenient to divide it into two portions, those of Greek and of Latin authors, instead of treating of the new manuscripts upon any system derived from the date of their discovery.

As the Patristic, or early Christian literature, cannot be discussed on this occasion, but few references to Syriac, Coptic or Arab texts need be made.

Finally, in composing the paper I decided to dwell somewhat fully upon the more important and interesting pieces of ancient literature whose restoration to science I have to mention, devoting only a short time and space to many of the minor pieces, whose value in themselves separately is small,

though cumulatively as a subject of literary history very considerable.

A very valuable relic of the classics worthy to rank with most of the other recoveries is that of the lost 'Apology' of Antiphon, the Attic orator, who formed one among the famous four hundred Oligarchs who, in B.C. 411, overthrew, temporarily, the democratic Athenian Constitution.

Antiphon was charged with treason because he happened to be one of twelve delegates dispatched by the Oligarchs to endeavour to treat with the Lacedemonians. An additional count in the indictment against him was that of having helped to destroy the constitution. Thucydides tells us that the speech he delivered in his own defence was the finest of its type ever pronounced, and this admiration is confirmed by the statement of other classics. It did not, however, prevent Antiphon's condemnation and execution.

Being held in such esteem it was doubtless plagiarised and imitated by subsequent orators when arraigned for political misdemeanours, and so, unknown to us, much of its phraseology and arguments may be imbedded in later speeches; but practically it has hitherto been completely lost, excepting for excerpts and sentences used for illustration by grammarians and lexicographers.

Among some papyri obtained by M. Nicolle, of Geneva, about 1906, for the museum of that city, were fragments of a manuscript which contained four portions of the 'Apology' of Antiphon, most elegantly written, evidently being an example of a "*texte de luxe*."

The four preserved pieces are of unequal length, and apparently separated a good deal from each other in the speech.*

Thus several columns of writing are evidently from the argument, whilst others appertain to the exposition of facts, and some columns to the peroration. This accidental arrangement of the newly found portion of the text is, supposing that this is all of the 'Apology' ever to come to light, rather advantageous, for the fourfold extracts afford a better view of the general plan of the discourse than a continuous piece of equal length would have done.

We can now follow not only the plan upon which Antiphon founded his defence, but also the *rôle* which he explains he fulfilled as chief of his party, and also how he conducted himself as an improvised administrator in the great crisis in which he became involved. In the speech we see him suddenly taking the offensive against his accusers, and when, according to custom, the moment had arrived for appealing to the compassion of his judges, he alludes to his family, his children and grandchildren as interceding for him.

The most lengthy fragment fortunately discloses to us the position thought best for taking up by an Athenian orator—and perhaps an immature statesman—in face of a terrible accusation levelled against himself. He not merely denies participating in the overthrow of the democracy, but says he never dreamt of, or desired, it. He alleges that he

* "L'Apologie d'Antiphon," 'd'Après des fragments inédits sur papyrus d'Égypte,' par Jules Nicole, Genève, 1907.

joined the Oligarchy by force of circumstances, and that these only in the matter had determined his conduct. His endeavour was to prove that his sole guide was patriotism, never ambition, and still less private interest, and that had he consulted himself no one would have more ardently maintained the democratic constitution.

It is evident that it was the weight and eloquence with which he develops this portion of his 'Apology' that caused later speakers under similar critical circumstances to envy his great forensic effort and to repeat his theme and words. It is possible that Antiphon had but the morrow of his indictment in which to prepare his defence. Moreover, the accusation, as stated, was amended by the addition of the crime of treason, and he had, on the spur of the moment, to repel the attack of his foes, of whose line of assault he had had no previous warning.

Also he had to suit his audience, and consequently may have changed in his speech the verbal form he had selected for many parts of it.

The literary perfection of his 'Apology' appears to show that between the actual deliverance of it and the condemnation and execution of the sentence Antiphon was able to edit the matter so as to prepare it for publication. Before he drank the deadly draught his last hours may have been occupied in revising the lines, which now, after the lapse of many centuries, can be perused once more. The very thought of such a possibility makes the reading of these sentences, composed so long ago, a matter of emotion. They have now been returned to mankind never to be lost again. In addition to the

importance of the 'Apology' as the work of this statesman and orator the historical allusions contained in the arguments are very interesting.* The illustrious names of parties principal to the revolution appear, such as Pisander, Phrynichus, and Theramenes, and light is thrown upon affairs at the crisis.

Almost all the records of newly-found classic literature are results of the recovery of texts upon Egyptian papyri. One remarkable manuscript, however, quite equal in value to most of those from Egypt, is that of a collection of several of the works of Archimedes; for in addition to giving us new texts of several of his already extant works, it not only presents the Greek of the *Περὶ ὀχουμένων*, hitherto only known from a Latin version, but gives us a work of this great mathematician that is entirely new, the *Ἐφοδικόν*.

The title of this treatise is 'Geometrical Solutions derived from Mechanics,' and its importance is augmented by an introductory letter to the work addressed to Eratosthenes. The manuscript is a palimpsest of some 118 pages, and was first noticed by M. Papadopoulos Kerameus, and has been edited by Dr. L. J. Heiberg, and translated into English by Miss Lydia G. Robinson from Heiberg's German version.† Although it was previously known

* M. T. Reinach points out a curious sentence in the speech; the following reproach to which the orator alludes indicating that some advocates paid a percentage; in this case one-fifth of the cost of the litigation. *ἄλλὰ μὲν δὴ λέγουσιν οἱ κατήγοροι ὡς συνέγραφόν τε δίκας ἄλλοις καὶ [τ]ὸ ἔκέρδαινον ἀπὸ τούτου.* 'Rev. des Études Grecques,' 22-55.

† M. Theodore Reinach also published a translation of the work in 'Revue Générale des Sciences,' of November 30th, 1907.

that Archimedes studied at Alexandria, and that Eratosthenes was a contemporary in date, though Tzetzes says twelve years the junior of the Sicilian, yet we were unaware that the two great scientists were actually acquainted.

They were, it would appear, long friends, or correspondents, for in the newly found treatise Archimedes speaks of having forwarded some preliminary propositions on the same subject some time ago. He also alludes to one of his earlier works, 'De lineis spiralibus,' which Archimedes dedicated to Dositheos of Kolonos. In this tract he had mentioned a still earlier composed treatise he had sent to Konon, and so the work specially composed for Eratosthenes was the product of the later years of Archimedes.

The older scholar held the chief librarian of Alexandria evidently in high esteem, for he writes of him as a "capable scholar and prominent teacher of philosophy," and says that "he knows how to value a mathematical method of investigation when opportunity offers."

The really extraordinary fact revealed by the new manuscript is the absolute modernity of the sentiment of Archimedes, the introduction being phrased in just the kind of way in which we could imagine a mathematician of to-day such as the late Lord Kelvin writing to a brother scientist.

So striking is this similarity of expression that we cannot do better than quote the paragraph containing the appeal to Eratosthenes.

After the sentence giving his appreciation of his

erudition and acumen, already quoted, Archimedes writes :

“ I have thought it well to analyze and lay down for you in this same book a peculiar method by means of which it will be possible for you to derive instruction as to how certain mathematical questions may be investigated by means of mechanics ; and I am convinced that this is equally profitable in demonstrating a proposition itself, for much that was made evident to me through the medium of mechanics was later proved by means of geometry, because the treatment by the former method had not yet been established by way of a demonstration.

“ For, of course, it is easier to establish a proof if one has in this way previously obtained a conception of the questions, than for him to seek it without such a preliminary notion.

“ Thus in the familiar propositions the demonstrations of which Eudoxus was the first to describe, namely, that a cone and a pyramid are one third the size of that cylinder and prism respectively that have the same base and altitude, no little credit is due to Democritus, who was the first to make that statement about these bodies without any demonstration.

“ But we are in a position to have found the present proposition in the same way as the earlier one, and I have decided to write down and make known the method, partly because we have already talked about it heretofore, and so no one would think that we were spreading abroad idle talk, and partly in the conviction that by this means I assume that someone among the investigators of to-day, or in the future, will discover by the method here set forth still other propositions which have not yet occurred to us.”

The mathematical matter and import of it cannot be treated of here, except to mention that Archimedes' method is analogous to that of the modern

calculus, and confirm Zenthen's statements of Archimedes' relation to the integral calculus. The propositions and demonstrations deal with the quadrature of the parabola. These concern the volumes and centres of gravity of spheres, ellipsoids, paraboloids and hyperboloids of revolution. The method of exhaustion employed distinctly anticipates its modern equivalent of integration.

Another interesting peculiarity of the problem is the use by Archimedes of the principle of the lever in comparing different solids of revolution by a kind of method of balancing the elements of one against the corresponding elements of the other.

It is by a skilful balancing of sections that Archimedes in the eleventh proposition of this work proves the volume of a segment of a right cylinder cut off by a plane through the centre of the lower base and tangent to the upper one. He shows that this equals one sixth of the square prism that circumscribes the cylinder.

As far as we now are aware Archimedes was the first to enunciate this result.*

Professor David Eugene Smith, President of Teachers' College, Columbia University, to whose introduction to the English version of the treatise I am indebted, mentions here that the work "shows the working of the mind of Archimedes in the discovery of mathematical truths, indicating that he often obtained his results by intuition, or even by measurement, rather than by an analytic form of

* In two of the propositions, those of the quadrature of the parabola and the volume of a spheroid, Archimedes gives merely a summary of the way in which he had worked the problem out in his 'Letters to Dositheos.'

reasoning, verifying these results later by strict analysis.

“It also expresses definitely the fact that he was the discoverer of those properties relating to the sphere and cylinder that have been attributed to him ; and that are given in his other works without a definite statement of their authorship.”*

In 1897 Signor G. Vailati had by means of the newly discovered ‘Barulcus of Hero of Alexandria’† and the works of Pappus very cleverly reconstituted the series of propositions by which Archimedes in a lost work of his, probably the *Περὶ ζυγῶν*, had established his famous theory of the centre of gravity upon which was founded his theorem of the lever.‡

In 1906 Hermann Schöne§ found in the Seraglio Library at Constantinople a work, lost hitherto, of Hero of Alexandria in three books, the *Μετρίκά* ; together with it was also his ‘Dioptra.’ Monsieur Tannery considers it to be the most important work upon Greek mathematics recovered for two centuries.

In recent years some light had been thrown upon the contents of this book and other works of Hero

* *Editio Princeps*. ‘Eine neue Schrift des Archimedes.’ von J. L. Heiberg und H. G. Zenthen. Amr Bibliotheca Mathematica. Leipsic: Teubner, 1907.

† The ‘Barulcus’ was published from the Arabic of a Leyden manuscript, by M. Carra de Vaux. Hero in it, according to de Vaux, accorded to Praxidames the authorship of the definition of the centre of gravity, but de Clermont Ganneau reads the Arabic as having meant Posidonius.

‡ Giovanni Vailati. ‘Del Concetto di centro di Gravità nella Statico d’Archimedo.’ Academy of Sciences, Turin, Clausen 1897.

§ ‘Heronis Alexandrini Opera quae Supersunt III. Heronis von Alexandria Vermessungslehre und Dioptra κτλ.’ Leipzig: H. Teubner.

by Arabic manuscripts at Leiden.* The book itself enables us to rate Hero's treatise much higher than the careless quotations from it in the Arabic had indicated. It is true that a perusal of it shows that he copied the works of his predecessors, but he gives proof of original research and thought, and ranks quite beside the mathematicians of Alexandria of the second period such as Ptolemy, Diophantus, and Pappus.

The work is arranged on a well-conceived and executed plan. The first book relates to the measurement of surfaces; the second to that of volumes; and the third to the problems of divisions of ratios and proportions, and of various other matters respecting areas and volumes. To enable students to understand clearly the intention of the chapters, a preface enumerates the problems to be surmounted, and explains that they are arranged in a rational and progressive order.†

Until we possessed this work of Hero's complete, we had no specimen explaining really what the method of classical analysis and synthesis was like.‡

* For Hero's *βapoύλxoc*, newly found in the Arabic, see note to Archimedes.

† For our knowledge of Hero of Alexandria and Archimedes see G. Vailati, 'Sulla Storia della Meccanica presso i Greci Del Concetto di Centro di Gravita nella Statica d'Archimede principio dei lavori virtuali de Aristotile à Erone d'Allesandria,' Atti dr. Accad. d. Sc. de Torino, 32, 1897.

‡ The eminent historian of mathematics, M. Tannery, says of Hero's 'Metrica' and its composition: "Chaque problème est énoncé avec des données numériques; puis servi d'une démonstration aboutit à ramener le problème à une question déjà résolue. Ou en d'autres termes à montrer que l'aire, ou le volume cherché est donné.

"C'est l'analyse-suit le synthèse par les nombres, qui procède le

Thus we could not tell if, and how, it differed from what we mean by the terms now. The 'Metrika' in the formulæ of demonstrations belongs to a type unique among the ancients, as far as we know at present, and so has historical and literary importance.

Hero in the work is quite a contrast to the diffusive style of classic scientists. He comes to the point immediately, and says only what is necessary to substantiate the data desired. The book is probably intended for tutors more than students, as he does not carry his calculations and proofs right on, but provides a basis for so doing if his readers desire. He is far superior to the earlier Alexandrian mathematicians, and ahead of the concepts of the Eleatics and Euclid. He quotes, strange to say, the newly found *ἐψοδίων* of Archimedes described elsewhere in this paper, telling us that the propositions concerning the quadrature of the parabola were therein. See also Carra de Vaux in 'Revue Asiatique,' 1894, "Les Mécaniques ou l'Élévateur de Heron d'Alexandrie publié pour le premier sur le texte Arabe et traduit en Français."

The Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres published, in 1903, a work of which hitherto we possessed only part of the commencement in a Latin version by Philo of Byzantium, entitled by its editor, Baron Carra de Vaux, 'Le Livre des Appareils Pneumatiques et des Machines Hydrauliques par Philo de Byzance.'

sens inverse, mais sans démonstration, Heron y part simplement des données numériques et donne la suite des calculs à faire pour abouter au résultat cherché."

The treatise is completed by means of Arabic versions, the manuscripts of which are at Constantinople and Oxford. The contents are similar to the 'Pneumatica' of Hero of Alexandria, and the two, being now complete, afford ample information on the subject as known to the ancients.

The Arabic text fairly accurately represents the portion of the Greek it is possible to compare it with; but Baron Carra de Vaux thinks that it is really founded upon a Persian Sassanian rendering from the Greek.

A second work, produced by the French Académie, is 'Un nouveau Texte des Traités d'Arpentage et de Géométrie d'Epaphroditus et de Vitruvius Rufus,' edited by MM. Victor Mortet and Paul Tannery, 1906; also "Vitruvius Rufus-Mesure des Hauteurs et formule de l'arc sur hausse," fragment des MSS. de Valenciennes, 'Revue de Philologie,' 1896.

Perhaps the most valuable of all the lost works of classical authors recovered, during the harvests of a score of years' search we are summarising, is Bacchylides, whose poems were found quite early in this period and published in 1897. Strange to say, in point of date of restoration to literature he may also be placed in the end of the series, for only last year another papyrus, containing the seventeenth poem represented in the previously found manuscript, has been published by Dr. Arthur S. Hunt in the eighth part of the 'Oxyrhynchus Papyri.' This is a hymn, or ode, one of the finest and most lengthy of the poems and known as "The Story of Theseus and the Youths."

As with the 'Politeia' of Aristotle, and the

‘Mimes of Herodas,’ the British Museum fortunately secured the equally famous papyrus of Bacchylides, and will doubtless soon possess the duplicate of the seventeenth poem. The larger manuscript is of unique importance because of its early date, which from paleographical reasons is considered to be of the first century B.C., whilst the ‘Oxyrhynchus’ manuscript is probably of the second century of our era.

The British Museum papyrus is, unfortunately, broken off into three pieces, and the gaps between these are represented by some forty fragments. The first piece is some nine feet long, containing twenty-two columns of writing; the second twenty-seven inches, and the third forty-two inches, making nearly fifteen feet in all. This indicates that originally the approximate length of the roll was some seventeen feet. The legible part restored to us now gives about 1100 legible lines.

These present twenty poems, of which six are practically complete, and three of these are the longest in the collection.

The “*editio princeps*” is that of Dr. Frederic G. Kenyon. Later on, what for some time to come is likely to be the standard edition is that of Sir Richard C. Jebb, published in 1906, giving a prose version of the poems. In this work, however, he was unable to utilise the second copy of the one poem edited, as mentioned, only last year by Dr. Hunt.

Of the twenty poems in this collection fourteen are of a type already well known to Hellenists, chiefly from the ‘Odes of Pindar,’ as “Epinikian.” But the remaining six, and these fortunately some

of those most perfectly preserved, are examples of another description of lyrical poem which may best be described as Dithyrambic, or paeans, or hymns, their name depending upon the deities to whom they are addressed. The six final poems of this text of Bacchylides belong to various of these categories.

The papyrus probably was intended to contain a selection of what were considered to be the best compositions of the poet, because it never included all his works. For although all its contents with few exceptions are more or less legible, yet of the 107 poems of Bacchylides previously enumerated only some two dozen can be identified in this text.*

This is not the proper place in which to review the poems as a question of comparative literature, or to describe the series of victories which the Epinikian odes celebrate. A short list of the subjects or poems acclaimed may be welcome.

The first and second were composed in honour of Melas of Ceos, a countryman of the poet.

The three following are for successes of Hieron, of Sicily, the royal patron of Bacchylides.

The sixth and seventh odes extol the prowess of Lachon, another Cean who won a victory in the Olympian Stadium. These two are, however, very short, and the text of the seventh is much destroyed.

Ode nine contains nearly one hundred lines addressed to Automedes of Phlius for his victory in the Nemean Pentathlum.

The tenth commemorates the triumph of Alexa-

* Dr. Kenyon points out that the specimens of Bacchylides' composition of "Προσφῆλαι," "ὑπορχήματα," "ἑρωτικά," "Παροίνα," and "Ἐπιγρῆμματα," cannot have been included in this papyrus.

damus of Metapontum, a youth, in the wrestling match at Pytho, and describes the healing from madness of the daughters of Proteus by Artemis.

Of the next ode, that to Tisias of Argos, we have, as yet, but eight lines, and of ode 13, addressed to Pytheas of Aegina, only mutilated fragments, which, however, give us a fairly intelligible specimen of the greater portion of it. This ode was a competitor with the fifth Nemean of Pindar, who in verse famed the success of the same competitor. Bacchylides worked into his poem the story of Ajax, citizen of Aegina, like Pytheas; whilst Pindar chose the myth of Peleus as chief subject. Of the fourteenth ode we possess but twenty-three lines of the exordium. It was composed in honour of, not a Greek, but of Cleoptolemus, a Thessalian, and for a triumph at some insignificant contest at Petraea.

The third portion of the papyrus gives ten columns of the different type of poems. Quite half of the first of these is regrettably mostly missing. The title of it was "The Sons of Antenor," or "The Demand for Helen's Surrender," the latter name being similar to that of Sophocles' play, the "*Ἑλένης ἀπαίτησις*."

The title of the second piece is lost and most of the text also. It concerns Heracles and Deianira. This is followed by a lengthy poem, the most brilliant production we yet possess of the poet and the best of those preserved in this papyrus. It is also the one represented in the new Oxyrhynchus manuscript published in 1911.

The story describes the voyage of the galley with the annual tribute of Athenian youths, and maidens,

to the Cretan Minotaur; the dispute between Minos and Theseus and the latter's descent beneath the waves to Poseidon.

Theseus is also hero of the next ode, though only indirectly so. The workmanship of this poem is of much interest because it consists of a dialogue between the King and Queen of Athens, Aegens and Medea. Their speeches to each other were sung by parts of the chorus, and it is a specimen of an interesting type of Greek lyrical composition.

The final odes of the series are only represented by a moiety of the first which was named "Io"; and a few short legible lines of the last, which was entitled "Idas."

An interesting detail connected with the finding of Bacchylides' poems is that it gives us the meaning for a number of vase paintings of contemporary and later Greek art. This subject has been treated in an illustrated edition of the poems by MM. d'Eichthall and Theodore Reinach.*

Now that we can adequately appreciate the literary qualities of Bacchylides, great classical scholars appear to have decided to place his position below that of his rival Pindar, and also of Aeschylus and Sophocles, but it seems scarcely just to compare his much smaller productions with the longer work of the two last. Bacchylides is certainly a true poet; his use of imagery, always apposite, is brilliant. His love of the beauties of nature and literary capability of impressing his appreciation

* *Poèmes Choisis de Bacchylides, traduit en Vers par Eug. d'Eichthall et Th. Reinach, Illustrations et héliogravures; d'après des oeuvres d'art contemporaines du poète.* Paris: E. Leroux.

upon his readers by picturesque comparison with similar types of splendour in short sentences, remaining indelible in the memory because they are simple and not far-fetched, is most apparent. This is so much the case as to render even translations of the odes into prose, such as those of Mr. E. Poste, M.A., and Sir Richard Jebb, a delight to peruse by any lover of poetry.

Many a simile used again and again by later followers of the Muse appear in his works, and some coincidences with his metaphors and also with the expressions of other authors are most interesting.*

MM. E. d'Eichthal and Theodore Reinach have rendered in verse as follows the last part of Ode 17, describing part of 'Theseus' investment by Amphitrite and his return to the ship.

“ Puis sur les lourds cheveux du héros elle pose

Un cercle, où l'or sertit la rose,

Dont son front nuptial par Cypris fut orné.

Quand les dieux ont voulu, rien ne leur fait obstacle.

Près de la nef rapide il émerge . . . O miracle !

Doux retour qui ravit leur regard étonné !

Quelle honte mordit au cœur le chef de Crète

Quand, vêtu des présents qu'il a reçus des dieux,

Les membres secs, Thésée apparut radieux

Sur la vague à la blanche crête !

Alors les vierges d'Océan

Font vibrer longuement des clameurs d'espérance ;

La mer sonne, et des flancs de la nef, vers Péan,

Monté l'hymne de délivrance . . .

* Some valuable commentaries upon Bacchylides may be found in an article by S. Wide, “ Theseus und der Meersprung bei Bacchylides ” in the *Festschrift* volume in honour of Professor Benndorf, and in A. Olivieri, ‘ *Aproposito de Teseo e Meleagro in Bacchylide.* ’ Bologna, 1899.

Tels les fils de Céos, dansant auprès des flots,
 Invoquent dans leur chant un favorable auspice
 Entends leur vœux, le cœur propice,
 Exauce nous, dieu de Délos."

The fifth heft of the great Prussian publication of new classical manuscripts, the 'Berliner Klassikertexte,' is entirely devoted to portions preserved in the Berlin Museum of text from Greek poets.*

One of its chief contents is a prose paraphrase of an Orphic poem, edited by the somewhat mythical Musaeus, upon the "Rape of Persephone." Numerous extracts of sentences from the verse are given in the paraphrase. From the text there can be no doubt but that this is the work under the name of "Orpheus," referred to in the 'Parian Chronicle.'

Unfortunately a great portion of this text is not new to scholars, because a considerable part is copied from the well-known Homeric "Hymn to Demeter." The Orphic author of the basic text of this manuscript simply plagiarised his predecessor's work.

He, however, adds some episodes not contained in our previous recension of the hymn. For instance, at the moment of the abduction, Zeus not only interposed with lightning and thunder, but brought upon the scene some black sows, who attracted the darts of Artemis and Athena to themselves.

Two strange poems in this collection are part of some fourth century memorial encomiums of two deceased professors of Berytus. The composition is peculiar, the preambles being in iambics; then

* 'Berliner Klassikertexte' Heft 5, "Griechische Dichter fragmente. Epische, Elegische, Lyrische, und Dramatische fragmente bearbeitet," von W. Schubart und U. von Wilamowitz Moellendorf. Berlin, 1907.

in one case the verses change to hexameters, and in the other to elegiacs. The defunct teachers had been lecturers upon rhetoric, and the author of these funereal effusions quotes Demosthenes and Thucydides, the latter in such a manner as if he ascribed the speeches to the historian himself. Another fragment of a manuscript gives a list of Helen's suitors, and another concerns Meleager.

The most important new literature are two pieces, of fifteen lines each, from Euphorion. They are definitively identified by means of a quotation from them in a scholion of Nicander. The first fifteen lines describe Hercules' last labour. Cerberus is brought to Tiryns to the terror of the onlookers, Euphorion interrupting the narrative to compare the monster's flashing eyes with the Cyclopean fires at Stromboli and Etna. The second piece concerns some awful curse, in which the pronouncer, in his anxiety to make the punishment adequate to his greed of vengeance, refers to instances of chastisements recorded in mythology.

Another manuscript has what is apparently part of an epic poem concerning Diomedes. It is curious for containing a description of varieties of watch dogs. The editors then print some portions of Alcaeus; ten additional lines of this text are in a papyrus at Aberdeen.

Two pieces of Sappho, previously known, but now more perfectly edited, are properly included in this memorable volume.

The next papyrus, one coming from Hermopolis, is still more interesting, for it preserves part of two poems by Corinna. The first describes a singing

contest between the mythical heroes Helicon and Cithaeron before a jury of the gods, appropriately presided over by the Muses. Cithaeron chanted so eloquently of the infancy of Zeus that Helicon, seizing an enormous rock, hurled it downward, crushing innumerable people—perhaps a remembrance of some half remembered Boeotian earthquake.

The second recounts, in a ballad, a conversation between the daughters of Asopus, Tanagra's river god, the home of the poetess, and the god-like Acraephen, prophet of the oracle at Apollo's shrine at Ptoion, and son of Orion. The latter, in some pretty lines, is described as elevated to heaven because of his goodness.*

The rest of the piece concerns the nine daughters of Asopus, who were, on being united to various deities, carried off to their abodes.

Some scholia upon two lyrics, restoring to us the two songs, and a little Bacchic elegy, are interesting.

Fragments of lost tragedies and comedies complete the volume, and give us a nice piece of Sophocles' "Ἀχαιῶν Εὐλλογος," and as many as fifty-two verses from Euripides "Cretans." These contain Pasiphae's appeal against her condemnation to death, by Poseidon, for having given birth to the Minotaur. So eloquent was she that the chorus was moved to express their pity, but the irate royal husband ordered her to be sealed up in an absolutely dark dungeon.

* See 'The New Fragments of Alcaeus, Sappho, and Corinna,' edited by J. M. Edmonds, Cambridge. Manilius not only calls Augustus a star, but says when he goes among the stars his power will be greater. "Uno vincuntur in astro Augusto, sidus nostro quod contigit orbi: Cæsar nunc terris, post cælo, maximus auctor."

These lines from the "Cretans" are found upon a vellum leaf in writing of about the second century.

Another thirty-two lines from the "Melanippe Desmotis" are new, and to these are added others appertaining to it previously published.

Of comedy there is an extract that may be from Menander. The plot concerns two young men, one of whom has married abroad a rich heiress, and returned home to Athens without her. The second has been to Ephesus, and there espoused a daughter of Phaneas, the Citharist, who fled from Athens to avoid his creditors.

Finally, the editors give a long extract from some poem, in anapaests, in which Cassandra recounts the misfortunes of Hecuba, in a style much akin to Lycophron's, and a Hymn to Tyche closes the series.*

In 1902 Dr. W. Schubart edited from a vellum page three columns of Greek odes, which, by means of the previously known citations from them, he proved to be poems of Sappho. The writing is uncial, and paleographically assignable to the seventh century.

The metres differ from those employed by Sappho in other extant portions of her work, but the poetry is of high rank, and a decided acquisition.

Mention should be made here of a fragment of the same poetess in an Oxyrhynchus papyrus, which gives a few lines apparently addressed to her brother Charaxus.

In the second volume of the Amherst Papyri

* Reference to the panegyric Coptic-Byzantine poems is omitted here, because given in the account of Dioscurus of Aphroditou.

there are fifteen legible lines of a tragedy concerning the siege of Troy, and Hector and Polydamas appear as characters. There is little doubt but that this is from the "Hector" of Astydamas, who Plutarch tells us by this play, gained a victory famous in Athenian dramatic annals.

In addition to these poetic pieces from papyri, quite a harvest of inedited verses from more than a score of Greek poets has been gathered from a manuscript in Berlin, which, unnoticed until a few years ago, was then found to contain, at the end of some theological texts, the missing commencement of Photius' 'Lexicon.' This has been edited by Reitzenstein, but the special importance of the poetical citations Photius supplied has been treated of by Willamowitz Möellendorff. Of Aeschylus there are three new verses from the *Hoplôn Krisis*, *Neaniskoi*, and *Mysians*.

From Euripides, fifteen from the *Stheneboia*, *Aegea*, *Alkmeon*, *Andromeda*, *Autolykos*, *Thyestes*, *Theseus*, and *Polydus*, *Thrattai* and *Panoptai*.

From Cratinus, ten verses of the *Archilochus* and the *Dionysalexandros*. Also a fragment of the *Δελφῶν* of Apollonius' 'Dolichos,' which title A. J. Reinach suggests means a victor at the Pythian race of the *Amphidromos*.

There is also a quotation from the lost "Atthis" of Cleidemos, in which he calls the Eumenides *ἁγῆρες θεαί*. Besides these there are four new verses of Eupolis, six of Aristophanes, and quotations from Phrynichos, Ion, Nikomachos, Agathon, Demonax, and Thespis.*

* A number of Reitzenstein's researches upon this subject are in

An inscription discovered at Delphi, and described by M. Bourguet in the volume ‘*Épigraphie*’ in the “*Fouilles de Delphes*,” adds to fame the name of a poet evidently of some merit, and of whose works we may hope a papyrus will give a specimen.

He was an Argive and Athenian named M. Aurelius Ptolemaios, and flourished under Commodus. He gained prizes three times at the Great Games, and also at the Capitolia, Eusebeia of Pozzuoli, the Sebasta at Naples, Aktia; at the Aspis of Hera; the Hadriana; and the Olympeia-Asklepia-Commodeia at Pergamos, besides at Sparta and elsewhere.

‘*Oxyrhynchus Papyrus*’ 1087 is made up of Scholia upon the seventh book of the ‘*Iliad*,’ and in its two complete columns mentions readings advocated by Aristophanes and Zenodotus, but does not incorporate Aristarchian versions.

It is mainly a grammatical commentary, and fortunately by a learned literary scholar, who supports his views by quotations, new to us, from Pindar and several poets, carefully mentioning the works the citations are taken from.

He quotes Euripides’ ‘*Temenus*’ and ‘*Aegeus*’; Aeschylus’ ‘*Phineus*’; Sophocles’ ‘*Phineus I*’; Cratinus’ ‘*Malthace*.’

Also Archilochus, Antimachus’ ‘*Thebais*,’ and Eupolis; the ‘*Oresteia*’ of Stesichorus, Leucon’s ‘*Phrateres*,’ and the ‘*Silli*’ of Xenophanes, confirming the statement of Strabo concerning this

a little work of his published by the Academy of Rostock, ‘*Inedita Poetarum Graecorum Fragmenta*.’

work, the title of which was copied from the ‘Silli’ of Timon. These poems of Xenophanes appear to have attacked various poets and philosophers according to Wachsmuth as quoted by Dr. Hunt.

The 221st papyrus from ‘Oxyrhynchus’ preserves what reaches to some seventeen large printed pages of scholia upon the twenty-first book of the ‘Iliad,’ and bears a signature of “Ammonius, son of Ammonius, a grammarian,” who may be the author.

The connection between these scholia and those of three of the series we have, especially the Geneva ones, is very close, indeed they appear to have relied mainly upon this work.

For this reason we already possess many valuable quotations from the classics given by Ammonius herein, though, his work being the original one, he often cites the names of authors for excerpts that the previously known scholia had not assigned, although quoting them.

He, however, gives us new illustrations selected from Hesiod, Pindar, Alcaeus, Sophocles, and Aristotle, Aristophanes of Byzantium, Stesichorus, Dionysius of Sidon, Protagoras, Ptolemy of Ascalon, and some unknown authors.

Among the numerous specimens of scholia upon Homer that have come to light in the papyri one of the best is that in ‘Oxyrhynchus Papyrus’ No. 1086, vol. viii, and it is of respectable antiquity, being a first century text. It is intimately connected with the Aristarchian commentaries, that writer’s critical signs being utilised. Previously most of our information of Aristarchus’ work was derived from the Venice codex of the ‘Iliad.’

This anonymous writer's remarks upon its second book are evidently founded on Aristarchus' labours. It is also very closely allied with Aristoxenus. The writer of these scholia quotes two new verses of Alcaeus and mentions a philosopher Praxiphanes. An inscription at Delos recently found refers probably to this peripatetic, who was pupil of Theophrastus and wrote a dialogue, *περὶ ποιητῶν*. A writer of the same name is quoted in a scholion on Oedipus, col. 900.

It was naturally anticipated that as Callimachus had resided in Egypt portions of his poems would probably be found among the thousands of manuscripts buried in that country. Small pieces of the "Hecale" and hymns have come to light, and in 1904 Professor Nicolle, of Geneva, edited in the 'Revue des Études Grecques' a vellum page giving part of sixteen lines of verses with marginal scholia which he identified with the *Aetia*.*

The portion restored by him, as far as possible, concerns the account of the Argonauts visiting Phaeacia, but in 1910 the "Egypt Exploration Fund," in their 'Oxyrhynchus Papyri,' Part 7, published seven pages of a papyrus book giving nearly 500 lines from two of his works.

These are the 'Aetia' and the 'Iambi,' and we have 90 almost perfect lines of the first and 400 much less so of the second. The portion of the 'Aetia' is on folios 1 and 2 of the manuscript, and gives us the second part of the epilogue to the fourth

* In *Hermes*, vol. xlv, p 471, Willamowitz Moellendorff identifies the lines in Ryland's papyrus No. 13 as being from Callimachus' 'Aetia.'

book in which Callimachus enters a sort of farewell to poesy, saying he will henceforth work in prose. This probably refers to the commencement of his long work, the *πῖνακες*, a kind of encyclopaedia of literature. At the end of the versified epilogue a note adds, "The fourth book of the 'Aetia'" of Callimachus, thus finally deciding the number of books it contained.

Returning to the first page found, this gives a good deal of the poet's rendering of the story of Acontius and Cydippe of Ceos, which we know from a fragment previously extant was in the third book of the "Aetia." The new text supplies the story starting from about half-way when Cydippe was first seized with illness. The pretty tale on which the poem is founded is known completely from the so-called "Love Letters of Aristaenetus," and we now see that he in his prose version was copying closely the metrical one of Callimachus, adding some items of his own. There was, therefore, another form of the story, and the new papyrus discloses that, and reveals the source of Callimachus' plot, for he tells us he utilised the story as told by Xenomedes, the early historian of Ceos. Callimachus in the part of the poem preserved even provides a summary of some of the mythical history of Ceos as related by Xenomedes.

The 'Aetia,' we know, had for the subject of Book III the invention of certain arts, including that of writing, and probably the Cydippe story was woven into it, as a poetic device, as an instance of the difficulties into which the art might sometimes lead.

For all the trouble at the commencement of the story arose from a handsome youth, Acontius, in love with Cydippe, and seeing her one day in the sacred precincts of Artemis's temple, writing, as a sort of charm to bind her to himself, upon a fine apple the words—

“By Artemis, I will marry Acontius.”

This he, unnoticed, rolled before Cydippe, who picked it up and read the inscription, and then threw the fruit away as not concerning her, and proceeded with the arrangements for marrying another suitor.

However—and here the recovered part of Callimachus' poem commences—before the nuptial date she fell ill, and three times the same sad fortune intervened. The father asked Apollo's advice, and was told of the broken oath, for so it appears Artemis had considered it, and advised him to induce Cydippe to carry out her undesigned vow to Acontius. This the beautiful girl did, and all ended well. The other folios of the book, containing part of the Iambi, give, firstly, much destroyed, the story of “Bathycles' Cup,” which was to be presented to the wisest man, and went the round of the sages, finally being awarded to Thales.

Part of this poem we knew from Diogenes Laertius, and Diodorus, and attempts had been made to reconstruct it. The new papyrus, though not very legible, enables this to be further carried out; and enough can now be made of it to achieve a fair judgment of the work.

A better preserved portion of the Iambi is that following, which describes the dispute between an

olive tree and a laurel.* They dilate upon their respective merits, the laurel especially vaunting its use for ceremonials and taunting the olive with its connection with the dead. The olive answers that it is an honour to be associated with the dead, and recites that it was always one of its branches that formed a prize at the Olympic games, and so forth. The work seems not one likely to add to the fame of Callimachus.

The remains of another Iambus are curious, but scarcely comprehensible, they refer to matters of literary composition, pentameters, and poetry, tragedians, and choliambics. For composing the latter students are advised to follow the style of Hipponax of Ephesus.†

What may be termed the classic "*clou*" to the eighth part of the 'Oxyrhynchus Papyri,' issued last year, is the rather long text from the "Meliambi" of Cercidas, a cynic philosopher, politician, and poet of Megalopolis, friend of Aratus, not the Cercidas denounced in the "De Corona."

By "Meliambi" are meant satirical verses in lyric metre. The metre exemplified in these remains is the dactylo-epitritic, alternating occasionally, to avoid monotony, with trochaic rhythms, thus resembling the system adopted by both Bacchylides and Pindar, but more closely allied to the structure of the poem of Philoxenus, the Δεῖπνον.

* For early fable concerning an olive, see Judges, ix, 8, etc.

† A most interesting item in the 'Aetia' is the reference to the sending out of sickness into a goat, closely resembling the concepts set forth regarding the "scape goat" in Leviticus, xvi, 21. The exorcism of disease by transferring it to a wild goat is mentioned by Hesychius and Philistratus, and occurs in cuneiform necromantic tablets.

One result of the acquisition of this papyrus is that it fixes upon the second of the Cercidases, who were citizens of Megalopolis, as the author of the "Melambi," and so brings their date of composition down to the latter half of the third century. A peculiarity of the work lies in the profusion of novel compound words he employs, many of what may be termed a comical character. They are, indeed, outlandish verbal combinations produced because he endeavoured to imitate the facility of his abler predecessors to coin pregnant epithets. The first part of the new-found work treats of Divine providence and the gods. He, like the cynic philosophers, is antipolytheistic, and shows the difficulty of reconciling the facts of life with the idea that the deities are either just or omnipotent; even Zeus himself is really unable to help the just. The difficulty must be left to astrologers, and Paeon, god of healing, and Giving and Retribution had better be worshipped.*

Another consecutive series of lines referring to the winds of Aphrodite's son (Cupid) blowing two kinds of breath, quotes at length a passage already suggested to be from Euripides: "Well," said Euripides, "Is it not better to choose, of the two, the favouring breeze, and wisely using the rudder of persuasion to sail straight while our course lies in Aphrodite's waters?" The passage is quoted in a poem concerning love. The mutilated text indicates

* The deification of "Mere Chance" in a recently found Greek inscription from Pergamos is analogous to this. Ἀρετῇ καὶ Σωφροσύνῃ, Πίστει καὶ Ὁμοιοῖα, Νυκτί καὶ Τελετῇ καὶ τῷ Ἀντομάτῳ. Also from Pergamos, Hepding has published an inscription referring to the Orphic deifications of "Finality" and "Fatality," compare Ecclesiastes, ix. 11.

that Cercidas did not recommend marriage and gave somewhat immoral advice.

The chief interest of this papyrus lies in the fact that it presents a fairly sufficient specimen of Meliambi, a thing we did not hitherto possess. The verses themselves are neither very original, nor worthy of preservation even for their literary composition. They probably were the leisure occupation of a cultivated man of the world, and the extracts we now have, as they certainly do not bear out the reputation his work had among the ancients, it may be considered are not from the best part of the poems.

A very weighty specimen of the value of quite apparently useless fragments of ancient papyrus manuscripts is afforded by 'Oxyrhynchus Papyrus' 663,* containing from forty-five to fifty, some of them partly illegible, lines of the argument, with a scholion thereon, of the famous lost play of Cratinus, the "Dionysalexandros." Previously only nine short sentences of this work were known, and displayed so little of the true character of the play that some scholars considered it concerned Alexander the Great, and assigned its authorship to Cratinus the younger. The play now proves to be an amusing skit upon the Trojan War. The papyrus summary of the action sets forth that the chorus, composed of satyrs, are around Dionysius upon Mount Ida when Hera, Athena and Aphrodite endeavour by rival promises to obtain his heart.

* The writing is small uncial of late second, or commencement of the first century. The scholion at the end says that the play was intended to satirise Pericles.

The first promises invincibility, the second victory in warfare, the third such an access of personal beauty as shall render him the beloved of all the fair sex. Needless to say he accepted the last offer.

In proof of its potency he sets off out of Lacedaemon and carries off Helen, taking her back to Mount Ida. Menelaus, robbed of his spouse, arms all Greece to regain her, and having disembarked near Troy, commenced ravaging the country. Dionysius hides Helen in a basket, and to secure his own safety transforms himself into a ram and takes refuge with Paris-Alexander. The latter, however, detects the deity and finds Helen, and to save his country from devastation declares that he will deliver them up to the Greeks.

The lady displays such distress at her impending fate, and looks so lovely in her grief, that Alexander decides to take her for wife and surrender Dionysius only, who departs for the Achaean fleet accompanied by the satyr chorus as scenic mourners.

Short as the text is it suffices to show us that the pretty fooling of the comedy all had a political motive, perfectly apparent to the Athenian audiences who crowded to view its representation.

Dionysius, who loosed the terrors of war upon Asia, is representative of Pericles,* Helen, the lady causing the animosity that produced the hostilities, stands for Aspasia. Paris-Alexander at the Achaean demand deciding to deliver Dionysius to the Greeks refers to the Spartans, and the Lacedemonian claim

* See G. Thieme. 'Quaestionum comicorum ad Periclem pertinentium capita tria.' Leipzig: Marquart, 1908.

for Pericles, and the allusion must have been easily detected and appreciated because Helen lived at Sparta with Menelaus.* This piece of under fifty lines of matter gives still more knowledge upon questions of Hellenic literature, and that also of the highest antiquity, because it is the oldest comedy of which we may be said to have detailed information. It shows that the mythological comedy at Athens in the fifth century B.C. had a satirical tendency, also that it founded its fantasy upon observations of humanity as we find in Aristophanes.

Parabasis and personalities of political ephemeral satire were mingled, but the mythological travesty, probably originating with Epicharmus, was chiefly relied upon for amusing the audience expecting a treat like the Doric farce.

Herr Körte † thinks that this piece and the "Frogs" of Aristophanes and Eupolis' "Taxiarcho" show Dionysius to have been a stock-ludicrous character created by Epicharmus.‡ Again the two scenes show the use of four actors, proving that the primitive comedy made small call upon the ability

* If a mutilated phrase concerning the Parabasis is correctly emendated by Rutherford and Thieme into *περὶ υἱῶν ποιήσεως*, the work was composed at the time when Pericles' own children having died, he desired to legitimise his son by Aspasia. This date would take the play to the Lenaea of B.C. 429. M. Croiset, in a memoir at the French Academy, July, 1904, endeavoured to show a connection between the comedy of Cratinos and a fragment of the 'Moirai of Hermippos' that would prove it was produced at the Lenaea of B.C. 438.

† See Körte, "Die Hypothesen zu Kratenos' Dionysalexandros" in 'Hermes,' vol. xxxix.

‡ A new fragment of Epicharmus is among the Vienna papyri. It is from the *ᾠδὴν ποιεῖς ἀντομολογ*. See F. Blass in 'Jahrbücher für Philologie und Pädagogik,' 1889.

of the actors, and so did not restrict their number to three. We see also from these lines that pieces founded upon mythology were constructed in the same way as others. M. Croiset has proved this by reconstituting the division of the scenes, and making it clear that their arrangement corresponds to the ordinary Aristophanic type.

In 1908, in Part V of the 'Oxyrhynchus Papyri,' "Theopompus or Cratippus," Doctors Grenfell and Hunt published the most important historical papyrus discovered since that of the "Politeia" of Aristotle. In this new manuscript there are twenty-one broad columns of writing describing, with great fulness, Greek history in the years following the Peloponnesian war. The chapters the columns represent concern chiefly the short period of 396 and part of 395 B.C.

The work has been called the "Hellenika,"* because that was the title of the anciently famous history by Theopompus, relating the events of the same period as this work, if complete, must have done. It was also the title of Xenophon's history of this era. Several scholars, especially those of Germany, have attributed this text to Theopompus, and others to Ephorus, and even to Androtion. But the probabilities are all in favour of Cratippus, to whom Professor Blass at first assigned it.†

The book must have been written soon subsequent to the events it describes, and probably before

* 'Hellenika Oxyrhynchus cum Theopompi et Cratippi Fragmentis,' edited by B. P. Grenfell and H. S. Hunt. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1909.

† See C. Lecrivain, "Les Nouveaux fragments de l'Historien Théopompe," 'Mémoires de l'Académie de Toulouse,' 1909, pp. 195-217.

Xenophon wrote his version of them, because it is quite independent of, and frequently contradictory, to him. The author of the new-found work is also evidently the source either directly, or through having been largely quoted by some subsequent historian, for the narrative in Diodorus.*

The events described in the papyrus commence with the expedition of Demaenetus, include the general jealousy of Sparta in Greece, and then the details of the naval war. Chapters VI and VII concern Agesilaus in Asia, and are of great interest as showing in quite a new view the actions of that great leader, and favouring Conon. The death of Tissaphernes is described, the revolution at Rhodes, and then is interposed a valuable dissertation upon the Boeotian Constitution, introduced in connection with the war between Boeotia and Phocis.†

* Busolt, in "Hermes," 53, argues that the papyrus is a work of Theopompus, and one that was much used by Ephorus, from whom Diodorus copied. His essay is of importance, because he shows great animus against the new-found history for contradicting Xenophon, saying much of it is pure invention for the purpose of discrediting him. Certainly the two writers are sometimes very contradictory. Cratippus (?) says, as to the Phocian-Loerian War, that Pharnabazus supplied the funds to stir it up. That the Athenians took the money, and that the Phoceans commenced the campaign by invading Locrian territory. Xenophon tells us that Tithraustes sent the fifty talents, and that the Athenians declined the sum tendered, and the Opuntian Locrians began the hostilities by invading Phocis. There is a fragment of an epitome of the "Philippica" of Theopompus, printed in vol. i of 'Greek Papyri in the Ryland's Library,' Manchester.

† The difficulties concerning the arrangement of the Boeotian Constitution, as described by Thucydides, and in this new "Hellenika" are much cleared up by M. Gustave Glotz in the 'Bulletin Correspondance Hellénique,' 1908. He shows the numerical basis for their having $11 \times 60 = 660$ members for the great Boule which met in the Cadmea. It was because each Boetarch had for his

Pausing to explain the state of parties at Thebes, the writer then returns to the naval war and the mutiny of Conon's troops, and again to the fortunes, in Asia, of Agesilaus.*

The great gain to history from this manuscript can be appreciated even from this short summary. Its chief import, however, is in the new light it throws upon Agesilaus, because of the minute account it gives of his Lydian and Phrygian campaigns, correcting as it proceeds what was, apparently, the excessive admiration in which he was held by Xenophon.†

The author's accurate knowledge of the events of the Asiatic war is such that he may have been personally present; at any rate the account is obviously written immediately subsequent to it.‡

His position was probably that of an officer of distinction, perhaps upon the staff. But he is not so acquainted with the tenor of political negotiations as with military matters, and so was not a confidant of Agesilaus. Possibly the historian has federal district sixty councillors. These were again subdivided into four Boulae of fifteen members each. The four Boulae Cratippus (?) assigns to each city, are the four councils of fifteen members each: 660 is also a multiple of $4 \times 3 \times 5 \times 11$, for which see M. Glotz.

* In the 'Journal des Savants,' 1910, p. 370, etc., M. Foucart gives a more correct reading of a passage of Philochorus relating to Conon's share in the naval campaign, terminating with the victory of Cnidus. The new extract from Philochorus is in the Didymus papyrus.

† See C. Dugas, "La Campagne d'Agesilaus en Asie Mineure. Xenophon et l'Anonyme d'Oxyrhynchus," 'Bulletin Corr. Hellenique,' 1910, pp. 38-95.

‡ Dionysius of Halicarnassus says of Cratippus, "Κράτιππος ὁ τὰ παραληφθέντα ὑπ' αὐτοῦ σύνταγών," the final word intimating that part of his work was a compilation. An important study of this papyrus in relation to Diodorus and Xenophon's history of Agesilaus is in an article by A. von Mess, *Rheinisches Museum*, 1909, 234-245.

utilised the officer's diary or journal, and so these chapters of the papyrus are not directly by the person who took part in the campaigns.

Thus the history may still be from the hand of Cratippus (or perhaps Androtion).

But the open manner in which he points out the failures as well as the successes of the Lacedemonian King strongly tend, for what we know of the work of Theopompus, to prevent the attribution of the new-gained book to him.*

Upon the verso of the manuscript of Didymus upon Demosthenes is a fairly considerable amount of a treatise upon "Ethical Principles," Ἠθικὴν Στοιχείωσις. It claims to be written by Hierocles. Fortunately we have in Stobaeus long extracts from a work of a Stoic named Hierocles, a contemporary of Epictetus. The style is so similar that the writer is evidently the same person. The new manuscript contains part of the first book of the work, and no sentence from it appears in Stobaeus, so he may be quoting from another book by Hierocles.†

The writing, a semi-uncial with many abbreviations, is of the second century, and so almost of its author's date. Probably it is a sort of philosophical compendium for professional students; a kind of summary of Stoic sentiments. The part found

* It is curious that in my essay, "Recent Discoveries in Classical Literature," in 1892, so much new light had been thrown upon the period between the Persian and Peloponnesian Wars by the new found "Poliorkitika," edited by Wescher, as by this new papyrus has been done for the subsequent years. See R. S. Lit., 1892.

† 'Berliner Klassikertexte,' iv, 1906. "Hierocles Ethische Elementarlehre," papyrus 9780, nebst den bei Stobaeus erhaltenen Ethischen excerpten aus Hierocles. H. von Arnim and W. Schubart.

treats of the preliminary principles to be considered before enlarging upon ethical actions, sensation, perception, and consciousness.

The editors add the piece Stobaeus gives from Hierocles to their edition of the papyrus.*

The latest in date of the company of authors in the Greek language whose productions have in recent years been brought to light is an Egyptian poet named Dioscurus, son of Apollos. He flourished at Aphrodito, in the Fayoum, in the sixth century in the era of Justinian and Justin II.

He is not the only tardy Graeco-Coptic poet whose effusions have been found upon papyri, because a manuscript of another writer in the Berlin Museum bears a panegyrical poem upon a duke of the Thebaid who had distinguished himself in a war against the Persians.

A second similar effusion is in the Berlin collection, and eulogises "John, son of Sarapanmon," whom Herr Wiamowitz Moellendorff identifies with the *Præfectus Prætorio Orientis* to whom Justinian addressed his twelfth edict. A third piece of this kind is described here as the "*Blemyomachia*." Again, also, there are fragments of a similar sort of production at Florence.

But of the efforts of Dioscuros considerably more specimens have survived, indeed, sufficient to enable us to acquire a fair idea of his style and merit.

Unfortunately a close acquaintance with his verse does not enhance his literary reputation, and this

* See Festa, "Un filosofo Redivivi Jerocle" in '*Atene e Roma*,' No. 96. Also J. Nicolle, "Un Traite de Morale Païenne Chrétienne. Étude sur un Abrégé de Commentaire de Hierocles MSS.," '*Grecque de la Bibliothèque de Genève*.'

result is scarcely surprising when it is explained that he, having been educated for a barrister, appears to have practised very unsuccessfully, and finally endeavoured to eke out a bare subsistence by composing adulatory poems in honour of the Dukes of the Thebaid.*

In fact he was a sort of paid laureate to those officials, whose exactions from the Egyptian people for the benefit of their Byzantine employers were the curse of the country. This statement as to his metrical encomiums being composed for the sake of the emolument for their production is not derived from any assertion of an enemy, but from words in the poems themselves, for some panegyrics are completed by demands for payment for them, and the mendicant appeal excused by the necessity of feeding a starving family.

Verses produced for such venal reasons were not likely to be specimens of poetic genius. The ideas are of the poorest, and probably not original; the concepts are worthless, and the composition most mediocre.

The only personal phrases that stamp the compositions as those of their author are the begging demands for remuneration appended to almost each production. The poems are addressed to function-

* Dioscuros was the poorest producer of imitative verses founded upon the poems of Nonnus of Panopolis, he having had a number of Egypto-Greek predecessors, such as Olympiodorus of Thebes, Claudian of Alexandria, Panipreprios of Thebes, Kolluthos of Lykopolis, Christodorus of Coptos, and others slightly superior to himself. Compare also the Ethiopian poem in honour of the Deity Mandoulis published by Sayce and Weil in *Revue des Études Grecques*, 1884; and Gauthier "*Annales*" of the Egyptian department of Antiquities, 1909.

aries such as Count Callimachus, the pagarch Kollouthos, and certain Dukes of the Thebaid.

The *role* of a eulogistic poetaster was not inaugurated in Egypt by Dioscuros. He had at least one predecessor, Kolluthos of Lykopolis, and the fragments of similar verses in papyri indicate that there were other poet competitors in the same line of literature.

His style is founded upon the Homeric, as was, at his era, that of other decadent authors, such as Nonnus, the earliest and best of them. Then, too, the allusions, however strained the parallelism, are to Homeric heroes.

Though Callimachus was a Christian, yet, as a bridegroom, he is compared to Dionysos, and his bride to blonde Demeter. Dioscuros' home bore the name of Aphrodito, so the various titles of the goddess of love are constantly employed.

The Thebaid becomes "the domain of the Paphian Goddess," and even was *'αφρογενείη*.

The verses are so puerile we do not care even to hope that they are plagiarised, but M. Jean Maspero has clearly proved a theft from the "Anacreontea," and copying of Nonnus' "Dionysiaca."

Another reason for the inferiority of his work is that in these poems he uses the same similes and comparisons of his contemporary heroes, if they may so be called, with certain denizens of Olympus, over and over again. Even the same phrases are re-employed, one being, in the remains we already possess, repeated six times.

M. Maspero points out that, poor as are the productions of the successors of Nonnus, in Dioscuros' day the style had sunk still lower. Invention

was lost either in subject or in form. The vogue persisted for a century and a half after his date—the style is that of Nonnus, his favourite mythology, his technique, but not his genius.

The appended short specimen will give an idea of Dioscueros and his work.

“ Εἰς Κωνσταντῖνον.

“ Εἴη τύχη πολλῇ κεχαριτωμένη
Τῇ σῇ γενεθλίῃ, βασιλικώνυμε.
Ωραι πυκάζουσιν πάντα γρον χαῖ ἄνθη,
ἐν αἷς ἐτέχθης, ὥχανέστατε πάνυ.
Οὐκ ἄμσλύνει ἄστρον τὸ σὸν ποτ’ ἐκ Θεοῦ
ρίπει γὰρ εἰς χρηστὰ χους ἀργυρήμερες.
Θάλλεις ἰορταῖς εἰλαπίναις εὐπρεπές
ἐνδαιμονῶν, ἀεὶ φιλαίτατος πᾶσι.”

“Thou who bearest a royal name, may thy birthday be favoured with great rejoicing.

“The season in which thou wast born multiplies the flowers in the fields. Oh! most gracious of mankind.

“God does not desire that thy star should ever fall. On the contrary, it shines, giving prosperity, bringing days of wealth.

“Thou shineth forth gloriously amid feasts and banquets, laden with happiness, and everlasting dear to us.”

A Greek poem among the manuscripts at Berlin, written at the end of the fourth century by an unknown author, was edited about 1882 by Prof. Stern, and later by Weidemann. Herr Ludwich in 1897 considerably improved their rendering by re-arranging the papyrus fragments.

It is a sort of epic, almost entirely an imitation of previous epics and a very poor performance, allied to the other late Egypto-Greek panegyric poems,

relating to the war with the Ethiopian Blemyes.* The names for the warriors are copied from those of ancient heroes with the exception of the Byzantine-Romano one of Germanos.

‘Papyrus Oxyrhynchus’ 1085 contains a second century text of part of Pancrates’ poem upon Hadrian and Antinous, four lines of which were already known because quoted by Athenaeus. The hexameters give an exaggerated account of a lion hunt in a florid style, and do not add to the rather dubious praise awarded the author by Athenaeus.

The poem was not apparently highly valued by the owner of the manuscript, for this piece of it had been rolled up wrapped around the mouth of a glass bottle.

‘Oxyrhynchus Papyrus’ No. 1015 gives twenty-two practically perfect lines of a poem in hexameters, and appears to be the actual draft, with improvements and corrections to it added by the author.

Twice on the papyrus a title “Encomium on Hermes” has been inserted, but this has been almost erased, and for adequate reason, because really the poet’s praise is not for the deity, but for a young man named Theon, whose wealth and generous use thereof had led to his being, at quite an early age, elected to the office of Gymnasiarch. The first nine lines are, however, devoted to Hermes alone, and he also is referred to later, as Theon had specially honoured the god by erecting a fountain of oil for use of athletes in the gymnasium. (He had also presented gifts of corn to the citizens.)

* *Edociae Augustae, Proeli Lyeii, Claudiani, Carminum Graecorum, Blemymachiae fragmenta*, rec. Arth. Ludwig: Teubner, 1897.

Previously the oil used by the gymnasts, the poet tells us, had to be brought by them in flasks. The lines concerning Hermes especially allude to him as deity of sports. Theon is hailed as "Interpreter of Hermes," but whether as umpire at the games by virtue of his position as Gymnasiarch, or because he was a musician, or author, the loss of the residue of the poems prevents our knowing.

The verses do not contain any recognised imitation of earlier and better work.

DIDYMUS.

Among all the precious portions of classic prose authors restored to literature by preservation upon papyri in the dry Egyptian soil recently recovered, the most important is a volume of Didymus' 'Commentary upon the Philippics of Demosthenes.'*

It restores to us part of a work by one of the most prolific of Greek writers and exhibits to us clearly the style and manner of those numerous books emanating from the literati of Alexandria, men who easily and assiduously utilised the vast stores of material available in that city's immense library for the composition of lengthy treatises upon the more famous Greek authors of pre-Roman times.

It also, as shall be duly mentioned, gives back to us many fragments of some most celebrated Hellenic writers. The 'Commentary' itself, too, as will be seen, will always be valued for the opinions Didymus expresses concerning Demosthenes and some of his biographers.

* H. Diels and W. Schubart. 'Didymus' Commentar zu Demosthenes.' 1904. Some eight pages of Didymus were published in M. Miller's 'Mélanges de Littérature Grecque,' 1868.

This remarkable manuscript came from Eshmunneim, and a note upon it informs us that the text is part of a work in twenty-eight volumes devoted by Didymus to his commentary upon the political pleadings of Demosthenes. We can further gather from the text that the final three volumes were assigned to the "Philippics" and that the papyrus gives the last of the series.

Also that this, the twenty-eighth book, treated of the ninth, tenth, eleventh, and twelfth of the Philippics.*

A very interesting opinion of Didymus arises with regard to these four speeches, for although he gave a study upon each of them, he refused to recognise the eleventh as a genuine Demosthenic work, and he also proves that the twelfth did not originally form part of the Philippics at all, but he accepts it as Demosthenic. It is curious that when condemning the Demosthenic origin of the eleventh Philippic, Didymus confirms his view by quoting other critics who agreed with him, and who assigned it to Anaximenes, but does not add, as he might have done, that it appears almost word for word in that writer's 'History of Philip.'†

M. Foucart considers that Didymus adhered to the round dozen for the Philippics in order to remain in agreement with Callimachus' catalogue of the Alexandrian Library. Dionysius of Halicar-

* These four last of the dozen Philippics of Didymus' category correspond to the third and fourth Philippics of our modern editions, and the answer to the Epistle of Philip and the *περὶ Συνητάξεως*.

† As to Didymus' ideas concerning Philip's letter and the reply and its possible attribution to Anaximenes, see Paul Wendland's 'Anaximenes von Lampsakos.' Berlin, 1905.

nassus excluded the $\pi\epsilon\iota\sigma\iota\ \sigma\upsilon\tau\acute{\alpha}\xi\iota\omega\varsigma$ from the series, but he also retained the number at twelve by duplicating the first.

The reference in the new manuscript to the previous part of the 'Commentary' shows that the first twenty-five volumes were taken up with the political speeches, and so, as we know from various sources that Didymus also treated of the civil ones, and that in a most voluminous manner, these must have formed the basis of another long series, commencing, for the Demosthenic Corpus, at a volume 29.

The literary composition of Didymus' writings is a most interesting feature of the new manuscript, because, as is well known, he is stated to have produced no less than 3500 volumes. Calculating upon the length of his life, and the possible limits during that period to his literary activity, he must have completed about two volumes weekly.

The newly found volume had originally a text amounting to some 2000 lines, which, taking a general average of his rate of composition, should not have occupied more than four days. This rapidity of production should provide signs of haste in the literary qualities of the work, and they certainly are apparent.

We must, however, suppose, for the style of the composition seems to disclose it, that Didymus was assisted by compilers and amanuenses, who prepared, for reference, passages he had previously annotated, and which were to be utilised for the treatise he was inditing.

Probably he dictated the daily portion of his task, continuing right along with his comments and

opinions, without, in most cases, pausing to verify quotations from other writers illustrating the author he was discussing, and substantiating from them the views he advocated concerning him.

Apparently these passages were marked for insertion into blank spaces left in the manuscript his scribe was hurriedly writing, and then copied into it after the master had completed his daily task.

The reasons for thinking that this must have been much the method adopted are patent on perusing his work.

For instance, he makes an assertion concerning the Athenian revenues, remarking that it can "easily be proven." But, instead of the evidence, an unwritten space, sufficient to contain some ten lines of text, has been left in the papyrus.

Probably the necessary citations were never filled in by Didymus' scribe, either from neglect or because he failed to find the passage intended for insertion, and the next day found Didymus too much occupied composing new matter to venture to distract him by asking for the missing extracts. The omission to mention the fact of Anaximenes having inserted all the last Philippic in his 'History' is another case in point.

This systematic high-speed process of composition produced some piquant errors, which remain in the text owing to the subordinates' neglect to carefully revise what they had inserted as illustrative and corroborative of the main argument.

Thus, a series of extracts concerning an Athenian, named Aristomenes, was by mistake augmented by a further condensed patchwork biography of a

Thessalian Aristomenes—the first person a *manrais sujet*, the second evidently a warrior worthy of Alexander's army, in the ranks of which he fought with distinction.

The fact appears to be that, literary prodigy as Didymus undoubtedly was, he was also the product of his time and surroundings. The predominating cause of much of the mediocrity of Alexandrian literature was supererudition, or the pretence of it.

The favourite aim appears to have been to enunciate an opinion upon the veracity of some former author's statements and then to substantiate your view by accumulating numerous similar views of other commentators, or writers; or to amplify the text of the writer under discussion by additional information concerning his work gathered from all available quarters.

Scientific sifting of evidence by means of inscriptions, coins, old archives and contemporary records, if such were available, in fact the writing of history upon modern lines, or as perhaps Varro would have done, was foreign to the fashion of most of the Alexandrian school, though the attempt of Aristarchus to delete superfluous lines from Homer is an exception.

However, Didymus evidently made the best use he could of the vast supply of material in Alexandria's libraries, and his habit of meandering into paths of Greek history, to amplify the story of events merely alluded to by the author he is enlarging upon, gives us information, as perhaps was his intention, that otherwise would have been entirely lost.

For example, of the commentary upon the ninth

Philippic, though the papyrus preserves only some twenty-five lines, these record facts but little concerned with the speech.

In the 'De Corona' allusion is made to two expeditions which Demosthenes had induced his hearers to direct against tyrants who were oppressing Oreos and Eretria. These events, however, took place subsequently to the oration, but their results had been most beneficial to the people of the cities, and so were proofs of the advantage to be derived from following Demosthenes' advice.

Thus, as it was good matter to utilise for enlarging upon, the final paragraph of the ninth Philippic, Didymus thought suitable for his commentary, and therefore describes the episodes of the expeditions themselves and their consequences.

It is impossible here to give even a *resumé* of all new information derivable from this mutilated volume. Some of the most important matters are, however, Didymus' assumption that the tenth and twelfth Philippics, after ample sifting of the evidence, are by Demosthenes, his discussion of the true date for the tenth Philippic and his carrying back of the date for the Περὶ Συστάξεως to the archonship of Callimachus; also stories as to Aristomenes of Athens. Then there is the value of his numerous citations from Demosthenes for restoring that orator's text.

The quantity of Demosthenic passages quoted is smaller than would have been anticipated judging by what we previously possessed as specimens of Didymus' works. For this one differs remarkably from them, especially from the portions surviving

of his commentary upon the 'Contra Aristocratem.' For the new treatise is not a running review of almost the whole text, including grammatical and philological questions, but rather a selection of certain matter in the speeches upon which Didymus thought he could throw new light, and which he considered had been erroneously treated of by previous specialists.

These few passages he enlarged upon at considerable length, giving all the new evidence concerning them he deemed illustrative. This commentary was not intended for students, or pedagogues, but for the ordinary citizen, who in his short leisure desired to properly appreciate the great orator's pleadings. Didymus had probably dealt with many of the subjects incidental to these three last Philippics* in other volumes of his work, or in other books, or he may have known that they had been adequately discussed by other and easily accessible writers. With regard to the twelfth Philippic, the new manuscript distinctly explains that Didymus had treated of many items of it in the preceding volumes of this very work.

In another way, however, the style selected by Didymus for his composition was an ideal one for us, because it preserves for posterity extracts from many of the classic annalists and historians, enabling us to form an opinion of their works; as they are

* At the Berlin Academy Seance on June 17th, 1909. Ed. Meyer explained much more fully the second Philippic and the letter of Isocrates to Philip, clearing up Diodorus' account of the King's wound in the Illyrian War, and accurately fixing the dates. See also F. Staehlin, "Die Griechischen Historiker Fragmente bei Didymus," in 'Beiträge zum Alten Geschichte,' vol. v.

always named, and also when cited their work specified, the attributions are positive.

The new papyrus excels the 'Politeia' of Aristotle in the number and value of these excerpts from lost authors of the first class. There are, among others, seven passages from the *ψιλιππικά* of Theopompus of considerable length. Four from Anaximenes. One of no less than twenty lines from an unknown work of Callisthenes upon Hermias. Several from Douris, whom Didymus valued highly, also from Bryon, Hermippos, and Marsyas. A very large piece is given out of Demon's book upon the mythical and historical origin of proverbs.

Of much interest is the part of the oldest of the Amphictionic Decrees hitherto extant, and long extracts from Philochorus and Androtion, connected with a discussion upon the date of certain archonships. Those from Philochorus are sufficient to afford a fair sample of his work, and show it to have been a sort of chronicle.

Poets and dramatists are occasionally quoted, especially Philemon and Timocles. The reference to the first gives as a title of an hitherto unknown play of his, "The Stone Carvers," for sculptors. He also preserves for us lines from the "Eleusinians" of Aeschylus, and "Shepherds" of Sophocles.*

Although the number of papyri containing remains

* In an article on Didymus' new text in 'Revue de Philologie' for 1907, it is suggested that the work is a sort of "Thesaurus Demosthenicus," and really almost all quotations from authors, and not original work by Didymus. Herren Diels and Schubart in their *editio princeps* also give a fragment of another papyrus, No. 5008 of Berlin, which preserves part of a Lexicon by Didymus, founded upon the speech against Aristocrates. It was first edited by Blass in "Hermes."

of classical literature found during the last half century has been so great, it was not until 1905 that a manuscript embellished by illustrations was reproduced in facsimile.

This was the now celebrated 'World Chronicle,' edited by Bauer and Strzygowski.* This manuscript presents a work of such curious character, and also one intimately connected with several other codices previously extant, that to appreciate properly its character a summary of its contents is necessary. When found, it was torn into between seventy and eighty pieces, which have been carefully readjusted and reduced to about thirty fragments. The reconstitution was effected by the indefatigable industry of Herr Bauer, who was aided sometimes in the task by the miniatures indicating the correct positions for many of the pieces of the papyrus. The first column presents the names of the seasons apportioned to the twelve Roman months. These are pictorially personified by women bearing in their hands specimens in baskets of the fruits of the earth.

Upon the verso of this part of the papyrus are lists of the months according to the Egyptian, Hebrew and Attic calendars. The second column M. Seymour de Ricci entitles a Διαμερισμός. It first gives a list of the islands forming Ham's portion at the division of the world among Noah's sons. Then come the provinces of Ham, each represented by a miniature building with the province name inscribed

* 'Eine Alexandrinische Weltchronik.' - Text und Miniaturen eines Griechischen Papyrus der Sammlung W. Golenischeff Adolf Bauer und Josef Strzygowski, 8 Doppeltafeln und 36 Abbildungen. Wien: Gerold, 1905.

beneath, somewhat similar to the plan carried out in the celebrated Madaba mosaic map, and the Peutinger Roman map.

Then follow the names of the Messianic prophets, of which but three of the figures remain—those for Obadiah, Joel and Nahum. Now similar enumerations of these prophets are contained in the ‘Paschal Chronicle’ and the Alexandrian author Cosmos Indicopleustes.*

This series of Messianic seers coming to light again in this very early papyrus is another confirmation of the view of Professor Rendel Harris and others, that the very earliest Christian apologists and writers, even perhaps St. Matthew, had such a corpus of the Hebrew prophets, citing their statements concerning the Messiah alone, selected from amongst their more complete writings.

The Golenischef manuscript then gives a list of the Roman Kings, and those of Macedonia and Lydia. Finally, the part still undestroyed presents a chronicle, or annals, for the years 383 to 392 A.D. Fortunately this page of the papyrus is the best in condition. Of this historical matter there are fifty-five lines. These designate each year, first by that of the ‘Era of the Martyrs,’ then enumerate the consuls, and lastly the Egyptian Prefect, and that of Alexandria.

These are amplified by memorable events of each month, and often of days according to the Roman calendar. The nature of the list of notabilities

* Professor Winstedt has recently shown that the writer who assumed this title is the first to mention a myth indicating the presence of petroleum on an island in the Red Sea.

inserted and the general contents of the fifty lines remaining of this annalistic or chronicle part of the papyrus show beyond doubt that it is an Alexandrine composition.

But more than that, they connect the work with other literature the ancients have bequeathed to us. For M. de Ricci and Herr Bauer have been able to show a great similarity between this chronicle and a document known since Scaliger's time, called now the "*Excerpta Barbari*," and also with a more recently found work, the "*Festal Epistles of Athanasius*," published in 1848 by Dr. Cureton. For the only real divergence between the new work and the "*Excerpta*" is that the latter does not use the "*Era of the Martyrs*."

The Golenischef papyrus is identical with what the original Greek of the '*Excerpta*' must have been. Of this work the best codex has been the Latin "*Puteanus*," now in Paris; but considerable portions of a Greek version have been found at Madrid and Vienna. With the aid of these texts Herr Frick had even re-translated the Latin back into what he detected was the parent Greek. The new illustrated papyrus now restores some of the original Greek.

The Epistles, or letters, of Athanasius, which are evidently derived from the same sources as the papyrus matter, if not perhaps the same author, are only known in a Syriac version.* It gives for each

* E. Schwartz thought Athanasius' scribe utilised the "*Ephe-merides*" of the Alexandrian Patriarchate; but the new discovery decides that it was some more lay chronology that provided his information.

letter's date the names of the Consul and the Egyptian Augustal, and the Alexandrian prefect.

In the kind of annalistic introduction to Athanasius' work is an Alexandrian chronicle for the years 328 to 373, taken from some chronographer of Egypt using Alexandrian data, and also copying a treatise clearly similar to the "Excerpta Barbari," and this Golenischef text. Now the triplet of works complete each other, for the 'Festal Epistles' cover the period A.D. 328 to 373; then the "Excerpta Barbari" does so for 367 to 384, whilst the Golenischef papyrus embraces the period 383 to 392. For the years when the two last documents are in duplicate their wording is almost identical.

The whole of these works can be further illustrated by comparing part of their information with the constitution of Theodosius' Code and other sources.

The chief interest and value of the Golenischef papyrus lies in its illustrations, because it is the first manuscript upon this material bearing such a series of Christian vignettes, although a few fragments of papyri, both Greek and Coptic, with one or more pictures are known, and of course, the old Egyptian religious books bore hundreds of vignettes and even tableaux.*

Although it is not actually an instance of the recovery of lost classic literature, there is one manuscript which has restored the hitherto missing version of a work in the language in which that work was originally composed, and so deserves record.

* For M. Seymour de Riccé's views see "Un Chronique Alexandrine sur Papyrus," 'Revue Archéologique,' 1908, 108-116.

This is a piece of papyrus giving two long columns of the Greek text of the "Trojan War," by Dictys Cretensis, which is numbered as 268 of the 'Tebtunis Papyri,' and is dated by specialists as having been written very early in the third century.

As is well known, the Latin version which we have of this book, by a certain Septimius, states in its preface that the original writer, Dictys, wrote it in the Phoenician language upon strips of lime-wood, or lime-tree bark. It was then deposited in his tomb (or in that of his friend Idomeneus) at Cnossos, and found therein in the time of Nero, and then translated into Greek.*

This was rendered into Latin by Prasis, and again by Septimius. Although numerous and lengthy quotations from this work, in Greek, are to be found in Malalas, Cedrenus, and an unknown author of the 'Εκλογή 'Ιστοριῶν. Meister, who re-edited the 'Bellum Troianum' in 1872, refused belief in a Greek precursor of the Latin 'Dictys,' whilst twenty years later Noack took the opposite view.

This papyrus shows that Noack was correct, and, moreover, proves that Malalas and the Byzantine compilers quoted direct from the Greek version. Finally, it carries back the date of the Greek to about the first century.

Perhaps the most desired to be redeemed from its hiding-place of the Euripidean dramas has been the "Hypsipyle," some account of which has been

* See also Ihm, "Die Griechische und Lateinische Dictys," 'Hermes,' 1909, pp. 1-23.

given in a scholion to Clement of Alexandria. In Part 6 of the 'Oxyrhynchus Papyri' of Grenfell and Hunt, the volume issued in 1908, they were able to publish a papyrus containing a considerable portion of this play.*

Most of the text is in an extremely bad condition, but there is a goodly number of passages fairly comprehensible, and the acquisition to our store of classical literature is a notable one. Paleographers assign the date of the manuscript to the end of the second century A.D.

We knew from part of the prologue for this play, preserved in Aristophanes' "Frogs," that it was spoken by the heroine, who in it recounted part of her career previous to the drama's action. How when in danger of death at Lemnos she escaped to a ship, the captain of which sold her as a slave at Nauplia, and she became nurse to the child of Lycurgus and Eurydice at Nemea.

The papyrus gives us the following among the characters in the play, viz. Hypsipyle, her two sons, Euneos and Thoas, Amphiaraios, Eurydice, Lycurgus, and Dionysos.

The first column now found, probably originally the third in the manuscript,† introduces us to Hypsipyle singing to her little charge at a moment when two young men appear, these evidently her sons, though unrecognised. The heroine's song is continued in the next fragment, and in it, and, indeed,

* Five lines from a papyrus published in the second volume of the Amherst Collection are from the "Skiron" of Euripides; one was already known from Stobaeus.

† The editors have so placed this column; but some scholars think it should come much later in the play.

in all her subsequent speeches almost, she refers to the beautiful vessel on which sailed the Argonauts. So also does a shadow seem to rest upon the speakers of the impending doom of the Seven who attacked Thebes.

After another chant by Hypsipyle the chorus recite the adventures of Europa and of Io, and console Hypsipyle with the promise of an equally fortunate career.

The next piece contains her sorrowful recital of her present misfortunes as a slave, while still singing to sooth the child.

The Dorian chief, Amphiaraos, now arrives upon the scene, and the lady inquires of him as to affairs in his country and the cause of his joining the Theban expedition. He asked Hypsipyle to show him a running spring at which to sacrifice; she, either to draw water for him, or perhaps to indicate the spot, laid down Eurydice's child, which was killed by a serpent. Much of this text is lost, but Hypsipyle's agonised appeal for mercy to the bereaved mother, undoubtedly the acme of the tragedy, is in almost perfect state.

So also is her call upon Amphiaraos to prove it was an accident, and not a plot of hers to deprive Lyncurgus of an heir.

Much of the explanation of the occurrence given by Amphiaraos to Eurydice is legible, but Eurydice's reply is almost all lost.

Finally, some fragments apparently refer to the sons of Hypsipyle, and also clearly disclose the arrival of Dionysos upon the scene. Many matters concerning the contents of this play and Euripides'

treatment of Hypsipyle's story, of which later at Athens there appear to have existed two variant versions, cannot even be alluded to here. The wonderful restoration to us of so much of it will provide material for scholars for many years to come.*

A vase, published some eighty years ago by Gerhard, shows Hypsipyle, Eurydice, Amphiaraios, and Euneos and Thoas all together, which does not agree, as far as we can detect, with any contemporary position occupied by these characters in the scenes fairly appreciable in the papyrus, because Amphiaraios apparently departed before the sons came on the stage. But vase painters frequently to "fill up" a picture introduced members of a drama as together at an incident therein who in reality were not set forth by the author as all taking part on the occasion.

Latin literary papyri have been found much less frequently than Greek, and so, when in 1904 Part 4 of the 'Oxyrhynchus Papyri' contained a long Latin epitome of some of the books of Livy it was a welcome novelty in the annual harvest.

The text gives us part of eight columns of writing, and the summary strictly follows the chronological order. For reasons given by Drs. Grenfell and Hunt the manuscript is certainly a third century one and so it has considerable paleographical value.

Its chief importance is, that whilst giving a *resumé* of Livy, books 37 to 40, which are extant, it also epitomises the lost books 48 to 55, of which pre-

* See Wessely, "Hypsipyle ein Dramer von Euripides," Wiener 'Urania,' 1908.

viously we possessed another epitome differing almost *in toto* in plan from the papyrus one. The period covered also is one for which no other good historian has yet been available, only some fragments of Polybius and the poor productions of Appian and Valerius Maximus, Florus and Orosius and Eutropius being of use.

The period included is from B.C. 150–137, embracing the third Punic, fourth Macedonian, Achean, and Spanish wars; and the information given is a great deal more ample than in the former known epitome. The most valuable of the new matter concerns the Spanish campaigns against Viriathus, new battles and events being mentioned, and the succession of the Roman Governors in Southern Spain for these years is now quite clear.

Many dates for interesting events at Rome also occur, such as that for the accusation against L. Aurelius Cotta made by Scipio Africanus. M. Salomon Reinach noticed a curious statement concerning Mummius, who sacked Corinth.

“Signa statuas tabulas Corinthias L. Mummius distribuit circa oppida, et Romam (*orna*) vit” (lines 68 and 69).

Reading “L. Mummius distributed among certain Italian cities some of the statues and paintings taken from Corinth and embellished Rome with the remainder.” Thus Mummius was not the barbaric destroyer careless of the value of the works of Greek masters that he has been depicted. Pliny wrote “Mummius Achaia devicta replevit urbem.”

Another result of the finding of this text is that it reveals to us quotations from these books of Livy

by Dion Cassius, Valerius Maximus, Frontinus and Obsequens.

Probably because of the unusual length of the text and its excellent condition and interest of the subject the editors of the 'Berlin Corpus' of new classical works selected for their second volume the commentary upon the "Theætetus" of Plato found at Hermopolis.*

The writing is particularly good, and there are seventy complete narrow columns of it referring to pp. 142-153 of the "Theætetus," and also some broken fragments relating to pp. 157-158. As usual with a rolled-up papyrus, the commencement and end are destroyed and so the author's name has perished. But it is a costly manuscript, and so may have been by a well-known writer.

The commentary itself, it must with regret be acknowledged, is of but little value. The new evidence it affords as to Plato's text is meagre, but it tends to substantiate the readings of the Vindobonensis.

In the library of the Egyptian University at Cairo there is a piece of a papyrus roll presented about 1909 by M. Adolph Cattani, bearing uncial writing which, though faded, is fairly legible.

The text has been proved to be a portion of a treatise upon various forms of *ῥεῖμα*, that is to say the humorous discharges contemporary to, or following, ophthalmia, and their treatment by means of incisions into the skin of the frontal cranium.

* Berliner Klassikertexte II, "Anonymer Kommentar zu Platon's Theætet," Berlin, 1905; also the facsimile, "Plato Theätets Papyrus," 19, Lichdruck Tafel.

The sentences preserved in this papyrus have been traced to the second book of the *Χειρουργούμενα* of Heliodorus, who practised at Alexandria in the reign of Trajan.

The process advised by Heliodorus, in the text, is to make incisions into the cuticle of the skull—a practice still followed in Egypt.

The operation was performed in two ways—with the aid of sutures, *κατὰ δαζον*, or by merely leaving the wound to close of itself, *κατὰ συνσάγκωσιν*. Heliodorus advocates this method as not liable to produce a permanent scar, quoting an opinion in its favour of Heracleides. This process was called “Periscythismus.” It is followed by another, “Hypospathismus,” but the commencement of its instruction is destroyed. The loss is not serious because we have a record of the method in Philoxenus.

The ‘Corpus of Greek Medical Writers,’ now being published in Germany, commenced, for its first volume, with a new-found book that had been hidden in the Vatican library by a writer somewhat later than Galen, named ‘Philoumenos.’*

His work is entitled ‘De venenatis animalibus.’ It is chiefly a compilation, the quotations being largely from Oribasius, Aelius-Promotus, some of these from works of his yet unedited, Paulus Aegineta, and ‘Aetius of Amida,’ including extracts from the latter’s thirteenth book, which is new to scholars.

Among the papyri already published which are in the Rylands collection at Manchester is a codex

* ‘Philumeni de venenatis animalibus eorumque remediis.’ Ex codice Vaticano, primum edidit Maximilianus Wellmann.

of eight leaves bearing a treatise entitled ΠΕΡΙ ΠΑΛΜΩΝ ΜΑΝΤΙΚΗ, indicating, as is the case, that it concerns prognostications, derivable from movements, such as twitchings and throbbings of the body. Part of a similar work on papyrus has previously been edited by Signor Vitelli in the Italian journal 'Atene and Roma,' and subsequently by Diels,* though their title seems to have been merely 'π. οἱ παλμῶν.' This book apparently was known to Artemidorus from what he writes in his 'Oneirocritica,' but it is much more closely connected with the 'παλμῶν μαντική' of Melampus, who gives many omens from observations of the same movements.

Part of his treatise may be found in the 'Scriptures Physiognomiae Veteres.' Melampus alleges that much of his knowledge was derived from Egyptian sources, and these papyri may represent some of these.

But the similar matter in the 'Oneirocritica' of Artemidorus has been definitely traced by M. Alfred Boissier to the augural omens and divinatory cuneiform tablets of Babylonia, whose magic and medicine were more closely interwoven than those in any other old-world culture.

The summary will not be complete unless some record is given of the smaller papyri containing medical works. Individually they are slight pieces,

* In the Abtheilungen of the Royal Prussian Academy, 1907-8. The subject of ancient treatises upon this class of omens is also studied in an essay by Mr. S. Grant Oliphant in the 'American Journal of Philology,' 1910, pp. 206, etc. He states that Melampus' work was supposed to have been dedicated to Ptolemy Philadelphus, and that the author was an Egypto-Greek.

but collectively deserve consideration for the light they afford upon ancient medical lore.

An active worker in this classic field has been Herr Kalbfleisch, who some few years ago summoned up the contents of the medical papyri at Berlin and London in a treatise entitled ‘*Papyri Graecae Musei Britannici et Berolinensis.*’

In this the famous London papyrus of Menon’s “*Iatrica*” * is partly completed by the addition of a number of fragments acquired subsequent to the first edition’s issue. In the second yearly volume of the ‘*Archiv für Papyrus forschung*’ a papyrus at Geneva treating upon surgery is described. It is a kind of catechism for medical students, containing questions and answers concerning surgical operations. There are only some twenty defective lines, but several new medical terms are used.

In editing a papyrus Rescript of Marcus Aurelius Dr. F. G. Kenyon referred to a medical text upon its recto. This is fragmentary and little legible. It commences with a description of the human body, and proceeds to discuss *πνεῦμα*, *τροφή*, and *αποφορά*. The latest author quoted is Alexander Philalethes of the first century, and Galen is not mentioned, therefore Dr. Kenyon assigns the work itself to the first century.

Herr Wellmann has published in his ‘*Die Fragmente sammlung der Griechischen Aertze*’ a number of extracts from Sicilian medical writers culled from odd manuscripts of later authors. The chief writers cited are Akron, Diocles of Karystos, and Philistion.

* Herr Cronert ascribes the British Museum manuscript to Heliodorus.

Herr Kalbfleisch has also edited the medical papyri at Strassbourg, 'Papyri Argentoratenses Graecae.' One of these treats of remedies for eye diseases, and should be compared with the long list of collyria derivable from the two hundred or more known oculist seals.

Another manuscript gives five columns of a treatise upon fevers. The author seems to be subsequent to Celsus, and may be Agathimes of Lacedemon. The subject of these medical texts has been reviewed from time to time by Herr Backstrom in the 'Archiv für Papyrusforschung'; his papers are called "Fragment einer Medizinischer Schrift." Also by Herr Ilberg in the German 'Year-Book for Classical Studies for 1904,' and in a work by Herr G. Schmidt, 'De Anonymi Laurembergiani Introductione Anatomica.'*

The classic of whose works by far the greatest quantity of remains have been recovered during the last fifteen years is the play-writer Menander, and such was his popularity among all classes of readers that there is reasonable hope that still more texts of his comedies will be found. In 1897 M. Nicole published some ninety lines from his "Georgos" (Husbandman).

The Geneva piece of the 'Georgos' has been made the most of by Henri Weil, utilising the Oxford edition of Grenfell and Hunt. In notes upon the twenty lines of the monologue he shows that it is the youth, Gorgias, who recites this exposition of

* See also "Griechische Papyri Medizinischen und Naturwissenschaftlichen Inhalts bearbeitet," von K. Kalbfleisch und H. Schöne, 'Berliner Klassikertexte,' 3 Heft. Also Sudhoff, K., "Aerzliches aus Griechischen Papyruskunden," Leipzig, Bartl, 1909.

the state of affairs at the opening of the play, and not a woman, as readers of Quintilian misconceived him to say, for it is now evident his following passage implied it was spoken by a young man.

He, rebuking barristers for being mimics, wrote :
 “Cum mihi comoedi quoque pessime facere videntur quod etiamsi juvenem agant, cum tamen in expositione aut senis sermo, ut in Hydriae prologo, aut mulieris; ut in Georgo, incidit, tremula vel effeminata voce pronunciant.”

Weil gives two scenes complete, and a few lines of a third. In 1910 Dr. A. S. Hunt, in the seventh part of the ‘Oxyrhynchus Papyri,’ published about fifty lines from the “Μισούμνος.” The attribution is proved by the character in this comedy. Other names in the fragment are Getas, a slave, Crateia, Demeas, and Kleimas. Shortly after this the editors of the ‘Oxyrhynchus Papyri’ printed fragments of the “Perikeiromene” (Shorn Lady) and a short piece of the “Kolax” (Parasite).*

These were all included in an edition of the then known fragments of Menander by Herr Kretschmer in 1906. There was also extant at this time a piece of a play at St. Petersburg, thought to be from the “Arbitration,” Epitrepontes. Also among some mummy case fragments published by M. Jouguet, from Ghoran, in the ‘Bulletin Correspondance Hellénique,’ vol. xxx, are about

* Wilamowitz Moellendorff thought ‘Oxyrhynchus Pap.’ 855 could not be by Menander, because the article occurs with last foot of the verse; but in ‘Rheinisches Museum für Philologie,’ 1910, 308, Herr Kretschmer gives play and verse citing five cases of this particular usage in Menander’s works.

ninety lines of a comedy, thought by Dr. Blass to be from the "Apistus."

Upon the reverse of this Ghoran papyrus are two iambic prologues, perhaps one at least referring to the comedy. It is almost complete, and is a clever piece of versification, every second line repeating the words of the previous one in reversed order.*

The whole previously collected copies of Menander's plays were, however, surpassed by the discovery at Kom Ishgaou in the Fayoum of considerable parts of four comedies, which are now in the Cairo Museum, and have twice been edited by M. Lefebvre.

These restore some 340 lines of the "*Περικειρομένη*" or *Perikerisome*, 350 of the "*Samian Woman*," 500 "*Epitrepontes*" (*Arbitration*),† and the prologue, and also about fifty lines of the "*Heros*" (*Demi-God*). Of the "*Περικειρομένη*" a piece of another manuscript containing some 140 lines was subsequently obtained in Egypt by Dr. Zucker. Of these nearly half were already found in the Kom Ishgaou text.‡

* A. Körte in 'Hermes,' 43, re-publishes 125 lines of this papyrus. "Die Komödienpapyri von Ghorân," and succeeds in recomposing one good scene between the characters Phaidimus and Niceratus, a misjudged friend. Körte does not accept it as Menander's work, but a later and inferior writer. If Körte is correct in thinking the comedy is as late as the third century B.C., as it mentions the chorus, it would prove this adjunct to the stage was used as late as that period. He endeavours to prove this by inscriptions and other classic references.

† H. Fischl in 'Hermes,' 43, shows that the source of the plot after which the "*Epitrepontes*" was named was the "*Alope*" of Euripides.

‡ In the new-found commencement of Photius' 'Lexicon,' giving A to *Ἀπαροξ* (R. Reitzenstein "Der Anfang des Lexicons des

The remains of four of the plays, "The Demi-God," "Arbitrators," "Samian Woman," and "*Περικειρομένη*," have been published by Mr. E. Capps, but this was before M. Lefebvre had produced his second edition in the Cairo catalogue of Greek papyri, which gave several additional pieces of text and assigned a number of the previously printed fragments to their proper places in the text.

The celebrated historian of Greek literature, M. Maurice Croiset, has also made a most successful essay at rendering intelligible the best preserved of the four plays, the "Epitrepontes," and endeavours, as far as possible, to reproduce the plot and as much of the dialogue as can be comprehended.

The long gaps in the text, obscuring even the first scenes, and including the loss of all the third act and part of the fourth and fifth, are much to be deplored, because these portions of the play contained the dramatic crisis of the plot.

Had they been before us they would have permitted a better comprehension of the true characters of the husband and wife, hero and heroine, Charisios and Pamphile.

This play, the "Arbitration," Sidonius Apollinarius, in the fifth century, asserted was the foundation for the "Hecyra" of Terence. The portions of it that we now possess are sufficient to refute this.

Terence took for model the "Hecyra" of Apollodorus of Carystos, who certainly plagiarised from

Photios" Leipzig, Teubner, 1907) are two better readings of fragments of the "Messenians" and of the "Hypobolimaïos," three verses from a work of his called the "Thyroros," to which it would now appear that six verses quoted by Athenaeus belong, also three verses of another lost play.

the "Epitrepontes," so that Terence imitated it, if at all, at second hand. A close examination of what we have of the play with Terence will show whether he apparently had the "Arbitration" in his mind at all when composing the "Hecyra."

A curious coincidence is the similarity between part of the "Epitrepontes" and "Alope" of Euripides. The perusal of this play in particular, and also of the other remains of Menander, explains to us what Aristophanes meant when exclaiming "O Menander! O Life! which of you copied the other?" For the peculiarity of Menander's dialogue, as now disclosed, is that throughout it all it is, as far as we are able to judge, absolutely true to life. The realism is perfect.*

In almost all plays, for the purpose of the plot, or to accentuate some situation on the stage, to thrill the audience, or secure a suitable moment for uttering some epigram, things are said or done which an onlooker, or reader, feels immediately would not have transpired precisely thus in real life. A character, for farcical purposes, is over-exaggerated in speech and action. The misfortunes accumulating upon one personage are more nearly the average which fate in actual life apportions to two. Or a misunderstanding is founded upon so trivial a cause, one appreciates that it would either not have produced such profound consequences, or have been prematurely detected.

But Menander, as an author, makes no false step of this kind; the circumstances and the con-

* See Ed. Capps, "Four Plays of Menander, with Introduction, Notes, etc.," Boston, Ginn, 1910.

versation he sets forth are what may be termed literary photogravure. The gratification of his audiences that maintained his popularity must have consisted in their seeing the very motives and actions, and hearing the actual words and phrases of their every-day life reproduced before them.

To every auditor there appeared an accurate reproduction of some character he could count, if not among his acquaintances, at any rate among people of whom he had knowledge.

They acted and conversed as his contemporaries did, or would have done, under similar circumstances.

In fact, a Menander play was a mirror of emotions and manners—a literary and dramatic presentment of what was stored up in the life memory of “the man in the street” or upon the farm, or the galley in ancient Greece.

In Menander’s plays, partly now restored to us, he proves to be a delineator of average daily life, excluding the fiercer passions and tragic catastrophes. Some common, and to the Greeks, venial vices are frankly admitted. Some minor virtues are equally apparent.

The characters analysed for us by their actions and words under the circumstances in which they are depicted are those which we instinctively recognise would have been familiar even among the limited circle of acquaintances of each one of the persons who crowded to the theatre to see the play.

Menander’s genius, then, notwithstanding his limiting himself to merely reproducing what would

really occur in actual life, apparently consisted in his so selecting his characters as to make their motives and actions under ordinary circumstances to be such as to prove a subject of intense interest, amusement, and perhaps instruction to his audience. As to how he utilised the psychological contrasts of his characters, how he may have pointed the moral to adorn the tale, his dramatic resource, and the simplicity of the intrigue composing the plots, and many other matters, they can be better discussed when every fragment found of his work is carefully edited.* What is even already apparent and, therefore, evidently the secret of his success is that, apart from artifice in the selection of his characters, Menander simply reproduced in their words and deeds the very counterpart of those of the men and women of his age and country.†

In Part I of the 'Hibeh Papyri,' Pap. No. 6, there is a piece giving four mutilated columns of a Greek comedy very suggestive of Menander's style, and the name of one of the three characters which

* In 'Hermes,' 43, F. Leo endeavours to reconstruct the four Kom Ishgaou papyrus plays in an essay of forty-eight pages. In 'Philologus' 69 (1910), pp. 10-34, G. A. Gerhard describes in detail the form and action of the "Perikeiromene."

† The popularity of Menander's plays may be indicated by the fact that we already have fragments on papyri of three exemplars of the *Περικειρομένη*. The last found is now at Heidelberg, and is a text of probably the second century: see "Ein Heidelberger Fragment aus Menander's Perikeiromene," *Sitzungsberichte der Heidelberger Akademie der Wissenschaften*, 1911, by Gerhard. Dr. Warren Wright, of Bryn Mawr University, in his "Studies in Menander," gives a chapter upon "Oaths in Menander." A singular oathform is mentioned in a fragment of Menander—that by the doors of the house—a spot which spirits were supposed to haunt. The poet writes: "μαρτύρομαι ναί μα τον Ἀπολλω τουτονι και τὰς θύρας."

occur in it, Demeas, was one of those in Menander's
 "Δις ἐξατατῶν."

The first editors point out, however, that Plautus' "Bacchides" was supposed to be founded on that play of Menander's, and the passages, as far as comprehensible in this short piece, do not suggest any situation similar to one in the "Bacchides." However, the number of connected lines is so few that this is not surprising.

Two columns of an Attic comedy to be found upon 'Oxyrhynchus Papyrus' 855 were thought to be by Menander and to be from his "Perinthia." Körte considers this attribution as certain.

As so frequently written of in connection with Menander, a papyrus bearing what is believed to be part of a play by Philemon should be mentioned here. It is the fifth document printed in the 'Hibeh Papyri,' and decides a literary question long debated. For whatever the name and whoever the author of this comedy may be, it is undoubtedly the parent of Plautus' "Aulularia." It is part of the same papyrus as two fragments in 'Papyrus Grenfell' No. 8.*

Leo, Theo Reinach and Weil do not agree with the attribution to Philemon, or to its being the basis for the "Aulularia." Some verses, Reinach considers, apply to Egypt and praise that country.

" νῦν οἶδ' ἀκρισῶς διότι τῆς οἰκουμένης
 ἱερὰ σαφῶς αὐτῇ ἔστιν ἢ χώρα μόνῃ
 κἀνθάδε κατοικήσασι πάντες οἱ θεοί,
 καὶ νῦν ἔτ' εἰσι καὶ γεγόνασιν ἐνθάδε."

* Another fragment of this papyrus is known as 'Papyrus Grenfell II.'

The British explorers at Palaikastro, in Crete, found a long metrical inscription in the temple of Zeus Diktaios, which has been published by Prof. R. C. Bosanquet and Prof. Gilbert Murray, who restored the text. It is believed to have been engraved in the second century A.D., but the composition resembles that of the hymns of Isyllos of Epidauros in the third century B.C.*

M. A. J. Reinach has reproduced Prof. Murray's rendering with a French version. I have the pleasure of submitting an English one by Mr. H. Clifford Gibbons, a young scholar, which will present a clear idea of the poem.

“(1) Iô

Most mighty Kouros (2) hail, all hail !
Of waters master most omnipotent ;
Thou who didst rise to mastery of the gods,
On Dikté (3) homage for the year accept.
Rejoice with dancing girls and the music that
We play thee on the harp, and by the flute,
accompanied ; and likewise when we sing
the goodly fashioned altar round about.

“(Iô, etc.

For it is there oh ! thou immortal child
That foster-fathers laden with great shields
Snatch thee away from Rhea thy mother's arms (4)
And by the cadence of their beating feet.
(Drown thy remonstrance). (5)

“(Iô, etc.

The Seasons every year yield up their fruits
And over mortal man doth justice reign,
And e'en the beasts untamed do themselves
Know Peace beneficent.

* ‘Annual British School at Athens,’ xiv, 338-356.

“ Iô, etc.

And likewise for ourselves, come let us leap!
 Leap that our nuptial couch may fruitful be,
 Our herds give increase, and our seeds yield fruit,
 And for the winds, balm laden, let us leap!

“ Iô, etc.

Leap, leap again for welfare of our towns
 And for our ships that brave the trackless deep.
 Leap for our youth, the scions of our race (7)
 For wise and glorious Themis (8) let us leap.”

Note by H. Clifford Gibbons.—(1) Iô=ἰώ. An invocation oft thrice repeated when addressing deities. Not to be confounded with Ἰώ, mistress of Zeus, who, to save her from Hera's jealousy, changed her into a heifer.—(2) Kouros (κοῦρος), a rare form of κορος = boy, which I have only met with in Homer. Obviously it refers to the infancy of Zeus at the time which the festival celebrates.—(3) Dikte, the mountain on the Eastern side of Crete, a branch of Mount Ida, where Zeus is said to have been concealed when a child and nourished by bees. He is sometimes entitled Dictæus.—(4) Rhea, wife of Kronos, being about to be delivered of Zeus, concealed the birth, her husband having swallowed his five children, and placed the child in a cave on Mount Ida, or maybe its spur, Dikte. Thus secured, Zeus grew up and overthrew Kronos.—(5) A strophe is missing here. “Drown thy remonstrance” does not occur in the text, but is poetic license since the beating feet of the dancers is obviously intended to conceal the cries of the infant when parted from its mother. The phrases underlined in the verse are either very free translations or else additions made for technical reasons. The Greek for the last two lines is: “παρ'Ῐρίας λαόντες πόδα” and (“ροῦοντες ἀπέχρυσαν”). (6) Literally “begin to yield up.”—(7) An addition of my own for reasons given above.—(8) Themis, daughter of Coelus and Gaea, was generally attended by the “Seasons”; thus she was naturally saluted in this chant for obtaining prolific growth.

A portion of a work interestingly illustrating the history of early Greek music is upon one of the ‘Hibeh Papyri’ No. 13. It is supposed to be part of an oration by Hippias of Elis, contemporary of Socrates, and to have been delivered by him at the

Olympian games at which his being present is attested by Hippias minor.

The speech appears to have been directed to controverting some views of Damon, the instructor in music of Plato. The new text shows Hippias, like his brother sophists, denying any moral influence to music, a question taken up later by Philodemus, as shown in the great papyrus of his 'De Musica' found at Herculaneum, and also by Sextus Empiricus.

The scribe seems to have made an error in one sentence by substituting the word "diatonic" for "chromatic."

The piece is particularly valuable, however, because of its antiquity, for it certainly was composed when the enharmonic system was still largely used, and so is before the period of Aristoxenus. The statement that in tragedy, at the writer's era, the enharmonic scale was employed is of moment, because it probably decides the question as to the true notation of the papyrus at Vienna giving a piece of Euripides with the musical notes. The sign used therein is one which means both enharmonic and chromatic, and though musicians and scholars considered it was in enharmonic, the matter was not certain. Supposing that the word "diatonic" is correctly used by the scribe of the 'Hibeh Papyrus,' we get the further information that many Hellenic peoples used this system, which is almost identical with the scale of modern musicians. The suggestion that the different systems produced either brave or cowardly warriors is interesting in connection with the views of some medical men to-day as to the curative effects, in some maladies, of music.

In the 'Revue des Études Grecques' for 1897 M. Theodore Reinach edited some new fragments of a work by an unknown author upon the theory of music from the manuscript No. 192 of the Greek codices in the Vatican.

The text is illustrated by a few diagrams which appear to be taken from the "Harmonics" of Ptolemy (Theodore Reinach, 'Fragments Musico-logiques Inédits.')

The papyrus from 'Oxyrhynchus' numbered 667 gives thirty complete lines of a work evidently by an able musician upon music; perhaps it is by Aristoxenus.

The short piece is in two columns, and contains an analysis of certain musical scales. The editors, Drs. Grenfell and Hunt, submitted the text to Mr. H. S. Macran, editor of Aristoxenus' "Harmonics," and his views upon it are embodied in their remarks.

A previously printed 'Oxyrhynchus Papyrus,' No. 7, containing part of a treatise upon metre, which critics almost unanimously agree is from the "ῥυθμικὰ στοιχεῖα" of Aristoxenus, is an addition to his remains; it is of nearly one hundred short lines, probably written in the third century.

The whole of this papyrus is most ably edited and reviewed by Theodore Reinach, "Les Nouveaux Fragments Rhythmiques d'Aristoxène," in 'Revue des Études Grecques,' xi, 389, 412.

PINDAR.

In 1904 Messrs. Grenfell and Hunt published, as

No. 659 of the 'Oxyrhynchus Papyri,' portions of five columns of Greek lyric poetry, giving parts of two odes. The second ode is the only one whose text is long enough to have any literary value, but this is considerable, because it is the only specimen of the "Parthenia" of Pindar we possess,* that is to say, of those choruses composed for maidens to chant at great festivals. In this case the poem is in honour of Aeoladas, father of the Pagondas who commanded the Thebans at the battle of Delium. The construction of the piece is simple, and no phrases are really remarkable and the sentiments are not striking.

The best passages probably are those in which the editors have rendered into prose part of the maidens' song.

"I will celebrate the all-glorious dwelling of Aeoladas and his son Pagondas, my maidenly head bright with garlands, and to the time of lotus pipe will imitate in song a siren sound of praise, such as hushes the sudden blasts of Zephyrus, and when chilling Boreas speeds on a stormy night calms ocean's swift rush."

In 1908 this short series of some eighty lines was practically eclipsed by the same scholars *editio princeps* of another papyrus, giving quite 270 almost complete verses, containing several consecutive passages of some length of the lost "Paeans of Pindar." It is probably a second century manuscript, and although in a deplorable state when first

* In 'Papyrus Oxyrhynchus' 408 there are four fragments of a lyric work in Pindaric dialect, which Blass proved by quotations from Pindar in Plutarch and others, to be by that poet.

discovered, has been so cleverly reunited that nine different poems can be distinguished.*

The most legible of these poems are those written for the Abderites, the Ceans, and the Delphians.

Whilst the editors are naturally enthusiastic over the new-found work, there does not appear to be much matter in the poems to augment Pindar's reputation. The concepts are commonplace, though elevated into dignity by the felicitous language in which they are embodied and the grace of the metre.

The prettiest lines, perhaps, are those in the "Paean of Aegina," in which the island is called a "deep-breasted maiden of whom the golden tresses of the mists hide the shaded ridges of the land."†

The greatest disappointment among the new-found classical literature has been that of the, now famous, papyrus at Berlin, bearing a considerable remnant of the "Persae" of Timotheus of Miletus.‡

The manuscript is certainly the oldest Greek literary one yet known. The roll was discovered in the grave of some Greek colonist in Egypt, together with pottery of a type not later than B.C. 350, and the paleography of the palm all points to the fourth century B.C.

The poem is of a species known as the "Nomos" or libretto, to be sung to lyric music. The piece was composed about 396 B.C., at the time of Agesilaus' Asiatic expedition, upon which so much new light

* The second and third are alluded to by Pindar in his first Isthmian and seventh Nemean.

† The concept of the contour of an island appearing as "Mamelons" re-appears in Scotland in the Hebridean "Paps of Jura."

‡ Timotheus 'Die Perser, aus einem Papyrus von Abusir,' U. von Wilamowitz Moellendorff, Leipzig, 1903.

has been thrown by the papyrus of the historian Cratippus.

The subject of the ode was "The Battle of Salamis," and we have 214 lines from the middle part or "*ὀμφαλός*," which should supply the zenith of Timotheus' achievement. Also fragments of the end of the piece or "*σφραγίς*."

The historical information it affords is almost *nil*, and the whole style and phraseology are so forced and peculiar to the author, that Germany's greatest classic scholar, Wiamowitz Moellendorff, declined to translate it.

The text, being so ancient,* is written without any separation of the verses, and is somewhat broken up and faint. Monsieur Paul Mazon has essayed a French rendering of the portion of the poem that is most comprehensible, and I venture to append his lines to this *resumé* of the papyrus:

"Et de nouveau le flotte des Perses se ruait dans une fuite hâtive.

"Les files se heurtaient et les pieds montagnards des vaisseaux aux longs cous plongeant; Echappaient aux rameurs, de levres des navires, les dents blanches s'entaient en se heurtent, et la mer s'étoilait de cadavres grouillants qu'avait, dans un soupir, abandonnés la vie.

"Les rêves étaient chargées; tandis que assis au bord les flots, dans leur nudité raidie, avec des cris, des plaintes larmoyantes, se frappaient le sein en gémissant les vivants s'abandonnaient à une lamentation de deuil et invoquaient le sol de la patrie."

* Prof. Jebb assigned the manuscript to 320-290 B.C. Probably the earliest *dated* Greek papyrus is of 310 B.C. It is published in Dr. Milligan's 'Selections from Greek Papyri.'

Two fragments of a papyrus from Hawara, in the Fayoum, first edited by Professor Sayce, he concluded were part of a geography of Sicily, but Wileken, in the volume of essays dedicated to Carl Robert, shows they are from a topographical description of Attica, and by an author living in the third century B.C., perhaps Diodorus Periegetes. The text is a guide to the neighbourhood of Athens and the Piræus, giving an account of the long walls and the Phaleric wall.

It also states the length of the Piræus wall as ninety stades, which must therefore be the rampart of Conon, as that built by Themistocles was sixty stades.

Dr. F. G. Kenyon has published a piece of an hexameter poem of late date, referring to Dionysius' expedition to India and his war with Deriades. He suggested it may be from the "Bassarica" of Dionysius.

It is a curious story, relating the rending to pieces of some miserable captive concealed in the skin of a stag.*

In the third volume of the 'Archiv f. Papyrusforschung,' M. Festi edited from a papyrus the remains of two columns of a philosophical treatise upon the goddess Athena. He thinks it is the commencement of the work by Diogenes of Babylon, "Περὶ Ἀθηνᾶς." The manuscript is in the Egyptian collection at the Vatican.

In 'Hermathena,' for 1901, Professor Smyly re-published an extract from a Greek romance

* F. G. Kenyon, "Fragments of an Epic Poem," 'Album Gratulatorium,' in honour of Herwerden, Leyden, 1902.

relating to a storm at sea, first edited by Dr. Mahaffy.

Search in various great libraries, especially the Vatican, has more than twice over augmented the remains previously known of works of Caecilius Calactinus; chiefly by means of a manuscript at Rome, the "Apophthegmata Romaica," which was published in 1902. This contained a large amount of the "Chreiai" of Calactinus, who is stated to have written, in all, twelve or thirteen works.

In 1907 Herr Ofenloch united all the fragments in his 'Caecilii Calactini Fragmenta.' They are chiefly collections of anecdotes of famous personages, accumulated from all quarters. M. Adolphe Reinach has traced one extract to Fabius Pictor.

The Vatican also has a manuscript, "Etymologicum," showing that anterior to the well-known "Etymologicum Magnum" there was a larger work, as M. Miller indicated when publishing part of a similar treatise in his 'Mélanges de Littérature Grecque.' Reitzenstein has perused the Vatican codex and terms it the "Etymologicum Genuinum." It adds much more frequently the author's name from which a citation is made than did the older known one.

In the 'Rheinisches Museum' for 1908, in two articles, Hugo Rafe edited some of a new commentary by "John the Deacon" upon the "Περὶ μεθόδου δεινότητος" of Hermogenes. It is in a fourteenth century Vatican manuscript. These works, if not very erudite, often contain unexpected treasures. This supplies fifteen new verses from Euripides' "Perithoos." See "Des Diakonen und Logotheten Johannes Kommentar zu Hermogenes," κτλ.

In 1905 the Bodleian Library acquired a papyrus with forty-seven lines of the Lexicon of Apollonius of Alexandria. It is mentioned here because it proves that our manuscripts have been much condensed, for compared with the same part in the hitherto extant copies the papyrus has nine illustrative quotations instead of two.

The Strasburg papyrus of which Herr Bruno Keil made so much and which Wilcken and de Ricci considered instead of being a fragment of a lost annalist, to be merely part of a well-known speech of Demosthenes, is completely reinvestigated by R. Laquer in 'Hermes,' 53.

He concludes that the lines are a piece of some elaborate commentary on Demosthenes like the Didymus papyrus, and perhaps formed a work also by him. The "Anonymus of Strassburg" is therefore worthy of much of the attention Keil bestowed upon him.

A new fragment of Philochorus has proved very useful in the hands of M. G. Glotz for illuminating the story of the campaign of Cheronea, especially showing the important strategy of Philip as evinced by his capture of Elatea (see 'Bulletin Correspondance Hellénique,' 1909, 526-546).*

Among the Hibeh papyri, that numbered 14 is a terribly torn and destroyed papyrus rescued from a mummy cartonnage, which once contained the "Speech of Lysias against Theozotides"; of the twenty fragments only sufficient can be pieced accurately enough together to give us two portions

* For all remains of Philochorus see Cesare Tropea 'Filocoro : Frammenti della sua Storia dell' Attica,' 1909.

of the speech. One of these controverts the proposal of Theozotides to deprive adopted and illegitimate children of the benefits the state conferred upon orphans of those killed in war.

The second, the shorter of the two legible pieces, refers to the idea of reducing the pay of the cavalry.

The first acts as a sort of literary Nemesis regarding Aeschines, for it proves he plagiarised this argument of Lysias in his speech "*Contra Ctesiphontem*."

Other short pieces of merely a few lines among the Hibeh manuscript are remains from a rhetorical exercise, a criticism of Democritus' atomic theory, very probably by Theophrastus, and also some sayings of Simonides.

A papyrus manuscript considered by Dr. Hunt to be of the second century gives some thirty lines and as many small pieces of a few broken words each from a Satyric drama. The characters this short morsel refer to are Oeneus and Phoenix. Because of the last named personage, Wilamowitz Moellendorff suggests that the author is Ion of Chios, for he wrote two plays concerning Phoenix.

The part preserved gives a chorus of Satyrs describing their arts and performances and knowledge of astronomy, medicine and magic ('*Oxyrhynchus Papyrus*' 1083).

The next numbered papyrus, 1084, gives some lines from the "*Atlantis*" of Hellanicus relating to the marriage of the Hyades.

'*Oxyrhynchus Papyrus*' No. 1012 contains some two hundred mutilated lines and numerous fragments of what appears to be a commentary upon the

works of historians and orators, but it is possible it may merely be some professor's notes upon such matters for a course of lectures.

The writer, whoever he may be, quotes Didymus of Alexandria, and also, apparently, Caecilius Calactinus; so he must have lived after the commencement of our era. On the recto of the manuscript is an official account of the period of Septimus Severus; thus the text upon literature was written about the time of his successor, because the account is the matter *first* inscribed upon the roll. This fact tends to show that the criticism was more of the nature of memoranda than a valued work. The few paragraphs making continuous sense concern such matters as the characteristics of Lysias, the suppressions of facts by Thucydides, and of names as well as facts by various prose authors, the diction of Xenophon, and philological notes upon Attic words having double meanings distinguished by writers in that dialect only by accents, and some discussion upon the character of Philip.

Many quotations, unfortunately mostly from already extant writers, occur, and some from lost works of Theopompus, Theophrastus and others.

One of the longest recovered poems, by an unknown author, is the "Fragment of Ninos," published by Herr Wilcken and Monsieur Weil. It relates to the famous builder of Nineveh, his mother, whose name is given as Thambe, his aunt Derkeia, and her daughter, whose name does not transpire in the fragment, but who undoubtedly was Semiramis, because classic writers have previously told us her mother's name was Derke, or Derkeia.

The lines found commence with a conversation between Ninos and Derkeia, in which he craves permission to expose her daughter, claiming that his age of seventeen and her own were just suitable. Derkeia desires postponement of the nuptials for two years, but Ninos suggests he might be slain in warfare and must secure an heir.

A second part of the poem preserved sets forth the damsel's arguments to her aunt, Thambe, and a conversation between the two aunts as to obtaining the King's permission. A gap in the text then breaks off the narrative, and when it recommences the young people are married and Ninos proceeding to some war, and an account of a campaign in a mountain region of Armenia follows.

Ninos has Greek and Carian mercenaries and hundreds of elephants. The piece ends abruptly at the beginning of a battle.

Among papyri at Strasburg is part of a prologue to a Greek comedy that has been edited by Kaibel and Reitzenstein, but no scholar can decide the author's name. The prologue states that once two twin brothers, Sosthenes and Demea, married two twin sisters. The wife of Sosthenes bore a son, the wife of Demea a daughter.

The brothers went to Asia and encountered great dangers; one was imprisoned and assisted to escape by the other, who was incarcerated in turn for aiding the first. They remained absent sixteen years, doubtless the one who was free declining to leave his brother.

During this time the boy and girl had grown up and become enamoured of each other, and were in

some difficulty which only the parents' return could remove.

A few mutilated columns of a treatise upon metres in 'Oxyrhynchus Papyrus' 220 gives a number of poetical quotations, mostly from unknown lyric poems, but some have been traced to Sappho, Anacreon, Sotades, Callimachus, Pindar, Simonides and Aeschylus.

In the 'Journal du Ministère de l'Instruction Publique' of St. Petersburg for 1901, Professor Jernstedt edited a rather long text of part of an ancient library catalogue. The works enumerated are chiefly philosophical, including the "*Αθηναίων*" and the "*Νεοπολιτῶν*" of Aristotle.

'Oxyrhynchus Papyrus' No. 664 presents four columns of a philosophical dialogue which possibly is by Aristotle.

The first part concerns political movements of the author, who at the period of the usurpation of Pisistratus, having departed from Athens, proceeded to Solon in Ionia. This is interesting, because it shows the writer believed Solon visited Asia when Pisistratus became tyrant, and so the meeting between Solon and Croesus may be authentic. The author then returned to Athens and lived with a certain Hagnotheus, a relative.

The second column is a narrative in dialogue form connected with the career of Periander, tyrant of Corinth. The personages are the narrator, Aripnon, Pisistratus and Adimantus.

Aripnon and Adimantus say they have been with Periander. The first of these may be the grandfather of Pericles. Another personage, Thrasybulus, is

mentioned as closely connected with an unknown writer. This is undoubtedly the man who, as Plutarch tells us, married the daughter of Pisistratus, because the papyrus gives for his father a Philomelus whom Polyænus names as parent of Thrasybulus whom the manuscript misnames Thrasymedes.

The historical evidence of this piece is of value, because although it is only an imaginary dialogue, the author doubtless made the speakers correctly contemporary, and so it illustrates Herodotus and other historians.

In the 'Festschrift volume,' p. 67, presented to the Austrian Hellenist, Gomperz, Wesseley edited what he terms a philosophical work giving a collection of anecdotes concerning Diogenes the Cynic ("Neues über Diogenes den Kyniker"). The papyrus is in the Rainer collection; about four columns are publishable. All the stories are new except one which Diogenes Laertius had reported.

A vellum leaf, numbered 411, among the texts from 'Oxyrhynchus,' and written in a script much resembling that of the "Codex Alexandrinus," and so probably of the fifth century, is from a life of Alcibiades.

The author quotes Thucydides, but utilises other authorities, and may have preceded Plutarch. His attitude is decidedly favourable towards Alcibiades.

The next edited manuscript from the same site clears up a question in classical literature by proving that Julius Africanus, the friend of Origen, was the writer of the curious compilation entitled "The Kestoi." The manuscript, too, is interesting, because it is dated but shortly after the author's decease, and

as it is stated to be the eighteenth book, it supports the assertion of Suidas that the work was in twenty-four books.*

The text, too, concerns literature, for Africanus in it advocates the insertion of twenty-seven more lines in the eleventh book of the 'Odyssey' in the shape of a magical incantation at the moment when Odysseus called up the ghosts. The additional lines are not calculated to augment Homer's reputation, but Africanus gives proofs of their being contained in manuscripts well known to be in libraries in Rome, Caria, and Palestine.

Incidentally he mentions that he had himself arranged a library in the Pantheon for the Emperor, certainly Alexander Severus, for the 'Kestoi' was dedicated to him.

A very useful literary papyrus is 'Oxyrhynchus' 12, which contains six columns of a historical chronology of Greek and Roman history, with some notes upon Asiatic affairs running over forty years, from 355 to 315 B.C. It is probably a second century manuscript, but may have been copied from an original quite a century earlier.

Its interest arises, not from the historical information, but from the records of the publication of plays and comedies and the list of victors at the games.†

After B.C. 323 the writer's chronology differs considerably and, we can show erroneously, from that usually received.

* The 'Oxyrhynchus Papyri,' Part iii, plate v. "Julius Africanus Κεστοί."

† See Edward Capps, "The Catalogues of Victors at Dionysia and Lenaea." *Cor. Inscr. Attic.*, II, 971, 7. "Amer. Journ. of Philology," 1899.

Fortunately a newly found piece of the 'Parian Chronicle,' embracing the years 336 to 298, is a useful corrective.

Perhaps no manuscript has given rise to more literary comment than the "List of Olympian Victors," No. 222 of the 'Oxyrhynchus Papyri,' which gives the records for years 480 to 468 and 456 to 448 B.C. The writer gives the names for thirteen events for each year, almost in the same order as the date for their foundation as stated by Pausanias and Eusebius, and precisely the same as that of Phlegon of Tralles. Possibly the epitome is derived from Phlegon, but it may be copied from Hippias of Elis, or from Philochorus.

The "List" most appropriately relates to the important years when the Odes of Pindar and Bacchylides were produced, both of them poets, much of whose lost work has just been found in Egypt. The list of sculptors is most valuable, and indeed all Hellenic history for the period embraced is illuminated by this new-found work. It also shows that down to the third century, for that is the approximate date of this writing, accurate chronologies of the Olympiads were not only in existence, but so much esteemed, that a resident in an Egyptian village possessed one, and hence we can well rely upon the statements of classic authors concerning the victors, for we can see that they had chapter and verse for what they wrote.*

The information given in the work is admirably

* See Th. Reinach, "Un Nouveau Document sur le Chronologie Artistique et Littéraire due Ve. siècle avant J.C." 'Revue Archéologique,' 1899, 399-442.

amplified by the inscriptions found at Athens recording the victories at the poetical contests of the Lenæan and Dionysia. In 'Philologus,' 60, 1901, pp. 161-179, F. Mie has reconstructed the arrangement of the programme of the Olympian games by aid of this list.

He considers that, subsequent to the seventy-eighth Olympiad, the festival lasted five days. Upon the first was the preliminary celebration, the oath of the Hellanodikoi and contestants, the trial of horses and athletes, and competitions of trumpeters and heralds.

The boys' contests came on the second day. Upon the third those for men, excepting the Pentathlon, which, with the horse races, occurred on the fourth day.

Upon the final day took place the great procession, the official offering at the Zeus altar, and the banquet in the Prytaneion.

One Greek author, Archilochus,* has had the good fortune to have had pieces of two poems reproduced, not only from papyri, but one of them from a Parian inscription. In 1899 and 1900 Herren Reitzenstein and Hillar von Gärtringen published the first, two papyrus pages, at Strasburg, and the second, a lapidary text from Paros, both embodying verses of this early poet. The manuscript gives some twenty-three new verses; fourteen of these are apparently from a different poem to the others. The first piece, in impassioned verse, describes a traveller, or mariner, shipwrecked on the Thracian coast, and becoming

* "Sitzungsberichte Preussen Akademie." 1899. 857. κτλ.

enslaved. These miseries seem to be recounted as a sort of curse that Archilochus desires an old friend, who had deceived him, should endure. Strange to say, short as the piece is, it is sufficient to indicate that it is the basis for Horace's tenth Epode.* M. Hauvette also shows good reason for thinking that sentences in these verses inspired Aeschylus in passages in his 'Eumenides' and 'Agamemnon.'†

The verses upon the second page, though broken and so difficult to render in an interesting manner, have given rise to some discussion because the name of Hipponax occurs in them, and Reitzenstein and Blass‡ considered they were his composition, a view which M. Hauvette strongly opposes.§

The lines of Archilochus upon the Parian Stele are only seven, of which three are perfect, concerning a war between the Parians and Thasos.

Papyrus No. 26 in the first volume of the catalogue of Greek papyri in the John Rylands' Library gives a readable fragment of eighteen lines from Apion's "Homeric Glossary."

Short as this piece of writing is it clears up several interesting literary questions by proving, as Herr Kopp had thought, that a small text from an alphabetical "vocabulary" at Darmstadt, printed by

* "Mittheilungen Arch. Institut in Athen," 1900, p. 1; see Horace Epistles: "Parios ego primus iambos ostendi Latio, numeros animosque secutus Archilochi," and Sat. II. "Eupoliu Archilochum, comites educere tantos."

† A. Hauvette, 'Archiloque,' Paris, 1905.

‡ 'Rheinisches Museum,' 54, 1900, p. 341.

§ 'Revue des Études Grecques,' 1901, 70. "Les Nouveaux Fragments d'Archiloque."

Sturz in his edition of the “*Etymologicum Gudianum*,” is really copied from Apion.

Also that the “*Mediæval Glossary*,” as it asserts, is practically Apion’s work, though considerably epitomised.

The same volume of the Rylands papyri also gives a small historical piece concerning ‘Anaxandrides and Chilon of Sparta,’ and the part taken by them in overthrowing the Greek tyrants.

The sixth part of ‘*Oxyrhynchus Papyri*’ included, among its new classical texts, a long piece of a commentary in Greek upon the second book of Thucydides. The author enlarges, not only upon the historian’s work itself, but also much upon the treatise of Dionysius of Halicarnassus upon Thucydides, so that the commentary was almost certainly not composed before 10 B.C. On the other hand, data upon the papyrus prove that if the writing upon it cannot be later than the time of Hadrian, so probably its contents are a copy of some commentary composed soon after the commencement of our era.

The writer of this text is chiefly interested in grammatical matters, though sometimes he launches out into a discussion of Thucydides’ historical views and methods, and of Dionysius’ criticism of these.

A curious incidental fact about the writer is that he was unacquainted with, or ignores, all other Greek historians: in fact, Homer and Callimachus, are the only writers he quotes beyond, as mentioned, Dionysius, and an allusion to Euripides, in this respect differing completely from Didymus and the Alexandrian school of commentators.

The editors cannot decide upon the identity of the

author, and suggest he was some obscure grammarian of Alexandria; but if he resided there he would almost certainly have worked in the great library, and quoted many more of his predecessors' remarks about his subject. He clearly was an admirer of Thucydides, and deals Dionysius some deft blows, contradicting the latter's condemnation of the historian.

The collection of papyri at Giessen contains pieces of what was once a large manuscript of Roman imperial edicts. Of these parts of three are preserved, all of them dating from Caracalla. The first is the celebrated "*Constitutia Antoninaria*" awarding the right of Roman citizenship to all inhabitants of the Empire. Unfortunately but little of it is legible. An important sentence, however, concerning its non-applicability to the nomadic wanderers from one city and province to another is among those clearly legible.

The second constitution is one promulgated at Rome in 212 and Alexandria 213. It is an edict of amnesty issued after Geta's murder.

The third edict was promulgated at Alexandria after 215, and concerns matters there.

A novella of Justinian ascribes the edict granting free citizenship to Antoninus Pius, but the papyrus shows it was one of Caracalla's. The error doubtless arose from both Emperors being "*Pius*" and "*Pius Felix*," and both in shortened titles also were T.A., but it stood for T. Aelius in one case and T. Aurelius in the other.

In 1901 Professor Reitzenstein published two pages giving portions of a pair of Greek poems in

hexameters found upon two papyrus pages purchased for the Strasburg Museum, and numbered in that collection as 480 and 481.

Both recto and verso of 480 give a poem relative to Diocletian's campaigns, and the literary matter is of considerable interest. The other page bears a text concerning the creation of the world and is apparently by the same author.

Reitzenstein could not suggest who this was, but M. J. Bidez traces the works to Soterichos, from statements concerning his productions made by Suidas and Tzetzes, and also Stephen, of Byzantium.

Suidas tells us that Soterichos wrote an *Ἐγκώμιον εἰς Διοκλητιανόν*. He also in the list of his other works mentions a "Dionysiana" and a Bassarika, and the lines mentioned about the creation may well have formed part of the commencement of one of these.

The few lines preserved of the second manuscript are insufficient for any sound conclusion as to its subject, but M. Bidez thinks he can detect a mention of Apion, who came from the great Egyptian Oasis, as did Soterichos, and the lines appear to allude to Hermes creating a city there.

Some interesting observations concerning the philosophical papyri found a century ago at Herculaneum have been made by Herr Cronert and Professor Comparetti, suggested by the manuscripts being much more closely scrutinised and studied than formerly.

Cronert thinks that some additional notes to a few of the Epicurean texts are actually by that philosopher himself, especially those in the treatise

Σύνταξις τῶν φιλοσόφων, a book concerning the Academicians. Whilst not accepting this as proven, Comparetti considers that scribal statements in the papyri truthfully attest that they are in some cases copies of the original edition issued during Epicurus' lifetime.

One note in the book 18 of the Πρύσεως (old collection, vi, p. 37) is remarkable. It reads, τῶν ἀρχαίων ἐγράφη ἐπὶ Νικιόν τοῦ μ (ἐτὰ Ἀντι) φάτην.

This gives the date for the publication of the work, and was a memorandum intended to certify that this manuscript is a copy of one so dated. As the first exemplar was written in the eponymy of Nikias, who succeeded Antiphates, it takes us to Olympiad 121, *i. e.* 296–5 B.C. The actual papyrus found at Herculaneum was, however, written under the eponymy of a second, later, Nikias, than the one who held office when its parent manuscript was engrossed. There were two later eponyms named Nikias, one in office in 282–1 B.C., and another in 133–2 B.C. jointly with Isigenes.

The script of the papyrus is paleographically so similar to Professor Petrie's papyrus of Plato's "Phaedo," which is of the third century B.C., that Comparetti assigns the Herculaneum papyrus to the period of the earliest of these two later Nikias' eponyms.

Necessarily these views indicate that manuscripts in Piso's Villa library at Herculaneum were ancient ones, brought into Italy from Greece, where they had been written many years before.*

* See S. Sudhaus, "Die Schrift des Metrodorus περι πλοῦτου in Papyrus 1424 der Herculaniſchen Bibliothek," *Hermes*, 1907, p. 645.

Another dissertation of Herr Cronert's may be mentioned here, concerning the British Museum Greek papyrus No. 186, founded upon Dr. F. G. Kenyon's edition of the text. It gives four columns of uncial writing with some forty legible lines of a drama concerning Jason and Medea. This fragment Cronert assigns to the "Medea" of Neophron, probably with justice. The text preserves part of the prologue, and of the commencement of the work.*

Herr G. A. Gerhardt in 1909 produced his final edition of the Heidelberg papyrus, No. 310, of Ptolemaic date, containing pieces of "Choliambic" poems by the Cynic, Phoenix of Colophon.†

There are nearly one hundred partly legible lines, of which some twenty-three restore an almost complete poem.

The words *Ἰαμῆος φοῦνικος* occur in the text, of which there are four columns, but the last of these only preserves the commencement of the lines. The author's name is in line 74.

The learned editor makes the manuscript the foundation for a lengthy commentary. The best in condition of the poems is addressed to a certain Parnos, and is a discourse against vice and cupidity (*αἰσχροκέρδεια*).

Another is written to a friend of Phoenix's

* For Herr Cronert's dissertations see "Die Ueberlieferung der Index Academicorum" in 'Hermes,' vol. xxxviii. His book, 'Kolotes and Menedemos,' p. 84; also his "Fragments of the History of Socrates" in Rheinisches Museum, 1902. Professor Comparetti's views are embedded in the 'Mélanges Chatelain' under the title of "La Bibliothèque de Philodème."

† Phoenix von Kolophon, Gustave Adolph Gerhard. Leipzig: Teubner, 1909.

named Posidippus. This person may be quite unknown, and so neither the comic poet of Cassandria or the Alexandrian epigrammatist, a disciple of Cleanthes. This poem is condemnatory of the useless rich, enlarges on the bad use they make of their fortunes, which they should devote to their poorer fellow citizens.

In the fragmentary fourth column are anonymous verses of rather vulgar character mentioning the name of Philoxenus, who was famous for his gluttony and debauchery, and who seems to have figured in ancient literature as a type of these vices.

Gerhardt also prints two small papyrus pieces, one in the British Museum, No. 155, and one in the Bodleian, which contains compositions in just the same style and, as far as comprehensible, enunciating similar ideas. In his commentary Gerhardt then treats of the Choliambic poets in general and their Cynic morals, chiefly of Cercidas of Megalopolis, of whose writings Herr Cronert has published seventy lines from a British Museum papyrus, No. 155.

In 1906 Herr Wilcken in 'Hermes' published portions of four columns of writing, two of which were almost complete in a papyrus at Wurzburg which paleographically appertains to the second century. There is no difficulty as to its attribution, because it is a well-written roll and bears clearly on the back the title "Ἀντίβιον Πράξεως."

It is therefore a piece of the fourth book of the lost history of the deeds of Hannibal by Sosylus. The portion legible refers to a naval action, and

sets forth the successful tactics of the Massaliots against the Carthaginians. Sosylus states that these tactics were imitated from those of Heracleides at the battle of Artemisium. Wilcken does not think this can be the place of that name in Caria. The pieces of the papyrus have been better arranged than when Wilcken first edited it, and deserve republication.

The discovery of one manuscript of a classical work already known should find recognition here because, although the text has long been familiar, the illustrations are new. This is the Vatican codex No. 1201 of the Tables of Ptolemy, once in the library of Fulvio Orsini. The miniatures in this beautiful manuscript have been described by Dr. Franz Boll at the Bavarian Academy, and are most remarkable from an astronomical point of view, besides being somehow closely connected with the figures upon the Farnese Globe, and are of great antiquity originally. For although the date of this manuscript is between A.D. 810 or 820 A.D., one of the most exquisite pictures concerning the precise dates in months, days and hours of the sun's entry into the zodiacal signs carries the composition of this diagram back to 250 A.D.

The text itself is important for certifying the correct readings of Ptolemy's "Royal Canon" and "Hemerology," but the preservation of what are evidently illustrations designed for the epoch of the middle of the third century is worthy of record.*

* Boll, Franz, 'Beiträge zur Ueberlieferungs geschichte der Griechischen Astrologie und Astronomie,' *Sitzungsberichte Acad. of Bavaria*, 1899.

A small treatise of Philodemus among the "Herculaneum Papyri," Περὶ τοῦ καθ' Ὁμήρου ἀγαθοῦ βασιλέως, has been re-edited by Signor Alex. Olivieri.* It was transcribed by Corazza and since much damaged. The progress of our knowledge of papyrus paleography has enabled Olivieri to restore a good deal of the text. One emendation shows it was dedicated to L. Calpurnius Piso Caesoninus.†

In 1906, M. J. Nicole, of Geneva, published part, as far as possible, of the Latin text of a papyrus giving a catalogue of works of art preserved in some place, or places, in Rome under the Empire.‡

The writing agrees with second century script, and though much of it is undecipherable, some interesting parts of the list survive. For instance, a Hercules G(lyconi)s appears, and if the reading is correct shows that the Farnese Hercules found in the sixteenth century was in Rome in the second.

Many figures of Egyptian deities are enumerated. The *provenance* of some of the pieces is given. Thus one is said to have been brought from Bithynia and another from Gordium.

M. Nicole detected references to Apelles and Protogenes, and so the catalogue must have included paintings. As the Glycon Hercules is recorded it is quite possible the papyrus was an inventory of the artistic contents of Caracalla's Baths.

Several papyri have been found at various times detailing disputes between the Roman officials at

* Leipzig: Teubner, 1909.

† For additions to the author's "Rhetorica" see Ed. S. Sudhaus' "Philodemus Volumina Rhetorica Supplementa."

‡ 'Un Catalogue d'Oeuvres d'Art Conservées à Rome à l'Époque Imperiale.' Geneva: Georg, 1906.

Alexandria and Jewish citizens there. The documents at Berlin and Cairo have been published by Reinach in the 'Revue des Études Juives,' vol. xxxvii, and by Wilcken in the 'Proceedings of the Saxon Academy,' vol. xxvii, No. 23. They chiefly refer to Isidorus, Avillius, Flaccus, and a Dionysius.

All these names occur in Philo's work "Adversus Flaccum." The papyri chiefly relate to the trial of Isidorus. A third manuscript concerning these Anti-Semite disturbances at Alexandria is in 'Oxyrhynchus Papyrus,' 1089, and Flaccus and Isidorus are alluded to in it. Also a certain *γεραιός*, whom Dr. Hunt suggests was a Jewish Elder, a member of the Hebrew citizens' council at this period, of which Philo writes.

In 'Philologus,' 1910, pp. 321-6, C. F. H. Brachmann, by the help of scholia upon Aristophanes' "Clouds," 967, where the poet mentions an ancient hymn to Athena, and also by comparison with a hymn of Callimachus, restores the probable words of the opening of the old hymn.

Classic commentators had assigned it to Lamprocles and Phrynichus.

His reconstruction is as follows :

“ Παλλάδα περσέπολιν, όεινὰς θεὸν εγρικύδοιμον,
 εὐπήληκα ποτικλήζω, πολεμαδόκον ἀγνάν,
 παῖδα Διὸς μεγαλον δαμάσιππον, παρθένον αἰεί.”

Additional fragments from philosophical works to those given in Muller's "Fragmenta Philosophorum Graecorum" are given for the earliest of such authors by H. Diels in his 'Fragmente der Vorsokratiker,' 1903, Berlin. Among others of minor importance he adds five extracts from

Anaxagoras, one from Diogenes of Apollonia, three from Hecateus of Abdera, and one from Pherecydes.

In the interesting work upon classical astronomy and astrology, 'Sphaera; Texte und Untersuchungen zu Geschichte der Sternbilder,' by Herr Franz Boll, he prints several inedited works or portion of such. These chiefly concern Asclepiades of Mylea, Nigidius Figulus, and a so-called Babylonian astronomer Teucer or Teucros, an extract from whose work is preserved relating to the thirty-six Decans.*

These astrological treatises on the Decans generally furnish the special title of each, and often a description of his pictorial representation. Then follow lists of the several parts of the body they preside over, and the amulet to be provided to protect each part from disease, and other magic injunctions.

'Tebtunis Papyrus,' No. 274 bears four fragments of an astronomical calendar recording movements of the planets with reference to the zodiacal signs in a series of years partly in the reigns of Trajan and Hadrian.

The remains are much mutilated, but can fortunately be completed by means of some demotic tablets published by Brugsch half a century ago.

The date of the Greek document is about 115 A.D., and it is an interesting relic for the history of astronomy.

* For ancient treatises upon the Decans see C. E. Ruelle in 'Revue de Philologie,' 1908, "Hermès à Asclépios le Livre Sacrée sur les Decans." He uses the Bibliothèque Nationale superior MSS. 'Parisinus' 2256 and 2502. The statements of Strabo and Pliny that the Greeks obtained much astronomy from Kidenas, a Babylonian, has recently been confirmed by a cuneiform tablet of eighteen columns of writing giving lunar calculations, bearing his name Kidimnu.

Herr C. Wesseley, in the 'Sitzungsberichte' of the Vienna Academy, vol. clxii, published the literary contents of a papyrus roll found alongside a mummy. The style of script is early, about the second century B.C. The writing gives three little treatises of a kind doubtless very common at that era. The first is an "Astrologia," describing the stars, but this work is incomplete, only the part giving the name, the size, and the colour, with the duration of their revolution for the five planets remaining.

The second is a list of "Semeia," or signs apportioning time, such as the moon, falling stars, the sun, etc. The third piece is a "Parapegma," or astronomical calendar, commencing at the date of the Egyptian month Thoth.

Herr Wesseley* shows it is a Greek work adapted to suit Egyptian readers, and is subsequent to Aratus.

In vol. i of the "Catalogue of Greek Papyri in the John Rylands Library," manuscript 27 preserves three columns of an astronomical treatise. The first two are an abstruse mathematical calculation of how, after a given number of days have elapsed, the day can be reckoned, according to the Egyptian calendar, on which a lunar $\epsilon\pi\omicron\chi\eta$ occurs, and secondly, the corresponding longitude and latitude when it will take place.†

* C. Wesseley, 'Bruchstücke einer antiken Schrift über Wetterzeihen.'

† In the 'Revue Archéologique,' 1910, p. 140, M. Gabriel Ancy proves by means of an epigram of Crinagoras in the 'Anthologia Palatina,' vi, 244, which mentions an eclipse of the moon, that Selene, wife of Juba, died on March 22nd, B.C. 2.

The *ἑποχή* was a term for the position occupied by a heavenly body, and in this case they are for those of the moon in apparently its annalistic revolution from perigee to perigee.

Two methods for solution are formulated, a long and a shorter one, but they remain somewhat obscure.

Duplicate chronological periods are also given, which Prof. Smyly thinks are from the eras of Philip and Commodus.

The third column furnishes formulæ for finding the dates for solstices and equinoxes upon the Egyptian calendar. These are based upon Ptolemy's observations, and much resemble the 'Syntaxis Mathematica.'

In the 'Revue de Philologie,' vol. xx, M. A. Martin printed a posthumous article by C. Graux upon some unpublished fragments of Lydus, "*Περὶ διοσημειῶν*," which are in the King of Spain's library. These were reviewed by Wachsmuth in the *Rheinisches Museum*, vol. lii, "Ein neues Fragment aus Lydus' Schrift," 'De Ostensis.'

It is not intended to summarise here many interesting notes upon remains of later authors, or of magical and astrological writers whose productions are in most respects worthless; but mention should be made of an article published some years ago by Brinkmann in the *Rheinisches Museum*, in which he studies the question of who was a certain Aristokratos, who wrote a "Theosophy."*

He is particularly mentioned at the end of the renunciatory formulae which converted Manicheans

* See F. Boll, "Sphaera, Neue Griechische Texte zur Geschichte der Sternbilder."

were forced to repeat; as one of the authors whose book was recited in an "Index Librorum Prohibitorum" as forbidden. Brinkmann believes the work is identical with one with the same title from which pieces are reproduced in the "*Χρησμοὶ τῶν Ἑλληνικῶν*" published by Buresch in 'Klaros,' 1889, under the title "Untersuchungen zum Orakelwesen."

Seven columns of a papyrus, containing a kind of a geographical and biographical encyclopaedia, were in 1904 edited by Professor Diels. Islands and rivers, mountains and natural objects are enumerated, as well as sculptors, artists, painters, architects, law-givers, and engineers. Several notabilities are new to us, and others, though known, yet apparently of slight talent, appear here as deserving a better reputation. The onomasticon of sculptors and architects, however, has been infinitely more augmented by the new names of such workers derivable from the immense mass of inscriptions from Delos, Delphi, Pergamos, and elsewhere.

Papyrus, British Museum, 256, contains Greek verses upon the battle of Actium and Octavian's entrance of Egypt, in addition to Mr. F. G. Kenyon's edition of it in the Catalogue; he also published it in 'Revue de Philologie,' 1895, with notes by M. Henri Weil. Bücheler thinks it is by Crinagoras. Dr. Krebs, in 'Hermes,' 1895, pp. 144-150, published a fragment of a novel concerning Metiochus and Parthenope.

A fragment among the 'Oxyrhynchus Papyrus,' written in a good uncial character of about the second century, has been most cleverly restored by

the late Henri Weil, who thinks it the effort of some Cynic Alexandrian poet repeating the doctrines of Antisthenes, or Diogenes.

A free translation of the piece is as follows :

“When mortals exchanged an easy life for one of labor’s durance, they were about as sensible as was Glaucos, the Lycian, when he eagerly, that thoughtless one, accepted a suit of armour worth nine oxen in exchange for one valued at 100.

“Beforetime they forged not a pick, or massive hatchet, nor hoe with two sharp teeth in order to work like a quarryman who pierces the mountain, to turn over the flinty earth. They cast not the grain into the furrow. They laboured not, with oxen, the fallow land, gift of the Nile, stream of mysterious sources. Without work they possessed the oaks produced by the soil and the acorns, man’s most primitive food.”

These sentiments are similar to some ideas expressed by Hesiod when relating the gradual progress of the human race. To him the “golden age” was that of the highest antiquity, and he considered things had changed for the worse.

Speaking of man cultivating the soil and goading oxen at the plough as “sweating under the labour imposed by the gods upon mankind,” some lines of his almost recall the Pelasgians, on entering Greece, changing from a hunting, or pastoral, into an agricultural people :

“Who settled near by the sea
Or in the vale far from its foaming waves :
And at the foot of the gloomy ravine
Turned up the fruitful soil.”

But the following extract from a poem of Euphorion, to be found in the Didot series of

fragments of the classics, is a much more literary achievement, and expresses distinctly opposite ideas :

“There was a time when mortals lived like brutes
 In caves and unsecured hollows of the earth,
 For neither house, nor city, flanked with towers,
 Had then been reared. No ploughshare cut the clod
 To make it yield abundant harvest ; nor
 Were vines ranked, and trimmed with pruning knives,
 But fruitless births the sterile earth did bear.
 Men on each other fed, with mutual slaughter,
 For law was feeble, violence enthroned,
 And to the strong the weaker fell a prey.”

In 1897 Messrs. Grenfell and Hunt published twenty-five lines from a work by Pherecydes of Syros, who has been termed the oldest Greek prose author. It is identified as being by him because some of the lines are quoted as from Pherecydes by Clement of Alexandria.* These first-known lines concerned the making, by Zeus, of an embroidered veil, upon which was depicted earth and ocean, and they had been considered to represent part of the philosopher's conception of the creation of the earth, and so to be an extract from his *Cosmogony*.

Some sixteen lines of the new-found text show this view to be erroneous. The veil described was a veritable one presented by Zeus to Hera a few days after their nuptials, and the work in which the extract of Clement occurred was Pherecydes' account of the marriage of Zeus and Hera.

The other lines now to hand are also from the same book. These fragments are sufficient to

* ‘*Stromateis*,’ vi. p. 621.

present an appreciation of the nature of this primitive Hellenic prose.*

The 'Hibeh Papyri,' of which Part I appeared in 1906, gives about twenty-five lines of sentences excerpted from Epicharmus, probably, as the classics said, selected by Axiopistus. If this is so the latter writer was very early, because the papyrus itself is certainly as old as B.C. 250.

The last legible sentence reads: "I composed this work of art in order that men may say 'Epicharmus was a wise man who put many witty sayings of every kind into single verses, giving proof of his talent.'" The selection is from a gnostic poem in trochaic tetrameters similar to citations of Epicharmus in Xenophon and Aristotle, and seems to confirm the statement of Philochorus that, although the bulk of Epicharmus' works had perished, a collection of extracts from them was well known.

A rather late work, the treatise upon tactics by Nicephorus Phocas, which explains all that was thought useful for a commander of an army to know in Byzantine times, both as regards the organisation of his forces and the rules for conducting a campaign, has been edited from the papers of Charles Graux by M. Albert Martin. The text of this treatise, which was discovered in the Escorial Library by Graux, was highly valued by him, but he only lived to publish three chapters and partly edit the remainder. The editors were assisted in their work somewhat by other manuscripts at Bâle and

* 'New Classical Fragments and other Greek and Latin Papyri,' Oxford, 1897, 'Un Nouveau fragment de Phérécides de Syros,' Henri Weil.

Madrid. The merit of the book from the classical side lies in its containing many extracts from ancient writers on military subjects, and historians.*

A fragment of papyrus published by Mr. Kenyon in the 'Revue de Philologie,' 1897, p. 1, and by M. Paul Girard in 'Revue des Études Grecques,' xi, 31, gives some interesting notes on the education of Spartan youths,† and apparently throws new light upon some passages in Book VI of Plato's 'Laws.'

In the 'Archiv für Papyrusforschung,' iii, Dr. Cronert published some almost unreadable morsels of a text of a drama referring to Jason and Medea. He suggests it is from the "Medea" of Neophron, but this is merely a surmise.

At a *séance* of the French Academy in 1894 Monsieur de Mely showed that behind several manuscripts of alchemist writings, upon the formation of minerals, which mediæval writers ascribed to Aristotle, there really is an Aristotelian basis. He mentions more particularly a manuscript at Liège, edited by Rose, which is a translation of an Arabic work in the 'Bibliothèque Nationale.'

Another version is a Latin text, No. 16142 in the same collection.

The residuum beneath the alchemistic vagaries refers to the formation of minerals and of fossils, especially animal bones of marine type being found

* Graux, Ch., "Traité de Tactique connu sous le titre. *Περὶ καταστάσεως ἀπλήχτου*. Traite de castrementation rédigé par ordre de Nicéphore Phocas-Texte grec medit annoté," par C. Graux et augmenté d'une preface par Albert Martin 'Notices et Extraits des manuscripts,' tom. xxxv, 1898.

† 'Un Texte Inédit sur la Cryptie des Lacédémoniens.'

upon mountains, as being proof of the perpetual movement of land. Also of volcanic and diluvial effects upon mountains.

In 1892 M. P. Kerameus published fragments of a lost historian discovered by him in a manuscript at Jerusalem. This is thought to be part of a work by Amyntianus, a second century historian mentioned by Photius.

The Roman imperial edicts already mentioned are richly completed by one entitled by M. Nicolle, who first edited it, 'Le Livre du Prefet, ou l'Édit de l'Empereur Léon le Sage.'

It concerns the corporations at Constantinople and is a most important document for Roman Law, disclosing the transformation of the old Roman municipal law into the later Byzantine. It is a thirteenth century copy of a tenth century text.

Lest it should be thought that an author has been slighted, the publication by G. Kroll in 1908 of the 'Anthologiarum' of Vettius Valens, a worthless astrological book, is duly chronicled. Who he was and when he wrote we do not know, nor whether many writers he professes to quote ever existed. The aphorisms and portents he enumerates and certifies as veracious because copied from Orpheus, Moses, Hipparchus or strange-named Egyptian seers and scientists may, in fit company of those of other charlatans, be found in the excellent 'L'Astrologie Grecque' of M. Bouché-Leclercq.

The following notes upon small pieces of works edited in various philological journals are of the nature of a bibliography of minor memoranda upon the subject. In these cases the shortness of the

extracts available in each case renders the supposed attributions very hazardous.

Among the Florentine papyri given by D. Comparetti in the first volume of ‘*Papiri Fiorentini, pubblicata della R. Accademia dei Lincei*,’ 1908, is some portion of a commentary upon a lost play of Aristophanes, perhaps the “*Triphales*,” or the *Γῆρας*.

In ‘*Hermes*,’ 30 (1895), Dr. Krebs and G. Kaibel and C. Robert printed a fragment from a romantic story of Metiochus and Parthenope, giving part of a dialogue between them and some other person.

A piece of a dramatic mime, or poetic prose, of interest is to be found in Dr. B. P. Grenfell’s ‘*An Alexandrian Poetic Fragment and Other Greek Papyri*,’ Oxford, 1896.

In ‘*Hermes*,’ 41, p. 103, etc., is a papyrus fragment almost certainly by Scylax of Caryanda (see J. B. Bury, ‘*The Ancient Greek Historians*,’ p. 25).

Little attention has been given here to lapidary inscriptions, the writings contained in which are but seldom of the nature of literature, excepting perhaps the hundreds of epitaphs of a poetical nature, many of which it would seem are scarcely original, but based upon some anthology provided for the purpose of selection for sepulchral use.

There are, however, many long inscriptions of an historical nature, containing Roman Imperial edicts and letters to cities and provinces, which would form several volumes of carefully composed official phraseology.

Of the Hellenistic era there is a text from Scepsis * of some 115 lines giving a letter from Antigonus,

* J. A. R. Munro, ‘*Journal of Hellenic Studies*,’ 1899, pp. 330-340.

“Monophtholinus,” to the citizens, and their decree of honour to the monarch in reply, which is certainly historical literature, being a welcome addition to what is known of this period from Diodorus. In it the king explains, from his point of view, the cause and the course of the negotiations between himself, Casander, Lysimachus, and Ptolemy, leading up to the treaty of 311 B.C. He amply dwells upon the benefits he had secured for the Greeks, especially at the Hellespont conference of 313–12 B.C., describes all the peace overtures, and enumerates the plenipotentiaries and their proposals and arguments.

He asserts that he first made a preliminary arrangement with Lysimachus and then one with Casander and Ptolemy, and claims to have secured the successful result. The honorary decree conferred upon Antigonos, which is preserved, is not of much importance.

The ‘Corpus of Greek Inscriptions,’ vol. xix, 1097–1098 and 1098*a*, has apparently a list of writers of Attic comedies, probably inscribed in some public library. It may be a copy of Callimachus’ *πῶνα κατα χρόνους τῶν ἀπ’ ἀρχῆς γενομένων διδασκάλων* (see ‘Rheinisches Museum,’ lx, p. 425). Another inscription found at Tegea and printed in the ‘Bulletin Correspondance Hellénique’ for 1900 gives a list of Euripidean dramas; two of these, the “Achelous” and “Achilles,” are lost.

A paeon to Dionysius found in an inscription at Delphi and edited by M. Weil, ‘*Études de Littérature Grecque*,’ is said in the text to be by a poet Philodamos of Scarphia.

In the 'Journal of Hellenic Studies,' 1907, F. W. Hasluck edits an inscription found near Cyzicus. It is in two columns, amounting to thirty lines. Each of the lines contains an aphorism. The text is of the late epoch, but some of the aphorisms may be older.

In treating of the papyrus catalogue of Olympian victors allusion was made to the recovery of a further instalment of the inscription known as the 'Parian Chronicle.' This addition affords much historical information, and the chief new items should be given.

They are facts as to Ptolemy, of Nicoeon, of Cyprus; and Agathocles of Syracuse. Also literary events, such as the triumphs of the comic poets, Menander and Philemon, and the date of the death of an unknown poet, Sosiphanes (not the Alexandrian of that name), as 306 B.C. Some physical phenomena are recorded, such as the eclipse of 310 B.C., an earthquake in Ionia in 304, and the comet of 303 B.C.

The correct synchronism of these astronomical phenomena with concurrent historical events in this eventful period is of great importance. Thus this very portion of the 'Parian Chronicle' is astronomically ascertained to be a year in error as to the date it assigns to the battle of Arbela, because that is definitively decided by the lunar eclipse, which took place upon September 20th, B.C. 331, eleven days before the battle, while the inscription dates the Greek victory a year sooner.*

* For many of the most historically memorable inscriptions see C. Michel, 'Recueil d'Inscriptions Grecques pour servir à l'Étude de l'Histoire et des Institutions de la Grèce Ancienne.' Bruxelles: Lamertin, 1898.

Strange to say, the 'Oxyrhynchus Chronicle' puts Arbela a year too late. Arrian, however, gives the correct year by telling us it was the year of the Athens archonship of an Aristophanes, and we know from other sources that he was in office in B.C. 331. Thus were it necessary Arrian may be said to confirm the eclipse.

The newly suggested illustrations of classic literature by vase paintings and sculpture in some cases deserve notice.*

Thus Herr Winter has shown that the fourth "Pythian" of Pindar was probably influenced by the sculptures at Olympia. What the poet writes of Kyrene is connected with the female fronton figures, and the account of Jason with the labours of Hercules depicted in the Metopes.

In the 'Weiner Jahresschrift' for 1909, Hauser, in an article upon "Aristophanes and Ancient Vases," shows how they mutually illustrate each other.

Herr Sitte has written upon the newly found statue of a wounded Niobid and a verse of Euripides' "Hecuba," and also upon a vase in the British Museum, which depicts the "Hari Kari" of Polyxena, as described in the "Hecuba"; the twenty rather broken lines of a Greek tragedy, which are almost certainly from the "Niobe" of Sophocles.

The 213th 'Oxyrhynchus Papyrus' shows that the well-known Pompei fresco is a scene from this play. Many incidents in works still lost can be reconstructed from vase paintings, such as the murder

* See "Lessons from Greek Pottery," by John Homer Huddilston, for previously noted instances.

of Troilus by Achilles, told in the “Cypria,” which is frequently depicted upon vases, notably upon one at Philadelphia and another at Vienna.

Sophocles wrote a tragedy, “Triolus,” and some of the vase pictures are probably from its scenes, and not illustrating the “Cypria.”

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ENGLISH DOMESTIC DRAMA.

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[Read May 22nd, 1912.]

So large is my subject that it would be quite impossible to give even a summary account of domestic tragedy in a short paper. My references to some of the plays may be more or less detailed, but in the main I want to consider the essential characteristics of this type of drama and perhaps try to raise a few questions on the nature of tragedy at large, so that it may be the easier to assign this species to its true position in the genus.

If there is a difficulty in drawing up a concise definition which will express accurately the characteristics of domestic tragedy, it is no less difficult in many instances to decide whether or not a play should be included in the category. There are two distinct types of tragedy, of which domestic tragedy is one. The other and more usual kind is concerned with the lives of great persons—the ideal drama, let us call it, that deals only with the aspirations and sorrows of the eminent, often, if not usually, the historically eminent. Whether good or evil the characters are on a lofty scale—a scale loftier than is found in actual life. The object of tragedy, says the heroic dramatist, is to move with pity and

terror. Purge your characters of all human littleness, make them grandly virtuous or grandly wicked, and the catastrophe will thereby be the greater.

Because a tragedy is thus invested with a cloak of idealism it does not follow that the human element is the less true in essence. Iago is an ideal villain and Othello sublimely jealous, but Shakspeare has none the less laid bare in them the heart of humanity and shown us the elemental constitution of the soul of man. To say that a drama is idealistic means, not that the dramatist has failed to show us the internal truth of things, but that he has neglected to cloak this truth in the matter-of-fact vesture that it wears in daily life. It is similar to the method of the artist in marble or in pigments who prefers to clothe truth of human form and physical beauty in some ideal drapery that pertains to no time or fashion, rather than in the actual clothing of man or woman. He may be accused of untruth in detail—he is not realistic; but is he therefore less true to the essentials of his art? Yes, says the realist, and proceeds to carve or paint his figure in tweed suit or coat and skirt. Who can tell which is right? Surely both are. Though for one age the idealist will be righter and for another age the realist.

The ostensible subject of this paper is domestic drama, but in fact it is domestic tragedy. The nature of comedy is such that the dramatist wants ordinary men and women as material for his art. As George Meredith would have put it, comedy consists of a chase in which folly is the hare and ridicule the hound. For great virtue and even for

great vice it is necessary to look beyond the circle of common life, but folly is even at the door. The comic analogue of heroic tragedy is farce, in which is depicted, not the foolishness of human weakness as it really exists in life, but the pure folly of sublime fools, who are the heroic figures of ideal comedy.

Now just as there are few, if any, comedies that are altogether free of the idealistic tendency of farce, so there are comparatively few tragedies which are completely, or even to a large extent, realistic. If a tragedy is to appeal to an audience as really like life, the characters must be of the class that embraces ordinary men and women; the events, too, must be familiar events that do or might befall ordinary people. It is this kind of play that has been called domestic tragedy. The difficulty of deciding whether a play is domestic or not arises from the fact that the difference is one of degree as well as of kind. Dr. Johnson applied the term to the plays of Otway and Rowe; John Payne Collier applied it to still more realistic tragedies in the Shakspearean age, such as "*Arden of Feversham*" and "*A Warning for Fair Women*"; but a modern critic might reserve it for the more truly realistic tragedies of Sir Arthur Pinero and Mr. Masefield. For want of a more accurate term I shall use it to cover all these types.

From the nature, then, of domestic tragedy one would expect to find it realistic, though the realism may be of various degrees. A common means of obtaining recognition of the realism was to choose some subject that was true because it had actually

happened. This truth was often emphasised for the purpose of strengthening the imagination of even an Elizabethan audience by an appeal to the habitual human reliance upon historical fact. The very first extant domestic tragedy, "Arden of Feversham," a play of unknown authorship published in 1592, is definitely called "The true and lamentable tragedy of Mr. Arden of Feversham in Kent." In "A Warning for Fair Women," a play based on a well-known murder committed in 1573, Tragedy, in her concluding speech, says expressly, "that now of truth I sing." Ford, Dekker and Rowley called their "Witch of Edmonton" "a known true story."

In the eighteenth century R. Philips in his "Fatal Inconstancy," a domestic tragedy of little merit, says: "I confined myself to the truth . . . everything is represented according to the original, and reality of the story, which is not in the least fictitious, except in some part of the fifth act." George Lillo's "Fatal Curiosity," one of the best of the eighteenth century contributions to this type of drama, is expressly called "a true tragedy." And to mention one more, the anonymous "Fair Parricide" (1752) is called "a tragedy of three acts founded on a late melancholy event."

The true event usually chosen was some crime that had lately been before the public. These tragedies, like the broadsides and ballads of the day, served the purpose of giving the people what it always loves—a sensational story. Consequently, sufficiently lurid details of the original crime were introduced into the play to give the necessary

flavour demanded by the public; and these details made the piece appear the more realistic.

In tragedy the plot depends as a rule on the collision of human passions either with other human passions or with the conventions and laws of society. The dramatist who desires an awe-inspiring, terror-striking catastrophe will produce a situation that only death can resolve. The basis of the tragedy may rest on crime, as in "Hamlet," where the passion of revenge collides with the passion of ambition, and only the death of Hamlet and Claudius, with the death of Gertrude to satisfy morality, loosens the complication. It is, we are led by Shakspeare to believe, the filial duty of Hamlet to take life from the taker of life. Now in the real world such is not the convention, nor as a rule the actual practice. The convention is to delegate to the officers of the law the duty of punishing the murderer. In domestic tragedy, therefore, it is extremely common to find that the finale of a play is the dock, the gaol, or even the scaffold. What a realistic effect a modern manager might produce if he cared to pander to a sordid taste and let the curtain fall on a court scene—a scene familiar to frequenters of the Old Bailey—the judge still wearing the black cap, and the condemned man disappearing down to the cells. "The final act in the great drama" the halfpenny papers used to call it before criminal appeal was invented. But in former times the final act was carried to a more gruesome finish, and it was not the dock but the scaffold that was the scene on which the curtain fell.

In "Arden of Feversham" all the conspirators who have contributed to the murder of Arden are detected in their crime and hurried off at the Mayor's command to speedy execution. So also in "A Yorkshire Tragedy" and in "The Witch of Edmonton" the murderers are led away to death. Yarrington's "Two Tragedies in One"—an interesting but somewhat confused mosaic formed by alternate scenes from two distinct plots, with Homicide, Avarice and Truth as chorus—furnishes an example of a plot ending with a court scene, in which the guilty father and the son who sheltered him are condemned to death. Such is the end of the Italian story; but the English tragedy which is interwoven with it, has a still more sensational finish, for the actual execution of Merry, the murderer, seems to have been represented. In "A Warning for Fair Women" Captain Browne is the gay young Irish officer who falls in love with the beautiful wife of Mr. George Sanders. Mrs. Sanders reciprocates this love and Sanders is murdered. Browne's guilt is discovered, he is condemned and brought to execution. The scaffold was apparently on the stage, the noose was around his neck, and, according to a gruesome stage-direction, *He leaps off*. Even as late as the eighteenth century one finds Lillo's "The London Merchant" closing with a gallows scene, though there was no attempt to represent the actual execution. It must have ended with a wonderful scaffold tableau such as even nowadays is far, far the best way, if not the only way, to impress a certain type of audience.

Now what was it that made people turn from the

conventional ideal tragic method to write these realistic domestic dramas? The answer is easily found and obvious. There were, I believe, two reasons, and cogent reasons they would be. The first and ostensible reason was to warn people from evil by showing them dramatically the terrible consequences of sin. The second reason, never put forward but perhaps none the less a reason for all that was, as has already been said, to provide the public with what it likes best—a thoroughly sensational plot. Make the punishment evident enough, satisfy the demands of dramatic morality by rewarding distressed innocence and discomfiting the villain, and an English middle-class audience will accept with relish the most sordid story. One would be inclined to think this for no other reason than that in the large majority of cases the author of a domestic tragedy, particularly if it be somewhat appalling in its catastrophe, is at pains to urge the didactic purpose of the play. But perhaps such a judgment is unfair, for one knows well that nothing really is dearer to the heart of an English writer than to be able to enforce a moral. What is even the most modern fiction or drama but didactic? In England we know no art that exists only for its own sake. Even such an artist's artist as Shelley was struggling to hasten the advent of millennium; and with all his humour Mr. Shaw is a born preacher. It is said that the eighteenth was the century of didacticism, but it seems as if it would be outdone by the twentieth. Even the earliest writers of domestic tragedy are careful to insist on the moral value of their work, and to point out clearly the

ethical purpose. The very title of "A Warning for Fair Women" expresses a didactic aim, but the author does not consider that enough. The fatal certainty of punishment is one of the definite purposes of the play.

Then see I well, that be it near or further
That heaven will still take due revenge on murder.

And with his last words Browne, the murderer, repentant like all the villains, bids—

All careless men be warned by my end :
And, by my fall, your wicked lives amend.

It is curious that, although these dramatists are in many ways so boldly realistic, they should in many respects be so conventional. Evidently the audience would not have tolerated an unrepentant criminal, a Don Juan swallowed up sins and all; for it is the common practice to reconcile the victim with his fate, even to make him confess his guilt in cases where it would be awkward to have to prove it, and in quite a number of instances he departs with the sure hope of everlasting joys. In this very play, "A Warning for Fair Women," Mrs. Sanders, who is executed for complicity in the murder, addresses a long religious speech of repentance to the chaplain. Her last moments are spent in administering a moral disquisition to her children :

Oh, children, learn ; learn by your mother's fall,
To follow virtue, and beware of sin . . .
Behold, my children, I will not bequeath
Or gold or silver to you, you are left
Sufficiently provided in that point ;

But here I give to each of you a book
 Of holy meditations, Bradford's works,
 That virtuous chosen servant of the Lord.
 Therein you shall be richer than with gold;
 Safer than in fair buildings; happier
 Than all the pleasures of the world can make you.
 Sleep not without them, when you go to bed,
 And rise a mornings with them in your hands.
 So God send down his blessing on you all.
 Farewell, farewell, farewell, farewell, farewell!

"The Miseries of Enforced Marriage" likewise shows its purpose in its title. This purpose is further expressed by one of the characters:

Yet when thy tale has killed me,
 O give my passage comfort from this stage,
 Say all was done by enforced marriage:
 My grave will then be welcome.

The same point was emphasised in the eighteenth century by J. Armstrong's "Forced Marriage," a play "which was written," he says, "chiefly with a view to expose a most cruel and absurd piece of tyranny too common in life." In "Two Tragedies in One" Merry's sister, Rachel, who was guilty of concealing her brother's crime, is about to be executed. The author makes her utter a useful moral:

Let me be mirror to ensuing times,
 And teach all sisters how they do conceal,
 The wicked deeds of brethren, or of friends.

"A Woman Killed with Kindness" and "The Witch of Edmonton" would also provide instances were it worth while multiplying examples. If the early dramatists were didactic, the eighteenth century writers were doubly so. There is at least this to

be said for modern didacticism, that the writer will credit his audience with some powers of inference, whereas in the eighteenth century the moral was rammed home with dreadful care and conscientiousness. Lewis Theobald, the writer of one domestic tragedy, "The Perfidious Brother," would frankly have the stage converted into a pulpit. In the prologue it is said that the author—

Wishes he might once behold
The tragic scene be what it was of old.
When plays were wrote guilt's triumphs to control ;
And poets labour'd to improve the soul.
If then instruction was the stage's aim,
That lesson must be best, which most could claim :
In this, if aught, our author hopes he may
Assume some little merit from his play.

It would be too long a business to quote from the many eighteenth century domestic tragedies that are expressly didactic. But Lillo's plea on behalf of domestic tragedy on grounds chiefly didactic is too important to be omitted. Lillo is certainly the most considerable writer of domestic tragedy in the eighteenth century, if for no other reason than that he wrote three, whereas no one else, with the possible exceptions of Aaron Hill and an obscure poet called John Hewitt, wrote more than one. His word, therefore, demands attention. If Lillo's first and long-admired play, "The London Merchant," is still admired, it is despite its being a painfully moral drama. It is a warning to young men to beware of the temptations of the strange woman. George Barnwell, the honest and trusted apprentice of Thorowgood, falls into the hands of Millwood, a

woman who works on his sense of chivalry and tempts him to steal his master's money to save her from fictitious creditors. With seductive wiles she leads him on till he at length adds murder to theft, by killing his uncle whom he hopes to rob. He is arrested, and after heart-rending scenes of repentance and parting, he suffers the utmost penalty on the same scaffold as the impenitent Millwood. In his Dedication to Sir John Eyles, Lillo makes a strong appeal for didacticism in tragedy. To begin with, he affirms that the end of tragedy is "the exciting of the passions, in order to the correcting such of them as are criminal, either in their nature, or through their excess." This argument is then used in support of domestic tragedy. "What I would infer is this, I think, evident truth; that tragedy is so far from losing its dignity by being accommodated to the circumstances of the generality of mankind, that it is more truly august, in proportion to the extent of its influence, and the numbers that are properly affected by it If princes, etc., were alone liable to misfortunes arising from vice or weakness in themselves or others, there would be good reason for confining the characters in tragedy to those of superior rank; but since the contrary is evident, nothing can be more reasonable than to proportion the remedy to the disease." He appeals to Shakspeare for support of his theory, and cites the instance of the play by means of which Hamlet catches the conscience of the king. He quotes Hamlet's words :

I've heard that guilty creatures at a play
Have, by the very cunning of the scene,

Been so struck to the soul, that presently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions.

Shakspeare, he says, "seems so firmly persuaded of the power of a well-written piece to produce the effect here ascribed to it, as to make Hamlet venture his soul on the event, and rather trust that, than a messenger from the other world, though it assumed, as he expresses it, his *noble Father's form*, and assured him that it was his *spirit*. *I'll have*, says Hamlet, *grounds more relative* ;

the plays the thing,
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king."

Lillo is here voicing, after the lapse of more than a century, an idea quite common in Elizabethan and Jacobean times. In his *Apology for Actors*, (1612) Heywood pleaded on behalf of play-acting on precisely similar grounds, and cited two cases where guilty persons had betrayed their guilt on seeing the performance of a crime similar to theirs. In one case, at Lynn in Norfolk, a woman who had murdered her husband was condemned in her conscience by seeing "The History of Friar Francis" and confessed her crime. In a second instance, a woman at Amsterdam betrayed her guilt on seeing the representation of the last part of "The Four Sons of Aymon." The case of the woman of Lynn is also referred to in "A Warning for Fair Women," which has already been noted as one of the most strenuously didactic domestic dramas of the first period.

Be the reason what it may, the fact remains that realism is the salient feature of domestic tragedy.

I have already suggested that the writer of ideal tragedy usually chose characters greater than those of ordinary life in order to heighten the effect of the catastrophe. But mere convention was largely responsible. Tragedy was considered a very great form of art and its dignity had at all costs to be maintained. The dramatist could take no risks of contempt which might arise from a familiar subject, so he carefully chose scenes and subjects unreal enough to keep the critical at bay. We have seen how this was effected as regards the characters who were chosen from ranks sufficiently far removed from the class to which the audience belonged. But there were other methods which the tragic writer would employ to produce this glamour of idealism. Not even nobles or kings would have felt that they were familiar with the characters of the tragedy. These characters were great in more than rank; they were great in so far as they were purified of the dross of daily life—for even sovereigns and heroes have daily lives. A common method for heightening the idealism was to remove the scene of the action to distant times or places, though this difference must appeal more strongly to us nowadays than to spectators in days when stagecraft aimed but little at exactness of local colour. Nevertheless, it must detract from the realism of a play if the story is about people whom we know to have lived centuries ago and leagues away, especially if their names are foreign and unfamiliar. Even in plays that for no historic reason need thus have been removed in time and space, it was a common practice to situate a tragedy in Italy, and in many cases to give fan-

tastic, foreignish names to characters otherwise supposed to be English.

In the early domestic tragedies, however, this convention was usually ignored. Indeed we might well refuse to call a tragedy domestic in the strict sense, unless the story and characters were English. "The Changeling" of Middleton and Rowley is one of these borderland plays: it is really domestic in plot, but as in "Othello," the characters are to some extent heroic or at least ideal, and the scene and persons are Spanish. Apart from "The Changeling" there are seven plays in the early period of domestic tragedy. But for "The Witch of Edmonton," which was probably written in the third decade of the seventeenth century, these tragedies belong to the twenty years between 1590 and 1610. All these seven plays are concerned with English stories—crime stories as we have seen—with the exception of the Italian half of Yarrington's "Two Tragedies in One."

In the second period, which comprises about a century from, say, 1680, it was the exception to deal with English subjects. The fact is that the majority of plays that might be called domestic are really not domestic tragedies in the strict sense. They are domestic in theme, but the manner is so little realistic and the setting often so unfamiliar, that they can really only be included in the half-way group of semi-domestic tragedies. Such tragedies as Otway's "The Orphan," Rowe's "Fair Penitent," Southern's "Fatal Marriage," or Centlivre's "The Perjured Husband"—the four late seventeenth century domestic dramas—all belong to this type.

Such a play as "The Orphan" shows very clearly the difference between the two manners of treatment. Nothing could be more truly domestic than the subject, but the language is high-flown and bombastic, the story is conducted in the manner of the conventional drama, with action that is denuded of any circumstances or events that would tend to particularise the characters. The place is not specified, but the names of the persons are Italian. In both Rowe's "Fair Penitent" and Centlivre's "The Perjured Husband" there are a few references that show that Italy is the scene of the stories, whilst "The Fatal Marriage" takes place at Brussels. But this really means nothing. The truth is that the dramatist wishes to draw characters on universal lines, if one may so say; he wants to strip them of any national, local or even personal idiosyncrasies. Consequently he chooses foreign scenes and foreign names that he may do this the more easily. If a play is ostensibly English there is more necessity for making the characters recognisable in detail as well as in essence; but if this obligation is removed he will be free to treat his play in as idealistic a manner as he pleases. Therefore one must not expect to find Italian local colour in a play in which the scene and names are nominally Italian: to treat his work realistically would defeat the whole object.

There are, however, examples even in the conventional eighteenth century of realism triumphing so far as to produce a play in which the action is purely and truly English. Lillo's three plays and Moore's "The Gamester" are the most important

realistic English tragedies ; but "Fatal Inconstancy" (1701) by R. Philips, Mitchell's "Fatal Extravagance" (1720), Thomas Cooke's "Mournful Nuptials" (1739), "The Fair Parricide" (1752), an anonymous play, G. E. Howard's "The Female Gamester" (1778), and Cumberland's "Mysterious Husband" (1783) are all in greater or less degree supposed to be English in scene and, in some cases, in characterisation. "The London Merchant" which, as we saw, deals with true facts, was based on the ballad of "George Barnwell" ; and there is express reference made in the play to Elizabethan affairs, so that one is able to realise the period of the story. In Lillo's "Fatal Curiosity," which was written on the facts of a Jacobean story, the plot is drawn from Falkland's 'Annals,' a late seventeenth century folio in which the story, as published in 1612 in a pamphlet, was preserved. There is quite as much local colour introduced into this tragedy as into "The London Merchant," and there is little difficulty, even from reading the play, in feeling something of the atmosphere of the Cornish fishing-village where the actual events took place. His third play, "Arden of Feversham," was borrowed frankly from the older play of the same name.

It is the older plays that are particularly rich in local colour. In several there is a very marked country atmosphere enveloping the whole play. They have the free expansiveness of English rural life. In "The Witch of Edmonton" the country-folk bring with them the breath of the meadows and the music of the streams ; in "A Woman Killed with Kindness" there is a picture of English country

sports in the hawking match, and a feeling of the open air invests the whole play. So, too, in "Arden of Feversham" and "A Yorkshire Tragedy" one is carried unmistakably into the circumstances of English rural life. It is not always the life of the country, however, that is the subject of realistic treatment. In "Two Tragedies in One," in "A Warning for Fair Women," and in Lillo's "The London Merchant" the life of the city is depicted with vividness and accuracy of detail. But in the bulk of the eighteenth century domestic dramas, although sometimes the scene is specified, there is none of that feeling of illusion. One knows in abstract, because one has been told, that the action is going on in this or in that place, but our senses receive no impression and we believe only by a mental effort.

Realism was not confined to description of place. Often, alas, the telling details in the early plays were more or less sordid. In the English part of "Two Tragedies in One" there is a revolting description of the dismembering of his victim by Merry, the murderer. The gaming scene in "Arden," in which Mr. Arden is trapped by the conspirators and presently attacked and murdered, is somewhat less gruesome, though sufficiently terrible. Another gaming scene in "A Woman Killed with Kindness" is an example of careful realism; "A Warning for Fair Women" shows similar tendencies; but of all scenes I know none more striking in its attention to detail than the wonderfully realistic bedroom scene in "The Witch of Edmonton." Frank Thorney has murdered Susan, to whom he had unwillingly bound himself. Having wounded himself slightly

for appearances, in the manner of Falstaff and his paladins, he is in bed, and Kathleen, the sister of Susan, nurses him. The whole scene is worked up, not elaborately, but with telling touches of realism. Finally, she brings him some chicken to eat and he produces his knife to carve. Instantly her quick eye notices the blood-stains on it; she guesses the truth and thus all is brought to light.

A frequent mode of increasing the realism was to introduce children into the tragedy, or to point out through the speakers how the children of the guilty parent would be involved in the catastrophe. This device served another purpose at the same time, for it helped also to heighten the intensity of the remorse and consequently the punishment of the guilty. It is a striking enough lesson to see George Barnwell on the scaffold crushed with remorse and shame, but how much more terrible is it to see Beverley, in Moore's "The Gamester," in the agonies of remorse that are made doubly poignant by the knowledge that in his ruin are engulfed his innocent wife and children. I have already referred to the parting between Mrs. Sanders and her children in "A Warning for Fair Women." Innocent children likewise share the sorrow of their ill-used mother in "The Miseries of Enforced Marriage." In "A Woman Killed with Kindness" children are actually introduced on to the stage and the wronged but un-revengeful Frankford shows them to his wife:

. . . these infants, these young, harmless souls,
On whose white brows thy shame is character'd
And grows in greatness as they wax in years . . .
Look but on them, and melt away in tears!

But the most ghastly introduction of children is in "A Yorkshire Tragedy," with which may be compared "Fatal Extravagance," an eighteenth century play by Joseph Mitchell and Aaron Hill, which in plot is based on the same theme. The husband in "A Yorkshire Tragedy" is an inveterate gambler. Apparently not a bad man, except for this one terrible weakness, he is transformed by his ruin into an unrestrained monster. With the fury of a brute he decides to extirpate the shame he has incurred, by murdering his whole family. He almost kills his wife, actually butchers his eldest child, tears the second from its nurse and kills it, and is setting out to find the youngest to tear it from the breast and murder it too, when his horse breaks down and he is overtaken and apprehended. Browning employed the same device when he introduced Strafford's children with great dramatic effect into the scene of parting before the execution. But perhaps no one has made such skilful use of children on the stage as M. Maeterlinck in his beautiful little play, "L'Intérieur."

On the whole it may be safely affirmed that the domestic dramas of the first period are more realistic than the bulk of those of the eighteenth century. And Lillo is realistic because he follows the manner of the older writers. But there is one feature in which the eighteenth century showed stricter realism than the earlier period—that some of the plays were written in prose. Even in the earliest dramas there was often an admixture of prose to the blank verse, especially in the parts that were comic. In Southern's "Fatal Marriage,"

Philips's "Fatal Inconstancy" (1701), an anonymous play called "The Rival Brothers" (1704), there is a similar use of both prose and verse, but Lillo in "The London Merchant" confined himself to what was ostensibly prose. I say ostensibly, because, as a matter of fact, his prose is so impassioned and lofty in diction that it frequently breaks into blank verse. In the preface to "The Mournful Nuptials" (1739) Thomas Cooke defends this use of prose rising at times into verse. "I resolved," he says, "not to confine myself to either verse or prose; nor is there a verse in it that did not come with the same ease with any of the prose; and I am convinced that whoever writes in *English* on a subject where there is a necessity of passion and images of fancy he will involuntarily write a great part of his work in verse." Moore, in "The Gamester," avoided blank verse with even greater success than Lillo. His style is distinctly good, and except for some rare passages of misplaced loftiness, he has succeeded, as no other eighteenth century writer of this type of drama has succeeded, in producing a thoroughly good play in dignified but not too elevated prose. Cumberland in his "Mysterious Husband" (1783) employed prose with success, despite a tendency similar to Lillo's of slipping from pompous diction into verse. Robert Porrett's "Clarissa" (1788), a worthless play based on the novel of Richardson, is likewise written in prose.

Now that the matter is practically settled and, for this age at least, prose has been adopted as the common medium of domestic tragedy, it is interesting

to note that such a lover of realistic language as Wordsworth should have hesitated on this point. It is not surprising, perhaps, that when consulted by an author who was contemplating a prose tragedy, Dr. Johnson declared that he scarcely thought a tragedy in prose dramatic; that it is difficult for performers to speak it; that the lowest when impassioned raise their language. "I think," says Dibdin, who quotes the passage, "he had better have said their voices, for as to the language I believe upon such occasions it is lowered even to blackguardism." Furthermore, Johnson believed that the writing of prose is generally the plea or excuse of poverty of genius. But it is surprising to find Wordsworth, although for another reason, expressing a similar view. He thought that verse was necessary to render supportable the otherwise too great pathos of a realistic tragedy, and appeals to "the Reader's own experience of the reluctance with which he comes to the reperusal of the distressful parts of 'Clarissa Harlowe' or 'The Gamester,' while Shakspeare's writings, in the most pathetic scenes, never act upon us, as pathetic, beyond the bounds of pleasure." Without denying the truth that verse does reduce the poignancy of very pathetic parts, one would feel that this objection is to be regarded in the light of Wordsworth's own excessive sensibility.

From all that I have cited from the various plays, it should be clear that if any single feature is eminently characteristic of domestic tragedy it is realism. There were two periods of domestic tragedy—what may be called the first and second

periods ; but there is the third and perhaps greatest, of which we now are witnessing the growth. If the first two periods displayed a tendency towards realism, the third or modern period has made this feature an essential. Yet after all, it is but a question of degree. The drama, or indeed art of any sort, may become more and more realistic ; it may become more and more illusive as an exact copy of life ; but art it will always remain, and a copy is but a copy. Many have asserted, but none have proved, that realistic art is best ; and still more act as if it were their opinion.

The modern writer of tragedy is like the writers of tragedy in general in the main structure of his play. He admits that the tragedy shall consist of certain events all tending and tending only towards the catastrophe. Such a conception to begin with is grossly unreal. In actual life catastrophes are rare events ; but grant that they do occasionally happen. One cannot grant, however, that the preceding events ; in the lives of the participators tend only in the direction of the climax. People who in life play the parts of actors in an actual tragedy, must necessarily do and say much that is irrelevant to the catastrophe. The Russian dramatist, Anton Tchekhof, has tried to rectify this common breach of realism by introducing talk and even persons that are almost irrelevant, and he has consequently succeeded in producing a wonderfully convincing realism, though to an English audience the Russian setting and characters would naturally give an air of strangeness. The risk that a writer runs by employing such a device is that, unless he is

extremely sensitive, he may commit the one unpardonable offence in any art—the sin of being dull. Telckhof seems to have known by intuition or practice the exact limit of irrelevancy that he might touch without thus sinning.

I do not presume to say that this rigid adherence to relevancy is necessary or unnecessary. But the fact remains that scarcely any convention of the art has contributed more to dramatic unrealism. Yet it is but one of a host of difficulties, many of them unavoidable and insuperable, arising from the essence of stage-playing. One difficulty, quite as common as that of the necessity of unified action and avoidance of irrelevancy, is the obligation felt by most dramatists to explain to the audience the situation of affairs at the point where the drama begins. The unskilful artist will make one person of the play tell another (for the benefit of us who are looking on) a long story that is neither interesting nor perhaps new to his hearer. The cunninger workman will introduce the convenient messenger who can relate events that even the persons of the play will be glad to learn. The still more accomplished playwright works out a scene where the situation is self-explained by the play of character on character. Thus in “*Much Ado*” Shakspeare with consummate skill shows in a short conversation the exact relations between Beatrice and Benedick. But on the whole this method of self-revelation of the situation is not the usual method with dramatists. If one were suddenly to be introduced invisible into a drawing-room full of people who were participating, perhaps unconsciously, in some drama of life.

and were to hear the conversation that went forward, would we, as a matter of fact, understand the situation, or even comprehend the drift of the talk? We certainly should not expect anyone to turn without any reason and make an elucidating speech to his neighbour, so that the unheeded and unsuspected spectator might be enlightened. Tchekhof is not altogether unmindful of this danger, and in some of his scenes he introduced somewhat baffling dialogues; but for extraordinary realism in this respect I know nothing more weirdly true than the bewildering ignorance in which Mr. Granville Barker leaves the spectator during the earlier scenes of "Waste."

Such refinements of realism were quite unknown to writers of realistic tragedy in former days, but there is still one important and perhaps essential point which shows clearly the change in ideas as to the principles of tragedy. The principle of the common type of tragedy was, as we noted, the presentment of some great event or events in a great life, of such a kind that the spectator would be filled with awe if not terror. It seems difficult to get away from the necessity for the inspiration at least of awe in the onlooker, but there may be other ways of producing this than by introducing great events into great lives. Domestic tragedy in the first and second periods differs from this type of drama in that it represents, not great, but ordinary characters; but it still retains the great events which were considered necessary for producing the terror. But in the newest type of domestic tragedy not even the great events are necessary: a catastrophe results from the conflux of circumstances that in them-

selves are nothing more nor less than the ordinary circumstances of life. A poor orphan stigmatised by the fact that her father was hanged is unfortunate enough to have an ill-tempered, jealous aunt. Petty animosity develops into persecution ; a trifling circumstance alienates her only friend, her uncle. Life becomes a hell for the wretched girl ; passions are aroused in her and her persecutors ; driven to desperation by a brutal lack of sympathy she drowns herself ; and one has Mr. Masefield's "Tragedy of Nan." To a less extent one sees the same thing in his "Campden Wonder," or again in Mr. Galsworthy's "Strife." Except for an adroit employment of coincidence there is a similar sequence of ordinary events in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," and in another of Sir Arthur Pinero's plays, "Mid-Channel."

I should do wrong, however, in passing over one eighteenth century play, to which I have made passing reference, "The Mysterious Husband" of Richard Cumberland. This domestic tragedy is really of the same kind as the modern plays that are dependent on the ordinary events of everyday life for the elements of tragedy. It is not possible to give any detailed account of this play, interesting as it is from an historical point of view. As a play it is by no means devoid of merit, and the interest is increased by its strange resemblance to "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." Perhaps resemblance is too strong a term, but certainly there is a distinct analogy between the plots. Suffice it to notice that even as early as 1783 one finds this tendency to make tragedy out of the stuff of common life, and not, as

did the bulk of the earlier writers of domestic tragedy, find some striking incident, such as a crime, on which to build a plot.

What was largely responsible for this habit of treating only of great events, such as crimes, was a misconception of life. Many dramatists painted one section of the characters as paragons and were consequently obliged to introduce some agent of the wicked one to plunge the whole company in ruin. Thus grew up the dramatic villain, who has now brought himself to a ludicrous end through hypertrophy in nineteenth century melodrama. The object of exhibiting a terribly striking picture of punished guilt was defeated by the obvious idealisation of villainy. Men and women are rarely paragons or villains; the generality are creatures partly good, but very weak and failing. The tragedies of life result far less from the machinations of professional villains than from the weaknesses of men and women such as we know them, feeble creatures with whom evil is ever present even when they most would do good. Writers of great tragedy know this. "Hamlet" is not tragic because Claudius was a murderer, but because the prince was weak. The failure to understand this elementary truth of human nature is one of the commonest and worst faults amongst the early writers of domestic drama, though the greatest were sufficiently perspicuous to avoid such an error.

Now it is the result of this reducing of the events of the play to the same level as the ordinary characters that makes modern tragedy so much more realistic than early domestic tragedy. Certainly there are other causes. There is the mere fact that

the dialogue is modern and consequently more like what we hear in our own lives; and every modern domestic tragedy, moreover, is in prose.

All these are causes which play an important part in producing a realistic effect, but there is still one more that is of prime importance. In life the persons who act a part in a real tragedy are not as a rule conscious of the catastrophe that approaches. They laugh and live a life of nonchalance maybe, whilst fate is weaving the web. In other words, life is not in fact consistently sad any more than it is consistently gay. Many of the older writers of domestic dramas, who were not bound by any strict notions of the dignity of tragedy, employed the common means of expressing this idea by a mixture of tragic and comic scenes. This method has been discussed with keenness for several hundred years without agreement amongst the critics. Shakspeare and his contemporaries may have admitted lighter scenes into the tragedies merely because they were constrained by the public desire for a little laughter; or they may have thought that unalleviated tragedy would produce too keen a pathos; or still again they may have been trying to represent the undoubted fact of life that tragedy in reality is never unalloyed. In no early domestic drama is there a truer blending of tragedy with the joy of life and living than in "The Witch of Edmon-ton" and "A Woman Killed with Kindness." The terrible stress of tragic events goes forward unheeded by and not affecting the lives of the country-folk and neighbours. The world goes on as usual, and with its ironical cheerfulness heightens the

terrible plot that is enmeshing the main figures. At the end of the seventeenth century when such writers as Otway and Rowe were definitely setting themselves to copy the Shakspearean manner, dramatists deserted the more classic models of Dryden and began to reintroduce comic relief into tragedy. In "The Orphan," in "The Fatal Marriage," in Centlivre's "The Perjured Husband," the tragic scenes are interspersed with the grossest farce, or as Dr. Johnson called them, "despicable scenes of vile comedy."

In the eighteenth century the idea of the dignity of tragedy was at its highest, and though the domestic dramatists were heretical enough to treat of familiar themes, they did not as a rule sin to the extent of introducing a comic element. In R. Philips's "Fatal Inconstancy," of which mention has already been made—a worthless play published in 1701—there is a fantastical coxcomb called Styium, who amuses by his self-satisfied malapropisms; and in Cumberland's "Mysterious Husband" the garrulous old Sir Edmund Travers supplies a fund of humour which is quite modern both in treatment and effect. But I know of no other instance in the domestic tragedy of the eighteenth century. Coming to the modern domestic drama one sees careful management of a comic element. The method of the older dramatists was, almost always, to confine the humorous element to separate scenes and usually to a special set of characters. The innovation of modern writers is to blend the humorous and the tragic in the way that they are really blended in life. It is unusual to set apart scenes

for the comic element, but the old plan of having certain humorous characters is frequent. After all, is not that true in point of fact? Humour at the best of times is not the happy gift of many, and to maintain during times of stress and anguish that kindly cheerfulness on which humour depends, is still rarer. In Sir Arthur Pinero's "Mid-Channel" it is Peter Mottram, the sympathetic but *ex parte* humorist, who is chiefly responsible for the grim gaiety of the play. Often the cleverness of dialogue, witty and even humorous, can raise a refined laugh. At other times that humour which lies as near to tragedy as laughter does to tears, forces its way through and makes us see the ridiculous in what is really pathetic. Few plays show this tragic humour as markedly as Mr. Galsworthy's "Strife." How absolutely laughable is the selfishness of the director, Wilder, who positively will not be able to get off to Spain next day with his wife unless the strike is quickly settled—grimly ludicrous in the face of the tragic obstinacy of Roberts, the men's leader, whom not even starvation and a dying wife can move.

Wilder: It's a deadlock then. [*Letting his hands drop with a sort of despair.*] Now I shall never get off to Spain!

Hanklin [*Retaining a trace of irony*]: You hear the consequences of your victory, Chairman?

Wilder [*With a burst of feeling*]: My wife's ill!

Scantlebury: Dear, dear! You don't say so!

Wilder: If I don't get her out of this cold, I won't answer for the consequences.

[*Through double-doors Edgar comes in looking very grave.*]

Edgar [*To his father*]: Have you heard this, sir? Mrs. Roberts is dead!

[*Everyone stares at him as if trying to gauge the importance of this news.*]

Enid saw her this afternoon, she had no coals, or food, or anything. It's enough.

And then after the terrible battle of obstinacy between Anthony and Roberts, after the fighters have plunged others and have been plunged themselves into bitter sorrow, they are thrown over by their supporters who make their own terms. What has this loss of life and money availed? Harness, the impassive and cynical trades-union official, and Tench, the Secretary, tell us:

Harness: A woman dead; and the two best men both broken!

Tench [*Staring at Harness—suddenly excited*]: D'you know, Sir—these terms, they're the *very same* we drew up together, you and I, and put to both sides before the fight began? All this—all this—and—and what for?

Harness [*In a slow grim voice*]: That's where the fun comes in!

One is reminded of the half-gruesome but more ludicrous finish of "Don Juan," in which Molière makes the earth open, belch forth flame and engulf Don Juan in the bottomless pit; and then, with startling humour, he sends Sganarelle rushing frantically across the stage shrieking "Mes gages, mes gages, mes gages!"

Such realism is a new element in drama; the older tragedies show no such horrible truth. Yet the bulk of modern dramatists, as we have already seen, still cling to the general framework of the older plays, and retain the convention of relevant movement towards a climax. In this play of Mr.

Galsworthy's there is a tendency towards a newer idea—the idea that it is not necessarily the obvious crises of life that are most essentially tragic. As M. Maeterlinck says : “ There is a tragic element in the life of every day that is far more real, far more penetrating, far more akin to the true self that is in us than the tragedy that lies in great adventure.” “ Is it,” he proceeds to ask, “ beyond the mark to say that the true tragic element, normal, deep-rooted and universal, that the true tragic element of life only begins at the moment when so-called adventures, sorrows, and dangers have disappeared ? ” It may be terrible to see a blindly jealous Othello massacre his innocent wife ; but is not his suicide a relief ? A far more tragic ending would be for him to survive long enough to feel the continual bitterness of a quiet remorseful life. In everyday life is it the death-bed that presents the tragic spectacle, or the long days of anguish which succeed for the widow left behind ? This tragedy of silence—the soul-stirring silence of M. Maeterlinck—is certainly truer to life, and is perhaps more deeply pathetic. The very fierceness of passion or emotion is often an anodyne to grief ; but this tragedy of silence knows no such relief. In the climax of a great tragedy where does the pathos really lie ? Surely not in the catastrophe itself, which, so to speak, has purged itself, but in the thoughts of us who must bear the sorrow as our own soul-burden. It is this soul-burden that some modern dramatists attempt to put into the play itself—this tragedy of silence. If I were to give one example of what I mean by this I should go to Mr. Synge's “ Deirdre of the Sorrows.” The play has a climax,

but no climax is so stirringly tragic as the scene where Naisi, the husband of Deirdre, is talking with Fergus who has come to visit them in their exile in Scotland. Deirdre, unseen, overhears the conversation :

Naisi [*very thoughtfully*] : I'll not tell you a lie. There have been days a while past when I've been throwing a line for salmon or watching for the run of hares, that I've a dread upon me a day'd come I'd weary of her voice (*very slowly*) and Deirdre'd see I'd wearied.

There are dramatists who are beginning to wonder as to the possibility of dispensing with even a climax ; they write instead tragic episodes from life. if it is allowable to use the word tragic when the climax is gone. In "Strife" there is really no climax, and in Tchekhof's "The Cherry Orchard," although there may be a great underlying significance, the finale is ostensibly nothing more than the closing scene of one episode in a family's history. The crucial question is whether a tragedy can interest unless it has the unifying influence of a climax which is, so to speak, the focus of all the events and actions of the play. Will people be interested in irrelevant realism ? It would seem that to a certain extent they will ; but the dramatist who employs such a method is on thin ice. It is one of those points of speculation that must be put to the test to be proved.

I have wandered somewhat far afield from the question of domestic tragedy, but it has been to see if possible in what relation domestic tragedy stands to tragedy as a whole. And as a result of this

digression it may be said that although tragedy is still written with the design of affecting the emotions and inspiring awe by means of a crisis, this crisis is perhaps not essential ; and certainly it is not essential to frame a play on the great events of great lives. Such is the doctrine proved, at least for this age, by the success of modern tragedy. Modern things are often wrongly looked on as new things, and it would be particularly unjust in this case to ignore the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth century domestic tragedies which differ more in degree than in kind from the most successful tragedies of to-day.

NICHOLAS AMHURST, 1697-1743.

BY C. E. WADE, M.A., F.R.S.L.

[Read February 28th, 1912.]

THE writer of whom I am about to speak was a journalist of the first half of the eighteenth century. The lapse of time has submerged him and his political work so thoroughly that only to few is he even a name, and he is remembered by them less for his skilful editorship of the most powerful political journal of his day than for the bitter onslaught he made, when a mere lad, upon the University of Oxford.

“A Scholar in Grub Street” he called himself, and the description is not inapt, for though he rose to no height in scholarship nor fell to the lowest depths of Grub Street, he had affinities for both which might in other circumstances have made him greater or left him less.

Nicholas Amhurst was born in 1697 at Marden in Kent. His father was a grazier of Maidstone, and it was through the influence of his grandfather, a clergyman,* that he was admitted in 1707, on February 23rd, to the Petty Form in Merchant Taylors’ School at the age of nine years.

The School was then in Suffolk Lane, in the Parish of St. Lawrence Poultney, by the Manor of

* George Amhurst was vicar of Marden 1662-1707.

the Rose, and it contained 326 boys in the year of Amhurst's admission. He passed through every form with consistent regularity, and reached the Sixth in March, 1712, at the age of fourteen years and four months. Here he remained four years, and was then elected, on June 11th, 1716, to a Founder's Scholarship at St. John's College, Oxford. If he were of good conduct and remained unmarried the Scholarship would in due course lead him to a Fellowship for life. Latin and English compositions written by Amhurst when at school are still extant in the manuscript collection contained there, amongst them an ode of congratulation to King George I on his accession.

What was the atmosphere, and what the traditions which in this school surrounded Amhurst for nine impressionable years ?

The traditions of Merchant Taylors' had, except for the brief period of the Puritan domination of England, always been those of Church and King. Its co-founder, Sir Thomas White, was Lord Mayor of London in the year of Queen Mary's accession, and to him fell the task of committing to the Tower Northumberland the arch villain, his poor victim and dupe Lady Jane Gray, and many another. In the days of the Civil War its Head-master, William Dugard, had issued Royalist tracts from his private printing press, and this practice led him into a quarrel with his friend Milton, which forms one of the least creditable episodes in the life of the great Puritan poet. The politics of Parsell, who was Amhurst's Head-master, are not known, but the Under-master, Criche, who taught Amhurst, and

himself succeeded Parsell in the Head-mastership, was a Non-Juror.*

More notable than the masters was a boy who was a member of the Sixth Form when Amhurst entered the school. The example of this boy's short life cannot fail to have exercised a profound influence on every member of the school, and a short account of him is needful here. His name was Ambrose Bonwicke, and he had entered the school five years before Amhurst. He was the son of a former Head-master who had been removed because he refused to take the oath of allegiance to William and Mary. The younger Bonwicke shared to the full the scruples which had cost his father so dear. The words that follow are from the pen of the elder Bonwicke, and were written after the death of his son.

“’Tis the custom of that school for the head scholars in their turns to read the prayers there; and among other prayers for the morning the first collect for the King at the Communion service of our Liturgy is appointed to be read. This our conscientious lad stuck at, it being indeed one of the most improper prayers in the whole Liturgy to be used for a Governor whom he thought was not so *de iure* as well as *de facto*. On this account he was frequently attacked by most of his friends in London, who endeavoured not only to convince him with arguments, but to affright him with the consequences of his not complying.” These consequences did in effect befall young Bonwicke. When the day of election arrived the Master of the Merchant Taylors’ Company addressed him thus: “Mr.

* H. B. Wilson, ‘History of Merchant Taylors’ School,’ 1814.

Bonwicke, the President and gentlemen who have examined you as a candidate for this election declare that you have performed your duty very well, and are in every way capable of being elected. But the Company, who are electors, have received information that you have not read the prayers of the school, whether enjoined by the Statutes or your Master I can't tell. The Company therefore desire to know of you the reason why you did not read them. You may make what excuse you please; I do not put anything to you to say, but only the reason why you did not read them." The young Non-Juror was firm, "Sir, I could not do it," he replied, upon which the Master and several other persons there present said it was very honestly said, a very honest answer, the best answer he could give, and one that he was sorry for him. He was passed over and another boy elected. Nicholas Amhurst was in the Fourth Form when his schoolfellow made this good confession of faith which cost him a Scholarship at once and a Fellowship for life. Bonwicke proceeded to St. John's College, Cambridge, where he died in May, 1714, in the 23rd year of his age, apparently of that consumption which so frequently accompanies early religious exaltation. The life of this boy, entitled 'A Pattern for Young Students in the University,' appeared in 1729. It was anonymous, but it is known to have been the work of his father. It was edited by Dr. J. E. B. Mayor, and published in 1870. He dedicated it to his colleagues 'This-view of the Non-Juror's home as it appeared on the Eve of the last Cambridge Persecution.'

The account which it gives of young Bonwicke's religious exercises, of his reading, and of his life at Cambridge, make it a valuable historical document, and suggests that this youthful Non-Juror of St. John's College, Cambridge, anticipated in many ways the "method" which John Wesley practised at Lincoln College, Oxford, only seven years after Bonwicke's death.

It is also not a little singular that it should fall to the lot of these two school-fellows to illustrate for posterity the life of the two Universities in the early part of the eighteenth century, and to show that the teaching of the Anglican Church was a vivifying and elevating influence in a great public school even at the time when the Deism of Toland and of Hoadley was undermining the very foundations of the Christian faith.

But we must return from the young Confessor Bonwicke and from Cambridge to accompany to Oxford Amhurst, a boy of far different character. He thus describes himself at this period: "I came to your College a raw, ignorant schoolboy and foolishly thought mankind in earnest in what they professed. . . . I often remember how scrupulous I was in the most common concerns of life, with what awful dread I took an oath and with what tremendous veneration I received the Sacrament." Amhurst is a witness who needs corroboration, especially when he is speaking of himself, but it is a noteworthy fact that in all his frenzies of hatred against Tory, Jacobite, Non-Juror and Oxford he never has an ill word for his old School; Jacobitical and Ecclesiastical as its traditions were,

the influences which had moulded the short life of the saintly Bonwicke had touched even the hard, vulgar temperament of Nicholas Amhurst.

What was the Oxford of 1716 to which Amhurst now proceeded?

It was the Jacobite capital of England.

Such is the description given to it by a brilliant Whig historian, who detested it and all its works, and who derived much of his material from Amhurst's writings.

Oxford had indeed proved herself the home of impossible loyalties. She had forgotten James II and the exiled fellows of Magdalen, she had forgotten the days when "old Obadiah" sang 'Ave Maria' in the chapel of University College. She forgot the son and remembered only the father, the forlorn King who left his stubborn capital to seek another within her ancient walls, upon whom she had lavished her treasure and her blood, that "White King," who in Bodley's Library had tried the Virgilian oracle and had lighted on the fatal lines that told his fate.

Whigs were few and far between in Oxford at the beginning of the eighteenth century. Addison, it is true, was a Fellow of Magdalen, but Providence, which plants in the same ditch the nettle and the dock, had bestowed a like distinction on Dr. Sacheverell. There was, Amhurst tells us, a little nest of them in Merton and Oriel; New College and Christ Church were not free from suspicion. For the rest they were sparse and weak, and in general, well in hand. The accession of their German King in 1714 brought encouragement even to Oxford

Whigs, and seeking the strength which comes from union they founded an association which they called the Constitutional Club. They were not unaware of the danger likely to arise from the undisciplined ardour of undergraduates, so they made a rule that their members should be "not below the Bachelor's degree."

This club was the beginning of woe to Oxford.

On May 28th, 1715, occurred the first birthday of George I since he had accepted his humble regal position, and the Constitutional Club held a meeting to celebrate it in the King's Head tavern. There is no suggestion that on this occasion either calf's head or decapitated lark was to form part of the banquet—a delicate symbolism which the Whigs did not think it necessary to confine to January 30th alone. None the less the Tories were enraged, they rose in all their might of numbers, raided the meeting and drove forth the Constitutionals. Next day was the anniversary of Royal Oak; the Tories accepted the omen and attacked Oriel College. The breach of the peace was serious, and notice of it was taken not only by the Heads of Houses, but also by the Grand Jury of the County. From neither authority had the rioters anything to fear. The Grand Jury arrived at the conclusion that the Constitutional Club was entirely responsible. It consisted, they declared, of "a set of factious men, who, shrouding themselves under the specious name of the Constitutional Club, were enemies to monarchy and to all good government, and had been the authors of all tumults and disorders that had happened in the City or County of Oxford."

The displeasure of the Government at this remarkable finding was duly conveyed to Oxford, and the authorities were so much impressed that they put down with a firm hand all attempts at rejoicing on June 10th, which was the birthday of the Pretender. All might now have been well had not another of these troublesome anniversaries occurred. This was the birthday of the Prince of Wales, afterwards George II. He was now thirty-four years old and on the worst possible terms with his father, whom he had accompanied to England on his accession. Not a mouse stirred to commemorate the birthday of this uninteresting German Prince.

It so fell out that there was then a regiment in Oxford, ostensibly for recruiting, more probably as a measure of precaution. In a rare fume the Major of this regiment sought the Mayor of Oxford. "Why," he demanded, indignantly, "has nothing been arranged?" The Mayor pleaded ignorance; no one knew it was the Prince's birthday. Indeed, a loyalty that could wind itself round George Augustus in little more than a year must have had the vitality of Jonah's gourd.

The reason given did not satisfy the Major. He ordered out his regiment and organised an immediate celebration of the auspicious day with military honours. The news spread, a crowd gathered, jeers were flung at the soldiers, then mud, then stones. At this the soldiers fired. This time Oxford had gone too far. Town had done it, it is true, and not Gown, but it was good enough for the Government. Indeed, they could scarcely afford to be lenient. They knew that Mars' rising in Scotland was now

certain, but they did not know what were its ramifications in England. But they did know well enough that if they struck Oxford they would strike in the right place. Accordingly another Major entered the city; he was appropriately named Pepper and he brought with him a regiment of business-like dragoons. Pepper proclaimed martial law, and bluntly told the University that if any undergraduate were found outside the bounds of his College he would be straightway shot. But those of the junior members of the University who had felt yearnings for a soldier's grave had already made their way to the Jacobite leader in Scotland, so Pepper's invitation was not accepted and presently he withdrew his dragoons to Abingdon, leaving Handyside with a regiment of foot quartered in the city.

What meantime of Cambridge? That ancient University also contained Jacobites as young and as ardent as their friends at Oxford. But they succumbed to the genius of the place. The memories of her distinguished son the Protector Oliver and of his Army of the Eastern Association still brooded over the Cam. No room there for talk of martyred Kings and falling Faiths. Truth to say the gentlemen who then guided the destinies of Cambridge trimmed their sails to the rising winds with admirable skill; and they had their reward. At this time Townshend persuaded George I to buy the magnificent library of 30,000 books collected by Bishop Moore. But what was a Hanoverian king to do with books? For George II, as least, we have good authority. The sight of

books enraged him. Queen Caroline, who loved to read, had to read unknown to him. Vattel* he did read in his later days, and Vattel only, and when he had finished Vattel he read him again, in fact he never read anything else; he asked everyone he met if he had read Vattel, and if he had not he held him for an ignoramus and an ass, and told him so. What should such a king do with 30,000 volumes? His great grandson, George IV, got out of a similar difficulty by presenting his father's great library to the British Museum. It was now suggested that Bishop's Moore's books should be given to Cambridge. Such a gift would at once honour the loyal, flout the disloyal University. It was accordingly done. This little piece of by-play produced two epigrams, which, though well-known, will bear quotation again. Some unknown wit at Oxford wrote:

“King George, observing with judicious eyes
 The state of both his Universities,
 To Oxford sent a troop of horse—and why?
 That learned body wanted loyalty;
 To Cambridge books he sent as well discerning
 How much that loyal body wanted learning.”

Scarcely had the ill-used Tories at Oxford digested this soothing morsel when the following lines arrived from Cambridge. They were written by Sir William Browne, the founder of the University Prize for Odes and Epigrams:

* · *Droit des gens.*’

“The King to Oxford sent a troop of horse,
For Tories own no argument but force,
With equal skill to Cambridge books he sent,
For Whigs admit no force but argument.”

Strange indeed was the freak of fate which had sent the Non-Juror Bonwicke to Cambridge, and Amhurst, the keen young Whig, to Oxford.

He came from London, where the Tories were now a silent sullen faction; he had but to walk a short way from his School to see impaled the heads of four of the hapless victims of the rising of 1715. The judicious juggling of the Septennial Act had left the electorate of England, such as it was, as dumb as those ghastly heads.

That was a rare time, and London was a rare place for a good Whig, and Amhurst was a very good Whig indeed, for he tells us—“Whilst I continued at school, instead of getting my lesson I used to hold frequent disputes with several of my disaffected schoolfellows upon Liberty and Property and the Protestant Succession, all of which I thought glorious topics in those days. I was also a great admirer of the ‘Flying Post,’ and read multitudes of pamphlets which were published on the Whiggish side, by which means I became so considerable a disputant that I thought myself a match for any Jacobite in the kingdom.” So he journeyed up to Oxford in the stage coach that jolted along the miserable tracks that then did duty for roads, and found himself in a world new to him because so very old, and member of a college that of all others was the stronghold of all that he detested, where

every stone and every chime testified to that Loyalty and Faith which he despised. So, wrapped in the cloak of his brand new Whiggism, clever, coarse-grained and self-sufficient, "Childe Roland to the Dark Tower came."

Through his clear unsympathetic eyes we see alive before us a caricature of the Oxford of two hundred years ago. For that alone the existence of Amhurst is justified. The multitude of writers who have since felt themselves called upon to write books about Oxford have pillaged him and thanked him with a civil sneer or thanked him not at all.

What did he see while he made his brief sojourn in the fairest of English cities? Thus some years later he addresses "all gentlemen-schoolboys in his Majesty's dominions who are designed for the University of Oxford."

"For method's sake I shall address myself herein to such of you as belong to the public schools of London and Westminster, but my admonitions will be equally useful to all of you in general. . . . I am so well acquainted with the vanity and malapertness of you sparks, as soon as you get out of your schoolmaster's hands, that I know I shall be called a fusty old fellow and a thousand ridiculous names besides, for presuming to give you advice, which I would not, say you, take, if I was a young fellow myself. . . . But I am sure that you will thank me six or seven years hence for this piece of service, however troublesome and impertinent you may think it now.

"I observe in the first place, that you no sooner shake off the authority of the birch, but you affect to distinguish yourselves from your dirty schoofellows by a new suit of drugget, a pair of prim ruffles, a new bob wig, and a

brazen-hilted sword ; in which tawdry manner you strut about town for a week or two before you go to College, giving yourselves airs at Coffee Houses and booksellers' shops, and intruding yourselves into the company of us men, from all which I suppose you think yourselves your own masters, no more subject to control or confinement ; alas, fatal mistake ! soon will you confess that the tyranny of a school is nothing to the tyranny of a College ; nor the grammar pedant to the academical one : for what signifies the smarting a schoolboy has to feel to a bullied conscience. What was Busby in comparison to Delaune ?

“ But let us now suppose you are admitted into the College and matriculated into the University. You have taken the oaths to observe the statutes of both, you have subscribed Thirty-nine Articles of Religion and paid your fees. . . . I will only advise you to suppress as much as possible that busy spirit of curiosity which too often fatally exerts itself in human breasts, but if . . . the strong beams of truth will break in upon your minds let them shine inwardly . . . if you have any concern for your welfare and prosperity, let Aristotle be your guide absolutely in philosophy and Athanasius in your religion . . . follow your leaders ; observe the cue which they give you ; speak as they speak ; act as they act : drink as they drink : and swear as they swear. . . .

“ ‘ But (says one of you smartly) I am a Tory, and all my family have been Tories : my grandfather lost his estate against Oliver Cromwell, my father was a great sufferer for King James II, and I myself had my head broke in defence of Dr. Sacheverell before I was eight years old ; what, therefore, have I to fear from Oxford ? ’ . . . not so fast (I beg of you) my dear little Spit-fire, you have too much of that mettle in you, which is natural to your party. I grant you, that at present your principles will not incommode you there ; but who knows how soon some exigency or other may oblige them to dispense with their oaths and their decrees ? Is it not therefore better to reserve your-

self so as to be able with a good grace to go into any interest that shall happen to be uppermost ?

“Says another of you, ‘I am a Whig and have the Government on my side ; King George and his Ministry will never see their best friends persecuted and torn to pieces for professing and adhering to those principles which fixed the Crown upon his head and them in his favour.’

“My good lad, this is a very natural and a very reasonable supposition, but . . . I would not have you too far rely upon it . . . [for] there is one thing left undone, I mean the Visitation of the Universities.

“For till this is done to call yourself a Whig at Oxford, or to act like one, or to lie under the suspicion of being one is the same as to be attainted and outlawed ; you will be discouraged and browbeaten in your own College, and disqualified for preferment in any other ; your company will be avoided and your character abused ; you will certainly lose your degree, and at last, perhaps, upon some pretence or other, be expelled.”

This, it need not be said, was written after Amhurst had, perforce, severed his connection with Oxford for ever. On the manners of Oxford he is equally severe, although there is no evidence in his writings that he was entitled to be a judge in this respect.

“Pride, petulancy and ill-breeding are the first and last lessons which they learn at the Universities. To what else can it be imputed that our country curates and vicars are just such ill-mannered clowns as those they preach to, unfit for the conversation of the town, the court, or any civilised assembly ? They know nothing of the world, and it would be very well if the world knew nothing of them.”

Amhurst’s animadversions upon the manners of

Oxford brought him, so he pretends, a severe letter from Mr. Valentine Frippery, of Christ Church. Mr. Frippery began with vigour thus :

“Mr. Prate-apace, amongst all the vile trash and ribaldry with which you have lately poisoned the public, nothing is more scandalous and saucy than your charging the University with want of civility and good manners. Let me tell you, Sir, for all your haste, we have as well bred accomplished gentlemen in Oxford as anywhere in Christendom ; men that dress as well, sing as well, dance as well, and behave in every respect as well, though I say it, as any men under the sun. . . . Who wears finer lace or better linen than Jack Flutter ? Who has handsomer tie wigs, or more fashionable clothes or cuts a bolder dash than Tom Paroquet ? Where can you find a more handy man at a Tea Table than Robin Tattle, or without vanity I may say it, one that plays better at ombre than him, who subscribes himself an enemy to all such as thou art.—VALENTINE FRIPPERY.”

Amhurst hereupon gives a description of Mr. Valentine Frippery of Christ Church :

“He is a Smart of the first rank, and is one of those who come in their academical ndress, every morning between ten and eleven to Lyne’s coffee house ; after which he takes a turn or two upon the Park, or under Merton Wall, whilst the dull regulars are at dinner in their hall, according to statute : about one he dines alone in his chamber upon a boiled chicken or some pettitoes : after which he allows himself an hour at least to dress in, to make his afternoon appearance at Lyne’s, from whence he adjourns to Hamilton’s about five : from whence (after strutting about the room for a while, and drinking a dram of citron) he goes to chapel, to show how genteely he dresses and how well he can chant. After prayers he drinks Tea with some celebrated Toast, and then waits

upon her to Maudlin Grove or Paradise Garden and back again. He seldom eats any supper, and never reads anything but novels and romances. When he walks the street, he is easily distinguished by a stiff silk gown, which rustles in the wind as he struts along, a flaxen Tie-wig or sometimes a long natural one which reaches down below his waist, a broad bull-cocked hat or a square cap of above twice the usual size, white stockings, thin Spanish leather shoes, his clothes lined with tawdry silk, and his shirt ruffled down the bosom as well as at the wrists. Besides all which marks, he has a delicate jaunt in his gait, and smells very philosophically of essence."

Amhurst goes on to describe in a passage equally famous the transition from bumpkin to fop :

"All the Smarts in Oxford are not Noblemen and Gentlemen Commoners, but chiefly of a meaner rank, who cannot afford to be thus fine any longer than their Mercers, Tailors, Shoemakers, and Perriwig makers will tick with them, which now and then lasts three or four years, after which they brush off and return, like meteors, into the same obscurity from whence they arose.

"I have observed a great many of these transitory foplings, who come to the University with their fathers (rusty old country farmers) in linsey wolsey coats, greasy sunburnt heads of hair, clouted shoes, yarn stockings, flapping hats with silver hat bands, and long muslin neck-cloths run with red at the bottom. A month or two afterwards I have met them with bob wigs and new shoes Oxford cut: a month or two after this they appeared in drugget cloaths and worsted stockings: then in tye wigs and ruffles: and then in silk gowns: till by degrees they were metamorphosed into compleat Smarts, and damned the old country putts, their fathers, with twenty foppish airs and gesticulations. Two or three years afterwards I have met the same persons in gowns and cassocks, walking with demure looks and an holy leer. . . ."

There is no time to quote Amhurst's description of the teaching and examination system of Oxford, more especially of the famous Logic disputations in the Schools. His whole attitude is that of Gibbon when he wrote of the Oxford of his own day more than thirty years later: "To the University of Oxford I acknowledge no obligation, and she will as cheerfully renounce me for a son, as I am willing to disclaim her for a mother. I spent fourteen months at Magdalen College; they proved the fourteen months the most idle and unprofitable of my whole life"; or of Chesterfield, who wrote: "Cambridge is shrunk into the lowest obscurity, and the existence of Oxford would not be known if it were not for the treasonable spirit publicly avowed and often exerted there."

Gibbon may have been idle at Oxford, but Amhurst certainly was not; but unfortunately for him his energy took such forms that it led only to his immediate undoing. To begin with, he must needs join the Constitutional Club. This made him at once a marked man.

"It happened unluckily," he says, "that I was elected at a time when the northern rebellion was not quite extinguished, and when the passions of all people were influenced on one side or the other. I was one of those unfledged politicians who thought myself obliged in this turbulent conjecture to make an open confession of my political faith. . . . I went to Oxford and to a College the most remarkable in Oxford for as violent a zeal on the contrary side. . . . I had not been there an hour before King James the Third, the Duke of Ormond, my Lord Bolingbroke, Mar, and several such-like healths, together with confusion to the usurper (mentioning his

name) and a speedy restoration to the rightful heir, was proposed in a large company and passed currently round the table. When they came to my turn I declined them, and . . . begged leave to drink King George, but I was told roundly that it was an affront to the company. . . . This you may be sure occasioned a dispute upon politics, in which I got vastly the worst of it in numbers, whatever I might in argument. . . . These disputes were renewed almost every night with more heat and violence on both sides, and extorted from me . . . several warm expressions which rendered me obnoxious to the greater part of the College, and particularly to the President and Senior Fellows. I was, in their language, a turbulent, contumacious, ungovernable wretch, an undutiful son of the University."

As if his membership of the Constitutional Club were not enough Amhurst must needs support Bishop Hoadley in the famous Bangorian controversy.

It does not fall within the scope of this paper to touch on the points at issue in this controversy, but a few words are needed about Benjamin Hoadley. He was a peculiarly unpleasant specimen of a peculiarly unpleasant type. The Whigs of the Revolutionary Settlement had entirely abandoned the traditional hostility of their party to the Episcopal Bench; they had in fact annexed the Stuart maxim, "No Bishop, no King," which suited their purpose admirably now that the King of England was merely a mechanical toy made in Germany of which they pulled the strings. Their policy now was to appoint as soon as possible in every Diocese Bishops dependent on themselves who should dragoon

the clergy, still mainly Tory and Jacobite, into obedience, or at any rate into silence.

Hoadley was successively Bishop of Bangor, of Salisbury and of Winchester. He held the see of Bangor for six years and during the whole period did not visit his diocese once; at the same time he was allowed to hold *in commendam* two London livings, St. Peter le Poer and Streatham. He spent his time congenially in servile adulation of the Government and in attacking those who still believed that the Christian religion was more than the fashionable Deism which he professed. More perhaps than any other he had contributed to the attainder of Bishop Atterbury, beloved of Christ Church. How the Oxford that has been described would regard such a man need not be said. Amhurst had, in his support of Hoadley, filled his cup to the brim. If the intractable undergraduate had contented himself with words only he might have been overlooked, though this is unlikely, for he was known to be the author of many of the most pungent jests which were current amongst the Oxford Whigs. He was not so content, but rushed into print, and his President and tutors had the pleasure of reading, from the press of the notorious Curl of Fleet Street, familiar to every reader of Pope, three pamphlets, one attacking their King *de iure*, the other two upholding Hoadley. All were anonymous, but the authorship of none could be concealed for a day, even if Amhurst desired to conceal it, which is in the last degree unlikely. The first pamphlet was entitled "An Epistle from a Student at Oxford to the Chevalier, occasioned by his Removal over the

Alps and the Discovery of the Swedish Conspiracy," and was published in 1717, price sixpence. It runs smoothly but has little in it, and is chiefly concerned to twit the Oxford Jacobites with the vanity of their efforts.

" Though few our Monarch with a Musquet own
 (Ill suits the Musquet with a length of gown),
 In midnight revels we assert your Right
 And share the laurels of a bloodless fight ;
 Ours be the Province to inflame Men's Ears
 With bugbear legends and delusive fears,
 Suspicious Doubts to raise and Feuds foment
 And sap the credit of the Government."

The second pamphlet was " Protestant Popery, or the Convocation," a poem in five cantos addressed to the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Bangor, and contains as frontispiece a portrait of Hoadley. The verse is dull stuff, but the preface contains a study defiance from the Oxford undergraduate :

" For as to the furious arbitrary fallible-infallible Churchman, the passive non-resisting Rebellious Jacobite and the insolent Non-Juror, I shall most joyfully and with all resignation abandon myself to their hatred and despise all their insults as I would the impotent fury of madmen in fetters. They may burst with envy if they please, without giving me any uneasiness."

The third pamphlet was " The Protestant Session : A Poem addressed to the Right Honourable Earl Stanhope, by a member of the Oxford Constitutional Club." In schoolboy verse it tells how—

“Pensive and pale desponding Albion sate
 And hourly waited her impending fate,
 Till George arose in every grace designed
 To stop the ruin and defend mankind.

.

In this great generous work with glaring light
 The learned Hoadley strikes my ravished sight :
 In the dear Cause the spotless chief combines,
 Shines in the pulpit, in the Senate shines.”

The time was now come for Amhurst to make good his spirited defiance. He says :

“I was besides a member of the Constitutional Club and suspected to be the author of several poems and pamphlets containing bitter reflections upon the Clergy, the Universities, and the Pretender, which still aggravated the malignity of my character and procured to me the fatal resentments of my superiors.”

He admits, of course, ironically, that—

“The Head of my College was so kind as frequently to admonish me of the danger of my ways and conjure me with a fatherly affection to turn from them, yet I was so much blinded with oaths, conscience and what not that I still continued in open rebellion against the University and the Church.”

The three years of probation were now over and the blow fell. By ten votes to four Amhurst was refused his Fellowship and sent about his business.

He left Oxford in bitter resentment, which he nourished into a hatred of St. John's and of its President, Dr. Delaune, which became almost grotesque. Apart from politics he had never cared for Oxford or its society, as he showed in some rhyming

letters which he wrote to a friend in London, and afterwards published :

“ Well dost thou ask me in thy friendly lays
How in this factious place I spend my days ?
Why briefly thus : as is the modish way
Seldom I read and much more seldom pray,
Logick I like not, that mechanic art ;
To prove the whole is greater than a part ;
Divinity and Law alike displease,
In short I love my bottle and my ease ;
The tenor of a College life I keep,
Eat thrice a day, pun, smoke, get drunk and sleep.”

Again, after returning from London to Oxford, he wrote :

“ To College wretched I return
And day and night with Spleen I burn ;
From jovial friends, from pipe and bottle,
To prayers and musty Aristotle ;
From decent meals and wholesome wines
To foggy ale and mutton loins,
From well-bred mirth to stupid puns
Of Pedants and of College Dons ;
My happy course of life I change,
No more I dress, no more I range,
But pensive mope within all day,
And sleep and rhyme the hours away.”

The President of St. John's College at this time was Dr. William Delaune, who is described by the Oxford antiquary, Hearne, as “ a very well bred man, as, indeed, he is.” In his youth he had been attached to the Court for many years, but left it to take Holy Orders, whereupon King Charles II remarked : “ We have lost one of the finest gentle-

men in England.” He was born one year before the Restoration, and to the end of his life, in 1728, remained “an old honest Cavalier” as a contemporary described him. That he was no Jacobite bigot is shown by the fact that he was appointed by William III to a canonry of Westminster in 1711, and from 1715 to his death he was Lady Margaret Professor of Divinity. Such a man was not likely to look leniently on Amhurst’s politics, still less, perhaps, on that lack of manners which was always his main blemish. Addressing Delaune in a little volume of ‘*Poems on Several Occasions*,’ of which a second edition was published in 1723, and which was dedicated to the President, he says, in a bitter preface :

“To you, Sir, and the learned old woman, my Mother [he refers of course to Alma Mater], I am also indebted for the title and privileges of a Gentleman : when I came to the University I thought myself a vile Plebeian ; but I am told that a liberal education intitles me to a liberal character, and accordingly I have now elapt on a sword and a tye twig and a laced hat, and keep company now with the best Gentleman in the County. Indeed I am myself by Birth a sort of Gentleman, for my Father was a country grazier and my Grandfather a country parson, which is, you will say, no mean extraction.”

He had now felt the full force of the authority which he had flouted. He tells his own story, still addressing Dr. Delaune.

“Nor ought I to forget the good advice and many kind warnings you were pleased to give me. You fairly told me beforehand that I did not take the right way to a Fellowship in your College, that I must not follow my own wild

opinions nor my own hare-brained judgment : you told me that I had the character of a turbulent, obstinate, malicious, ill-natured fellow, and (what is still worse than all, said you) that I was inclined to infidelity. . . . Happy had it been for me if I had followed your advice ! But instead of that, like a fool, I got a cock horse upon reason and gallop'd away in romantick search of a fair Lady called Truth."

He goes on to assert that "there is such a thing in the world as hanging a man first and trying him afterwards : so it fared with me," and sums up with what he calls his indictment of which this is a sample :

"Advices from Oxford say that on the 29th of June, 1719, one Nicholas Amhurst of St. John's College was expelled for the following reasons : Imprimis : For loving foreign Turnips and Presbyterian bishops. Item, For believing that Steeples and Organs are not absolutely necessary to salvation.

"Item, For ingratitude to his benefactor, that spotless martyr St. William Laud."

That Amhurst's expulsion cost him the help of his relations he shows in the same preface :

"I am informed, and pretty credibly too, that when complaints began to multiply and grow loud against me, you did, in your great goodness, condescend to write a letter to a certain reverend relation of mine, to acquaint him with my behaviour, and the character I laboured under, desiring at the same time his advice what to do with me, and that you put it in his power to keep me in my Fellowship, or to turn me out of it . . . I am further informed that you have since waited upon this reverend gentlemen to notify unto him what was done against me and how loth you were to

comply with it upon his account ; and that you found him so perfectly satisfied with your conduct and so inveterately enraged against me, that he declared in the most ungentle manner, ‘ He cared not what became of me.’ ”

Again, he says humorously—

“ I was particularly unfortunate in the Displeasure of a pretty female relation, who (upon hearing that I was expelled from the University : for that is our country phrase) exclaimed with some vehemence, that she was sorry I should bring such a disgrace upon the family ! Now as I ought to be as much concerned for the Honour of the Amhurstian Family as this fair Lady I have seriously taken it into my consideration how my exclusion could possibly bring disgrace upon it. . . . I would ask any reasonable Christian, whether the Fall of the Apostate angels brought any disgrace upon the Angelic family, or whether it would not have rather seemed a disgrace to it if they had not fell. Thus had I continued in the high and eminent station of a Fellow of St. John’s College in Oxford I might indeed have brought disgrace upon my Family, but being cast down from thence, into the low and grovelling condition, in which I now am, it is impossible for me to do it.”

In his “ low and grovelling condition ” he shook the dust of Oxford off his feet, and turned his steps, as many a better and many a worse than he had done before, to London and to Grub Street.

He had already contemplated this alternative in some verses, which he afterwards published, entitled, “ Advice to myself on being threatened to be expelled.”

“ Whither, expelled, for succour wilt thou run,
Thy Fortune squandered and thy Fame undone?
A dark blind room in Grub Street wilt thou take

And venial ditties for thy living make ?
Wilt thou in love odes or in satire deal ?
Translate old authors or from modern steal ?
In mournful Elegiac Rhimes complain,
Or try thy fate in the dramatic strain ?
These are the arts in which but few prevail,
For one that gets a dinner twenty fail.
Or wilt thou rather studious of Success
Lay schemes with Curll and ply the spurious Press
By fraud and artifice obtain Renown
And with decoying titles cheat the Town ? ”

Dr. Delaune and a large majority of his colleagues may be pardoned for deciding that if they were to retain Nicholas Amhurst within their society he would bring them neither in morals nor in politics a sufficient return for the loss to Grub Street of so apt a recruit.

The air of Grub Street was always murky, but never, perhaps, so murky as in the quarter of a century from the accession of George I to the end of Walpole's long administration in 1742. In epochs, as in individuals, we note the lassitude and the reaction which follow a spell of exceptional activity or of vivid emotion. Such a period now confronted England. The Peace of Utrecht had, in 1713, put an end to an international rivalry between England and France, which had lasted with but slight intervals for more than thirty years, and which was not to be resumed until the close of the period considered in this paper. Thus war, the greatest stimulant to the human faculties, was withdrawn from the forces then impelling English opinion. Similarly with Religion. The Toleration Act of 1689, by including within its scope all

denominations except Jews, Romanists, and Unitarians, had diminished that acute theological controversy which had been as the breath of life to the Arminian and the Calvinist of the previous century, and had left the new generation only the contemptible squabbles of such disputants as Hoadley and Snape.

In domestic politics the Revolution Settlement of 1688, and more particularly the Act of Settlement of 1701, had definitely concluded the period of personal government in favour of a sovereign, probably without the inclination, certainly without the ability, to alter the terms of the contract under which he has agreed to accept his squalid regal position. "In England," exclaimed George II, in a moment of unusual illumination, "Ministers are King." It is, then, in the struggle of ministers that we look for the main interest of the next thirty years. But here again there was no clear and invigorating line of division. Toryism now meant Jacobitism; from being a living power in the State it had become, by its sympathy with the exiled Royal family, suspect, by its adherence to the rising of 1715 treasonable, and discredited in the eyes of the *de facto* government. To assail the Tories was now as little useful as flogging a dead horse.

What of Literature? The great masters of Anne's reign were almost all gone. The 'Spectator' published his first number on Thursday, March 1st, 1711; his last on Monday, December 20th, 1714. The year before he ceased Addison had produced 'Cato,' and in the five years left to him he wrote nothing upon which his place in literature rests.

Steele's 'Tatler' ended a short life of two years in 1711; the 'Guardian' barely survived the 'Spectator,' and by that time Steele was a spent force in literature. Jonathan Swift, the greatest of them all, for ten years blazed even more fiercely till his light flickered out in madness. Arbuthnot, alone entitled to stand near him as a satirist, had done all his best work before the death of Anne. Pope, and perhaps Pope alone remained with Swift in the third decade of the century to uphold the full glory of that brilliant group. The giants of the forest were no more; there was room for new growth, but for the saplings the old inspiring forces were no longer to be found. In Grub Street, Amhurst would meet plenty of university men with characters no better and wits not half so good as his own. They formed the upper crust of the circle of literary banditti who resided there, and who provided libels, witticism, or forgeries at very cheap rates.

There were great prizes to be had too. "By his pen Addison had risen to one of the highest offices of the State. A few graceful poems had made the fortunes of Stepney, Prior, Gay, Parnell, Tickell, and Ambrose Phillips. By his Essays Steele had won a Commissionership of Stamps." *

It was now that Amhurst conceived the brilliant idea of turning his ill-fortunes at Oxford into guineas. Such was the origin of 'Terræ Filius,' "the two bitter little octavos that made him famous." The name was that born by a licensed jester at the Encænæia in Oxford, too long tolerated, but suppressed before Amhurst's day. The first number of 'Terræ

* J. Churton Collins 'Voltaire in England.'

Filius' appeared on Wednesday, January 11th, 1721, the fiftieth and last on Saturday, July 6th. They were afterwards re-published in book form. In these papers Amhurst sets up in trade as professional satirist, and devotes himself entirely to the university which had ejected him—its methods of education and of granting degrees and its disloyalty to the new dynasty. He depicts its heads of Houses, dons and undergraduates, their dress and their humours, as he had observed them in college, in coffee houses, and in taverns. It is spoilt for the general reader by the coarseness which disfigures it * as it disfigures so much of the literature of the time, but if this be allowed for, it is, in the words of the latest historian of the college chiefly attacked, "not ill-fooling some of it : but it is no honest record of St. John's in the days of Dr. Delaune." He also published in 1720 'Poems on Several Occasions,' which he dedicated to the President with a bitter preface, from which I have already quoted. He formed during this period a friendship with R. Francklin, who had a printing-house, first (1720 and 1723) at the Sun in Fleet Street, later (1726) under Tom's Coffee House in Russell Street, Covent Garden. This man now published all Amhurst's works and befriended him to the day of his death. One of the best of Amhurst's excursions in lighter verse at this time was dated by him "From my Lodgings up three pairs of stairs at Mr. Francklin's in Fleet Street, July 15, 1720." It is "An Epistle (with a Petition in it) to Sir John Blount, Bart., one of the

* In my quotations I have altered a word here and there on this account.

Directors of the South Sea Company," and satirises the methods of the poor Grub Street scribbler, whose ranks he has joined. Needless to say the company is that known to later ages as the famous South Sea Bubble.

He addresses Sir John Blount in order that the waters of charity may flow freely.

"So Moses smote the barren Rock,
An Emblem of the South Sea Stock.

.

For 'tis a common practice grown
Among us scribblers of the Town,
When fortune says, 'Poor Rogues, go whistle'
To some great man to send Epistle,
One that has Will as well as Power
To raise us in a lucky hour.
Thus Prior, sorrowful and lean,
A Statesman grew and Swift a Dean.
Whenever, therefore, Madam Fame
Is pleased to raise some mighty name,
For service to his Country paid
In Battle, Counsel, Law or Trade,
One of our meagre order spies him,
And for his patron closely plies him.
Thus like a leech he keeps his hold
Till loosened with a little gold
Or silenced with a little place,
The only cures in such a case."

He recounts the disadvantages of possessing no South Sea Stock :

"Oft am I asked 'Nick, prithee now
In South Sea Stock how much hast thou ?'
To which I shake my ears and cry,
'Hang it, I've none, the more fool I.'"

His former servant has invested, with what results ! He sees in his carriage—

“ A coxcomb loll who but last year
A livery was content to wear,
Now sumptuously at Caviac’s dine
And drink the very best of wine—
Burgundy, Hermitage, Champagne,
Liquors that fire the dullest brain ;
While I, perhaps, ill-fated sinner,
Want half a crown to buy a dinner,
Or at a cheap cook’s shop regale
On a sheep’s heart and Pot of ale.”

As to his friends who have invested in South Sea Stock :

“ When at the Coffee House we meet
Or in the Alley or the Street,
On me they never cast an eye
But take their snuff and shoulder by.”

He desires Sir John to insert the name of Nicholas Amhurst among the shareholders in the next list, and bids him mark his unusual candour in saying outright what he wants :

“ But how much better would it be
For every Poet just like me
To tell his meaning at a word ;
I want just fifty pounds my lord,
Which sum if you refuse to give
I shall eternally believe
For all that I have said before
That you’re a sneak and nothing more ;
This would be downright honest dealing
And might deserve a fellow feeling,
But when a Blockhead of a Bard

Declares he looks for no reward,
And that his Lordship's shining worth
Was the sole motive on God's earth
That made him say what he had said,
When all this while it was for bread,
Were I his Lordship for the jest, Sir,
I would not give the dog a 'Tester.'

He remains cheerfully in his garret—

“Secure that e'er a few months end
Relying on so good a friend,
We both shall leave this servile garret,
Good wild fowl eat and drink good claret;
And since to him we owe our wealth
Never forget Sir John's good health.”

And sure enough in a few months Amhurst was out of his garret, out of Grub Street, away from his sheep's hearts and pots of ale, able to drink Burgundy and Hermitage and Champagne to his full content, and this new turn of fortune's wheel came, not from Sir John Blount or a lucky gamble in South Sea Stock, but from the highest circle of politicians.

From the crash of credit and of fortune which followed the bursting of the South Sea Bubble one Whig politician emerged with fairly clean hands, and was enabled by his rare financial skill to save some fragments from the wreck. This was a plain, a very plain, Norfolk squire, who from this beginning raised himself to an autocracy unparalleled in any subject of the English Crown before or since. The politics of England were to be dominated for twenty-one years by Robert Walpole, a man without learning, without ideals, and without morals, but possessed of

a personality before which learning, ideals and morals retired abashed. He was the first "to organise corruption as a system and to make it the normal process of parliamentary government." For those who invoked morality, honesty, or national feeling he had but bantering names—"Saint," "Patriot," "Spartan"; "You will know better when you are older" he would say.

It was one thing for a plain Norfolk squire to come to the help of an embarrassed government with a financial skill unusual, indeed, not only in squires but in every circle of society outside the City. It was quite another when he began to absorb places, honours and everything that was good and to dole out his favours only to those who were pledged *irare in verba magistri*. Carteret, Townshend, Pulteney, Chesterfield, all men of ability and independence were in turn thrown out of the well-feathered Whig nest by this cuckoo Minister. His unpopularity grew apace, and even the downtrodden Tory dared to raise his feeble voice again in the general chorus—"Walpole must go."

In 1723 the circle of his enemies was strengthened by the accession of the most remarkable Englishman then living. Henry St. John, Viscount Bolingbroke, had, when he began his political career, set Alcibiades before him for his model, and he had, indeed, emulated that brilliant and worthless Greek in profligacy, unscrupulousness and achievement. Whether he did or did not, as some have claimed for him, teach atheism to Voltaire, kingcraft to George III and politics to Benjamin Disraeli, it is

certain that his superb English and flamboyant philosophy attracted to him and placed at his disposal all that was most eminent in English literary society. Attainted for his adherence to the Pretender he had now induced the Government to permit his return and to restore his estates, but he was not allowed to take his seat in the House of Lords, the arena where he was most effective and most dangerous. He therefore threw himself the more eagerly into a scheme, probably originated by the disaffected Whig, William Pulteney, of producing a journal which should be devoted to the single purpose of harrying Walpole. Pulteney was a man of influential family, of very great wealth and of unusual learning. As a wit he was held to be scarcely inferior to Chesterfield, and Walpole himself said of his oratory that he feared Pulteney's tongue more than another man's sword. He was, too, what few of his contemporaries were, a man of high moral character. Such were the originators of the famous 'Craftsman,' which achieved an instant success on a scale hitherto unheard of. It was not possible, of course, for men of the rank of Bolingbroke and of Pulteney to edit such a journal themselves. For this duty they needed a deputy sufficiently subordinate to shoot their bolts when and as they were sent to him, and yet at the same time sufficiently able to carry on the warfare on his own account when his illustrious chiefs were unable or indisposed to do the work themselves. With rare discrimination Pulteney selected Amhurst for the post. He had himself been educated at Westminster and Christ Church, and must have read with interest, and as a

Whig with modified approval, Amhurst's violent diatribes against his University.

Easily enough, to be sure, Amhurst would carry off the prize by which at one bound he sprang from his drudgery in Grub Street to the most brilliant and most dangerous position that then could be held by a man of letters. It may be that they bought the clever unprincipled fellow at Battersea under the roof tree of that very Bolingbroke whose health he had, as a freshman, refused to drink at Oxford. Undismayed by the rank and the achievements of his employers he would, to be sure, swagger out of St. John's House as he had swaggered out of St. John's College, Oxford, only a little harder, and, if possible, a little coarser, for his short residence in Grub Street. So he would swagger out, the sorry turncoat, confessed for all his Protestant fire, for all his education, for all his supercilious satire on better men, no Christian, nor scholar, nor gentleman, but cheerfully undertaking to support all those or any other parts for good consideration duly received.

Bolingbroke and Pulteney, too, must have been well content. 'Terre Filius' was their's. The pen that had libelled a great University in the Whig interest was bought over to attack the arch Whig himself. He was pledged to publish innuendoes, concealed libels, direct frontal attacks, able and eager to write them himself and ready to face the horse-whip, the pillory, and, maybe, the Attorney-General. It was one of the best appointments ever made. Strongly entrenched as Walpole might be, with his paid henchmen and his reptile press, he might well beware of such a triumvirate.

From this time Amhurst disappears as an individual save on one or two brief occasions. Henceforward he is Caleb Danvers, a Benchet of Gray's Inn, who has retired from the active practice of the law, and proposes to spend the rest of his days in the capacity of critic of the administration of public affairs. Caleb Danvers is the *nom de guerre* of Amhurst, Bolingbroke, and Pulteney, and the historians of the period have only been able to assign incompletely the authorship of the articles to each.

From its first issue on December 5th, 1726, the 'Craftsman' was a triumphant success; at one time its circulation exceeded 10,000 copies a week, which for those days was enormous. Whether it were Bolingbroke or Pulteney or Amhurst who struck, the blow seldom missed the mark. They had, too, powerful auxiliary forces, for among their contributors are said to have been Swift, Arbuthnot, and Chesterfield, to say nothing of Addison's egregious cousin, the notorious Eustace Budgell. All their efforts were directed to the destruction of what they called the "Robinoocracy" of Walpole. He figures in every conceivable disguise: he is Sejanus, Empson, Dudley, Strafford, or Danvers' clumsy servant, Robin, who spills the family coach. He is now a large macaw, parti-coloured with red and blue, at another time, in allusion to the Garter which had been given to him, though he was only a commoner, he is Sir Bluestring, or again, Sir Robert Brass.

As may be supposed, Walpole was not without his partisans against the 'Craftsman.' On one occasion he took up the cudgels himself in a direct encounter

with Bolingbroke, but usually his defence and counter-attacks were undertaken by his brother, Sir Horatio Walpole, by Bishop Hoadley and by Lord Hervey. An embittered controversy between the last named and Pulteney led to a duel on January 25th, 1731, which took place in Upper St. James's Park behind Arlington Street, now the Green Park. The seconds were Mr. Fox and Mr. Rushout. Both principals were slightly wounded, and at one moment Pulteney could have run Hervey through had not his foot slipped. The seconds then separated them, "upon which Mr. Pulteney embraced Lord Hervey and expressed a great deal of concern at the accident of the quarrel, promising at the same time that he would never personally attack him again, either with his mouth or with his pen. Lord Hervey made him a low bow without giving him any sort of answer, and (to use the common expression) they parted."

In the spring of the same year seven volumes of political essay collected from the 'Craftsman' since the beginning were published, each volume adorned with an engraved frontispiece which represented in what the 'Craftsman' was pleased to call "hieroglyphics" the misdoings of the great Minister. These seven plates were reproduced as a broadside with verses beneath. The title, "Robin's Reign, or Seven's the Main," is plainly from the pen of Amhurst, for "seven's the main" is a phrase he flung at Dr. Delaune on more than one occasion in allusion to his alleged propensity for the gaming table. For this *jeu d'esprit* George II, much incensed, struck the name of Pulteney from the list of Privy Coun-

cillors, and Richard Francklin the printer was arrested. He suffered the same fate six years later for a "suspected libel" in the 'Craftsman' of July 2nd, 1737. A letter purporting to come from Colley Cibber, the Poet Laureate, suggested that the new act for licensing plays should extend to old as well as new works, and gave instances from Shakespeare and other writers which might well be interpreted as innuendoes on Walpole's government. It urged that the pretended writer Cibber should himself be made licenser and corrector of old plays. Amhurst surrendered himself in place of his friend, and remained in prison for some days. No trial being begun, he sued out his writ of habeas corpus, and as the government still held its hands, he was released.

A question here presents itself which must occur to every reader of the political controversialists of the eighteenth century. Why was such license permitted? Were there no resources open to the Government to suppress it, or at least to keep it in moderate bounds. The answer is that the constant tendency since the Long Parliament first sat in 1640 was to whittle away any such power.

The Licensing Act did not disappear till 1693, and even after its disappearance the law remained as before, and in a leading case (Tutchins) it was laid down that to possess the people with an ill opinion of the government, which meant of course the ministry, was a libel, and the Attorney-General urged that there could be no reflection on the ministers of the Crown without a reflection being cast also upon the Monarch himself. Here, undoubtedly, was a dangerous weapon in the hands of an administration. For-

unately ministers were mindful of the mutability of human affairs, and remembered that the prosecuted of to-day may be the prosecutor of to-morrow. They preferred to have recourse to the same weapons as their assailants. Moreover, one or two convictions would merely have put an edge upon the temper of their opponents, and a wholesale proscription of political antagonists has been repugnant to all English parties except during the brief period of the Puritan Tyranny in the seventeenth century.

These considerations may serve to explain the disgraceful licence of the first half of the eighteenth century. In the later half, when the Tories had come to their own again, Government feeling hardened, for whereas the Whigs were the professional champions of licence of speech, the Tory party had never fettered itself with any such absurdity. A further difficulty remains which was raised acutely in the case before us. As soon as Amhurst was released Pulteney produced a song entitled "The Honest Jury, or Caleb Triumphant," which has been described as "once among the most popular in our language."

Two verses will show its quality.

"Rejoice ye good writers, your pens are set free,
 Your thoughts and the press are at full liberty,
 For your King and your country you safely may write,
 You may say Black is Black and prove White is White.
 Let no pamphleteers,
 Be concerned for their Ears,
 For every man now shall be tried by his Peers.
 "This Jury so trusty and proof against Rhino,
 I am apt to believe to be *iure divino* ;

But 'tis true in this Nation (oh! why is it so?),
Men the honestest are the lower you go;
 So a fish when it's dead,
 I have often heard said,
May be sweet at the tail though it stinks at the head.
Oh may honesty rise and confound the base tribe,
Who will be corrupted by pension or bribe;
 Then sure 'tis the interest of Country and King,
 That Juries should never be led in a string."

These lines introduce a burning question which remained unanswered in England until 1792. What was the legal function of the jury in cases of criminal libel? This, in the particular case, means of course seditious libel. The judges and nearly all lawyers maintained that the jury might only determine the fact of publication and decide whether the libel did mean that which the indictment said it meant. They were not to say whether it were criminal or not; that was for the court only.

On the other hand, the public and a few lawyers held that this function also belonged to the jury. The Act of 32 George III, commonly known as Fox's Libel Act of 1792, decided the long contention in favour of the jury. From that day to this—to ignore certain subtle modifications—twelve plain men selected haphazard have remained arbiters of what contributes public decency.

The whole difficulty has never been put better, probably never will, than as it was stated by Dr. Samuel Johnson in his life of Milton:

"The danger of such unbounded liberty of unlicensed printing, and the danger of bounding it, have produced a problem in the science of government which the human

understanding seems hitherto unable to solve. If nothing may be published but what civil authority shall have previously approved, Power must always be the standard of Truth, if every dreamer of innovations may propagate his projects there can be no settlement, if every murmurer at government may diffuse discontent there can be no peace, and if every sceptic in theology may teach his follies there can be no religion. The remedy against these evils is to punish the authors, for it is yet allowed that every society may punish though not prevent the publication of opinions which that society shall think pernicious. But this punishment, though it may crush the author, promotes the book, and it seems not more reasonable to leave the right of printing unrestrained because writers may afterwards be censured, than it would be to sleep with doors unbolted because by our laws we can hang a thief."

Once more and for the last time, for it brings his life to an end, I must use Nicholas Amhurst to illustrate a cardinal episode of the eighteenth century. I wish it were a pleasanter episode with which to bid farewell to one who set out so early in life to lash the vices of the age.

William Hogarth, whose pictures, disgusting and fascinating, at once mark a new epoch in art and present a view of contemporary life which, it may be hoped, is as highly coloured as Amhurst's description of Jacobite Oxford, was born in the same year as Nicholas. He was a Londoner, and was almost certainly an acquaintance if not a friend of Amhurst, for the curious frontispiece prefixed to "*Terræ Filius*" is signed by him. Amongst Hogarth's greatest pictures are those depicting the hideous ravages made in the lower circles of English society by the epidemic of gin drinking which broke forth

about 1724. Just as the Methuen Treaty made with Portugal in 1703 had resulted in the gradual substitution of Oporto for Bordeaux wine on the tables of English gentlemen, so the pernicious brew of gin ousted that good brown ale unmixed with malt with which generations of Englishmen had regaled themselves in comparative sobriety. The influence of gout on the statesmanship of England in the eighteenth century is a chapter of history yet to be written. The influence of gin is to be seen but too plainly in Hogarth's pictures. Its ravages were frightful. Lecky writes of it: "The passion for gin drinking appears to have infected the masses of the population, and it spread with the rapidity and violence of an epidemic. Small as is the place which this fact occupies in English history, it was probably, if we consider all the consequences that have flowed from it, the most momentous in that of the eighteenth century—incomparably more so than any event in the purely political or military annals of the country. The fatal passion for drink was at once irrevocably planted in the nation." In 1684 five hundred thousand gallons of British spirits were distilled, in 1735 five million gallons. In 1751, Henry Fielding, novelist and Justice of the Peace, wrote that gin was "the principal sustenance (if so it may be called) of more than 100,000 people in the metropolis, and he predicted that should the drinking of this poison be continued at its present height during the next twenty years, there will by that time be very few of the common people left to drink it."*

* W. E. H. Lecky, 'England in the Eighteenth Century,' Ch. 4.

When Fielding wrote this gin had already claimed for her appropriate victim Nicholas Amhurst.

There are two accounts of his end ; that given by Mr. Low in the ' Dictionary of National Biography ' is the kinder. He says :

"The last years of Amhurst's life were unfortunate. When Pulteney and his friends made their peace with the Government they did nothing for their useful associate, and the closing portion of his life appears to have been spent in much poverty and distress. He died at Twickenham, 12 April, 1742, of a broken heart it is said, and according to the account was indebted to the charity of his printer, Richard Franklin, for a tomb."

A contemporary account was written by Dr. Rawlinson, one of the chief benefactors of the College from which Amhurst had been expelled. It is only fair to say that he was a Non-Juror in Episcopal orders and a staunch Jacobite to the day of his death. He wrote as follows :

"Nicholas Amhurst died at his bookseller's, Mr. Francklyn's, country house at Twickenham in Middlesex on April 27 and was in the most private manner buried there 1 May, 1742. The cause of his death was his immoderate drinking of Geneva [gin], which he took to on the death of a mistress, with whom he lived alone twenty years, and who died the Christmas before him, and since which time he never was concerned in the ' Craftsman.' His friends as much as possible encouraged him, to whom he owed large sums, which they never did or thought of troubling him for ; Mr. Pulteney promised to forgive his own, pay others' debts, and make him easy, but all persuasions were to a deaf ear. One of his friends in Bucks, one Mr. Basil, passed a severe sarcasm on him for his drinking, which was, that he was lyable to be taken up by

the Custom or Excise Officers, not having a permit for carrying with him a vessel of spirituous liquors."

So Oxford laughed last.

The chief gift of Nicholas Amhurst was a hard, coarse cleverness; laughter is there, but it is either a guffaw or a snarl. There is no real mirth in it from end to end. Though he had cleverness and to spare, he had, like the good Whig he was, no imagination whatever. To him "impossible loyalties" and "ages of faith" were merely silly. He had found out the world too soon. Disillusionment comes gratefully to middle age because it makes the imminent grave more welcome, but it is not good for boys to anticipate the disillusionment of middle age. It was not good for Pope, it was not good for Amhurst. The kindly veil of illusion he tore aside and fixed his childish gaze upon the bare, horrid face of the early Eighteenth Century.

But he got something out of his life, perhaps more than he would have done if he had fulfilled the destiny laid down for him by his grandfather, for it took certain gifts and a certain temperament, I have no doubt, to make a good Tory Don at Oxford in 1719. As a lad Amhurst had bearded Dr. Delaune and thrown down the gauntlet to the great Tory University; as a man he had bearded Walpole, the real King of England, and had insulted that all-powerful Whig party to which he had sworn his boyish allegiance.

He had been made free of a galaxy of brilliance in literature and in politics—and beyond that? nothing but unpaid bills and a drunkard's grave.

Not much of a life to live, perhaps, but he lived it with a zest.

TRANSACTIONS

OF THE

Royal Society of Literature

OF

THE UNITED KINGDOM.

SECOND SERIES.

VOL. XXXI.

LONDON :
ASHER AND CO.,
13, BEDFORD STREET, W.C.

MDCCCXII.

PRINTED BY ADLARD AND SON,
LONDON AND DORKING.

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ADDRESSES AT BROWNING'S CENTENARY,
MAY 7TH, 1912.

MR. EDMUND GOSSE (in the Chair) said: It was not to be expected that the Academic Committee would refrain from expressing, in common with the rest of the English-speaking world, its emotion at the discovery that a hundred years have passed since the birth of ROBERT BROWNING. I say—"the discovery," because to one who had the happiness, as I had, of knowing him well in years when he seemed the type of alertness and energy, the very notion of the centenary is startling. Can it be that, since that bright eye, that vigorous frame, that eager and buoyant spirit, came into the world, a century has passed by? But, in spite of our legitimate emotion, we do not propose to approach the name and work of Browning this afternoon in that style of mere grateful adulation which may well be in keeping with the sentiment of others, and elsewhere. We desire rather to express our respect for the memory of Browning and our still more potent and paramount respect for literature, by examining one or two aspects of his work as they begin to appear through the moulding mist of the years. For my own part, I welcome all examination of Browning's poetry with complacency. His was not one of those hot-house temperaments which must be

approached with diffidence and expostulation. His nature was simple, candid, perhaps a little rough and ready in its methods. He loved praise—all artists do; but he had been accustomed to live without it. He liked to form his own opinions and carve out his own road; but he was a man of the world, and a very robust, honourable, sensible human being; and he knew that the most wilful of us, if he wishes to be happy, must sometimes take the road of others. I feel no anxiety, therefore, as to what may be said this afternoon. But I am sure of this, that nothing would have interested Browning more keenly than to listen this afternoon to his dramatic efforts being analysed by our greatest living expert in stage-craft, and the novel in ‘The Ring and the Book’ extracted by the most ingenious of living novelists.

BROWNING AS A DRAMATIST.

BY SIR ARTHUR PINERO.

IN every study of Robert Browning's career there is one inevitable chapter that must be extremely difficult to write. It is the chapter headed "Browning and the Drama." By the malice of fate, embodied for the present occasion in the persons of our General Purposes Committee, this chapter has been assigned to me. The reason, I suppose, is that I am myself a writer for the stage; but that very qualification, if it be a qualification, enhances tenfold the diffidence with which I approach the subject. For, unfortunately, the one fact conspicuous beyond a shadow of doubt is that, in spite of all his dramatic ambition and endeavour, Browning has not succeeded in taking a prominent or permanent position upon the stage. That fact has to be explained, and any explanation offered by a practising playwright is manifestly open to suspicion. "All that you can tell us," it may be said, "is that Browning despised and ignored the petty tricks of your trade, whereby you sometimes—not always—contrive to gain the favour of the vulgar herd of playgoers; beyond that your explanation will scarcely go." Possibly not; but it is possible, too, that even a practitioner of modern prose drama may have given some thought to the fundamental principles of his craft, and may

be able to put aside the bias of temporary fashion and personal habit in studying such an unquestionably interesting phenomenon as Browning the Dramatist. It is in that hope that I address myself to the problem.

Including "Pippa Passes" and "In a Balcony," Browning wrote nine plays. Seven of the nine took the orthodox dramatic form of acts and scenes, and were obviously intended for the theatre. We have ample evidence that he considered himself, by temperament and vocation, specifically a dramatist. He alludes to himself in a well known poem as a "writer of plays"—

"Well, any how, here the story stays,
So far at least as I understand;
And, Robert Browning, you writer of plays,
Here's a subject made to your hand!"

So he says in "A Light Woman." Undoubtedly the idea of drama was constantly in his mind. Two of his noblest collections of poetry are called, respectively, "Dramatic Lyrics" and "Dramatic Romances," while a third has for title "Dramatis Personæ" and a fourth "Dramatic Idylls." One may safely assert, I think, that nine tenths of his verse is dramatic in the sense that he delivers it through the mouth—or through the mask—of an imaginary character. In this sense even "The Ring and the Book" is dramatic—a gigantic drama in monologues. Nor can it be doubted that he desired success on the stage. He made at least three bids for it in early life; and in later life he was far from discountenancing the efforts of loyal enthusiasts to

remove from his dramas the reproach of being unactable.

But never was an ambition, in so great a man, more hopelessly baffled. The history of his relations with the stage is one series of those ingenious explanations of failure which are never lacking to the unsuccessful dramatist. I myself may at least claim to resemble Browning in this respect that, when a play of mine comes to grief, I can always find twenty good reasons for the disaster outside the work itself. It is only after years have brought philosophy to the mind that I begin to wonder whether some defect—or some quality—in my play may not have had a great deal to do with its rejection at the hands of the public. Now, Browning's first essays in drama were made under the most favourable auspices. It is true that the stage at that time was in a state of deep decline; but all the best forces of the moment were in league with him. Macready, the leading actor of the day, was eager to distinguish himself in new work of intellectual quality, and accepted "Strafford" with a keenness which we see, in his diary, gradually oozed away as the play passed through rehearsal. Forster, editor of the 'Examiner' and the chief of the Macreadyite press, was the poet's indefatigable and enthusiastic friend; and other critics, if they showed little comprehension, at any rate showed no very active hostility. "A Blot in the 'Scutcheon," again, was produced under Macready's management at Drury Lane theatre, with Phelps, a sound if uninspired actor, in the part of Tresham. Certainly this play was given under depressing circumstances.

at the end of an unsuccessful season, and Browning accused Macready of a lack of frankness in not telling him that the time was unpropitious and asking him to withdraw the piece. It would have been better, no doubt, had Macready done so; but we can see pretty plainly that, had the actor-manager been really candid, he would not have told the poet that the time was unpropitious, but that the play was impossible. If he had entertained any hopes of it, Macready would assuredly not have had it read to the company by a "ludicrously incapable person" who made it absurd—the "red-nosed, one-legged, elderly prompter" of whom Browning complained—nor would he have suffered anyone but himself to appear in the leading character. "Colombe's Birthday" was produced at the Haymarket with Helen Faucit as the heroine; and though we hear nothing of a wooden-legged prompter in this instance, we do not find that the result was much more satisfactory. "The Blot in the 'Scutcheon" was afterwards revived by Phelps at Sadlers Wells Theatre, and by Laurence Barrett, a popular actor, in America, in neither case with any considerable acceptance; and here end, up to the present, Browning's relations with the regular stage. Other performances of his plays have been given—perhaps are still occasionally given—by societies on both sides of the Atlantic, but such performances are designed to appeal merely to chosen audiences.

What is the reason, then, why this great poet, this student and analyst of human nature, this man who thought himself specially endowed with dramatic

faculty, was constantly repulsed in his efforts to conquer the actual stage? It is easy to say the stage was not worthy of him, but that can scarcely be held a sufficient account of the matter. His plays have been in existence now from sixty to seventy years; can we suppose that at no time during that period has there been in England or America any actor or company of actors capable of doing justice to his conceptions? And even if we admit this sweeping assumption, there is the rest of the world to be accounted for. There have been great actors in France, Germany, and Italy; and in the two former countries, at any rate, there have been, and are, splendid theatrical organizations. How comes it that no play of Browning's has made, so far as I am aware, one single appearance on the continent of Europe? The French, you may say, are always slow to recognize merit outside their own country, but not so the Germans. They have made Shakespeare the third person, with Goethe and Schiller, in their dramatic trinity. How comes it that they have utterly ignored the dramatist who, according to some critics, stands second only to Shakespeare in English literature? We must conclude, I think, that if the theatre is unworthy of Browning, it is not the English theatre alone, but the theatre as a whole, the theatre as an institution, the very nature and essence of the theatre.

And that, I suggest, is substantially the fact: Browning's plays are foreign to the very nature and essence of theatrical art. And why? The reasons are manifold, but they fall under two heads—technical and psychological. Browning never

realized the conditions of the medium in which he worked: and his method of analysis, of unpacking the human heart with words, was wholly unadapted to the apprehension of a theatrical audience.

He would be a rash dogmatist who should, in these days, assert that the playwright must always tell a story, though I am old-fashioned enough to think that a drama is none the worse for containing one. We have seen plays, and occasionally successful plays, that are as storyless as Canning's knife-grinder. But Browning did not anticipate this latter-day development. His plays have stories, only he omitted to set them forth in a form and in terms that made them clear, effective, comprehensible. It seems a canon of mere common-sense that, if you are going to tell a story, you ought to make it intelligible and not leave your audience groping around for it. Of the art of exposition, of letting the audience clearly understand the condition of affairs from which the drama takes its rise, Browning did not dream. His method is to show us a number of characters elaborately excavating the situation, so to speak—digging into it, and probing its intricacies in copious orations—before we have any idea what that situation is. He disdains to put himself for a single moment at the spectator's point of view and to consider what that hapless person must know and understand if he is to follow the mental processes of the characters. It may be said that he does tell a story in the only truly artistic way—not by formal exposition, but by hints and allusions occurring naturally in the dialogue. Be it so; but, as a matter of plain experience, these

hints and allusions are not sufficiently explicit to convey the necessary information to a theatrical audience. This any reader can test for himself, even if he has never happened to witness a Browning production. Let him take any play he pleases and begin to read it. For a few lines, perhaps for a page or so, all may go swimmingly ; but presently he will find himself reading a speech without full comprehension, and will have to start upon it afresh. On a second reading he may, with good luck, grasp its meaning and application ; but a little further on he will come to another speech which it will take three careful readings to master, and which, even when its immediate sense is plain to him, he has great difficulty in fitting into its place in any dramatic development. Now, re-reading and leisurely cogitation are impossible in the theatre. The spectators cannot request the actor to speak such and such a speech again and give them time to think it over. A passage not taken in at once is never taken in, and a sequence of such passages very quickly bewilders and bores an audience. I think even those who are most convinced of Browning's dramatic genius must admit, if they be candid, that their comprehension and appreciation of his plays have resulted from far closer and more intense study than is possible to any audience in any theatre. There is a limit to the nimbleness of wit that can be demanded even of the ideal spectator ; and a man who counts on a theatreful of ideal spectators thereby proclaims himself no dramatist.

At the risk of appearing to dwell on mechanical trifles, I must add that Browning seems never to

have visualized the material stage or considered the limitations of flesh-and-blood actors in comporting themselves upon it. His characters might be disembodied intelligences for all the heed they pay to physical and visual plausibility. I will take a small instance from what is doubtless Browning's nearest approach to an actable drama, "The Blot in the 'Scutcheon." In the second act, after Mildred's avowal to Tresham and his denunciation of her, she falls down fainting as he rushes from the stage. Her other brother, Austin, is about to leave her in this condition when his betrothed, Guendolen, interposes with a speech of remonstrance thirty-eight lines long and all of it, grammatically, a single sentence. Let me try to read the passage:

Austin: Stay, Tresham, we'll accompany you!

Guendolen: We?

What, and leave Mildred? We? Why, where's my place

But by her side, and where yours but by mine?

Mildred—one word! Only look at me, then!

Austin: No, Guendolen! I echo Thorold's voice.

She is unworthy to behold . . .

Guendolen: Us two?

If you spoke on reflection, and if I

Approved your speech—if you (to put the thing

At lowest) you the soldier, bound to make

The king's cause yours and fight for it, and throw

Regard to others of its right or wrong,

—If with a death-white woman you can help,

Let alone sister, let alone a Mildred,

You left her—or if I, her cousin, friend

This morning, playfellow but yesterday,

Who said, or thought at least a thousand times,

"I'd serve you if I could," should now face round

And say, " Ah, that's to only signify
" I'd serve you while you're fit to serve yourself :
" So long as fifty eyes await the turn
" Of yours to forestall its yet half-formed wish,
" I'd proffer my assistance you'll not need—
" When every tongue is praising you, I'll join
" The praisers' chorus—when you're hemmed about
" With lives between you and detraction—lives
" To be laid down if a rude voice, rash eye,
" Rough hand should violate the sacred ring
" Their worship throws about you,—then indeed,
" Who'll stand up for you stout as I ? " If so
We said, and so we did,—not Mildred there
Would be unworthy to behold us both,
But we should be unworthy, both of us,
To be beheld by—by—your meanest dog,
Which, if that sword were broken in your face
Before a crowd, that badge torn off your breast,
And you cast out with hooting and contempt,
—Would push his way thro' all the hooters, gain
Your side, go off with you and all your shame
To the next ditch you choose to die in ! Austin,
Do you love me ? Here's Austin, Mildred,—here's
Your brother says he does not believe half—
No, nor half that—of all he heard ! He says,
Look up and take his hand !

Austin : Look up and take

My hand, dear Mildred !

Mildred : 1—I was so young !

Beside, I loved him, Thorold—and I had
No mother ; God forgot me : so, I fell.

Now, just conceive the situation. Poor Mildred is stretched senseless upon the floor, and Guendolen, who is supposed to be full of sympathy for the unhappy girl, shows that feeling, not by instantly tending her and seeking to restore her, but by pouring forth

thirty-eight lines of ornate eloquence conveying the simple idea, "If you desert her, may your meanest dog likewise desert you at your sorest need." That is the whole substance of the tirade. It does not gain, but loses, in psychological truth by being monstrously inflated; and as for dramatic effect, it keeps the audience wondering all the time, "When is the woman going to attend to her unfortunate cousin? Surely a glass of water would be more to the purpose than a cataract of words."

Drama was, in Browning's eyes, essentially a matter of words; and words to him meant, not conversations, but orations. Take the fourth act of "*Luria*." It opens, indeed, with what may, at a pinch, be called a conversation between Puccio and Jacopo, though the average length of the speeches is more than ten lines. But of what does the rest of the act consist? Practically of three speeches. First, Husain addresses Luria in an allocution of about eighty-five lines, Luria only interjecting two or three phrases (twenty-three words in all); then Domizia comes forward and delivers a harangue of sixty lines, Luria remaining as mute as a mackerel; and finally Luria lets himself go in a soliloquy of eighty lines, which are not, however, sufficient to explain to us why he takes poison at the end of them. That you may judge what these figures mean—these speeches of sixty, eighty, and eighty-five lines—I may remind you that Hamlet's "To be or not to be" soliloquy contains only thirty-three lines, while the soliloquy beginning, "O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!"—an exceptionally long one—runs to about fifty-five lines.

One last example of Browning's contempt for the physical conditions of the actual stage. In the second act of "The Return of the Druses," from the point where Djabal enters and finds Anael and Maani on the stage up to the end of the act, there are in all about a hundred-and-thirty lines, and of these, eighty-eight lines—two thirds—are spoken "aside"! The drama, even in poetic form, ought to give us some sort of credible presentment of human intercourse, and how can we picture a conversation in which each of the interlocutors in turn stands and does nothing while the other is addressing himself in copious analytic periods! One of Anael's asides runs to seventeen lines; and Djabal, not to be outdone, instantly caps it with thirty-seven lines of introspection. What author who had any mental vision of actors on a stage could possibly write such a scene? And yet it was this very play that Browning offered to Henry Irving for production in the brilliant days of Irving's management of the Lyceum Theatre. My friend Mr. Edmund Gosse tells me that, calling upon Browning one morning in the spring of 1881, Browning said to him, "What do you think? I had a letter from Irving yesterday asking me to write him a play in verse, like Tennyson's." A play of Tennyson's was then running at the Lyceum. Mr. Gosse replied, "Well, and I hope you will agree to do it. What have you said to him?" "I have just answered his letter," said Browning, "and I have told him that it is very kind of him, very civil and all that, but that if he wants to act a play of mine there is 'The Return of the Druses' ready waiting for him." One may marvel at the

blindness of Browning in making the suggestion; that Irving failed to respond to it causes less surprise.

I pass, in conclusion, to the second, the psychological, reason for the failure of Browning's theatrical ambitions. It is, I suggest, that his whole method of analysis is discursive and not really dramatic. He had a genius for conjectural digging into people's souls, but no talent, or next to none, for making his people express themselves characteristically. It is never the imaginary personage that speaks, but always Robert Browning imagining himself into the imaginary personage's skin, and endowing him with his—Robert Browning's—subtlety and celerity of thought, his fertile casuistry, his intricate volubility. It may be said that every dramatic poet has a manner, and transfers it, in some degree, to his characters. It is true that Shakespeare always writes like Shakespeare; but it is not true that Hamlet speaks like Othello, or Shylock like Richard II, or Lady Macbeth like Cleopatra. To say that all Browning's characters talk alike would of course be an exaggeration; but it is no exaggeration to say that they constantly tend to fall into that method of serpentine discursiveness which we know so well from "The Ring and the Book," and from such masterly monologues as "Fra Lippo Lippi," "Andrea del Sarto," "Bishop Blougram's Apology," and "Mr. Sludge, 'The Medium.'" The last-named wonderful piece of work affords a good example of what I mean when I speak of Browning's lack of true impersonative power. There is, indeed, a constant effort to keep within the Medium's vocabulary and mental range; but the effort con-

stantly and conspicuously fails. The poet, in spite of himself, give Sludge his own learning, his own fertility of illustration, his own suppleness of mind, his own ironic insight into human nature, his own—I say it with all reverence—his own verbosity. The mind portrayed in the fifteen or sixteen hundred close-packed lines is a rich, powerful, wonderful mind—not for a moment conceivable as belonging to Sludge the Medium. We see Robert Browning thinking of Sludge and patiently trying to worm himself into the heart of his mystery; and this description, I suggest, applies more or less to all Browning's dramatic work. His characters do not speak and act from their own inward spontaneous impulse. They are mere mouthpieces for the poet who is labouring, reflectively rather than dramatically, to expound their emotions or to wring the last drop of casuistic implication from the situations in which he has placed them. His favourite expression "Put case" is very significant. His characters are always putting cases and arguing things out from half-a-dozen hypothetic points of view.

And if the considerations already advanced were not sufficient to account for Browning's failure to take, or hold, a place among acted dramatists, it would be easy, I fancy, to show that his plots, apart from the manner of their narration, were apt to be conducted without any reasonable care for probability. For instance, the tragic end of "The Blot in the 'Scutcheon" is due to two wholly incredible circumstances. It is sheer madness on Mildred's part to tell her brother that she is willing to marry Mertoun without at the same time telling him that

Mertoun is her paramour. It is this apparent depth of baseness on her part that exasperates Tresham to a state of frenzy, and there is no sense in her leaving him under the intolerable illusion. Again, it is madness of Mildred, knowing that the intrigue is discovered, to give the signal which summons Mertoun to her chamber. Had she desired to precipitate the tragedy, this was the surest way to accomplishment. Such flaws in the conduct of the fable, if they were plainly perceived, would alienate the least critical audience. But I do not think it necessary to look into the texture of Browning's stories, for I believe his style of telling them to be so unsuited to theatrical conditions that their matter never comes home to an audience at all—at any rate, not with sufficient clearness to arouse positive assent or dissent. This great poet, in short, speaks a language foreign to the theatre; and people are not disposed to be critical of a story which is told them in an unknown tongue.

To sum up, there is a delusion common among poets that because they are poets—because they possess the poetic gift—it follows that they are capable of writing poetic drama. No greater delusion exists; and it was from this delusion that Browning suffered.

THE NOVEL IN 'THE RING AND THE BOOK.'

BY HENRY JAMES, D.LITT.

IF on such an occasion as this—even with our natural impulse to shake ourselves free of reserves—some sharp choice between the dozen different aspects of one of the most copious of our poets becomes a prime necessity, though remaining at the same time a great difficulty, so in respect to the most voluminous of his works the admirer is promptly held up, as we have come to call it; finds himself almost baffled by alternatives. 'The Ring and the Book' is so vast and so essentially Gothic a structure, spreading and soaring and branching at such a rate, covering such ground, putting forth such pinnacles and towers and brave excrescences, planting its transepts and chapels and porticos, its clustered hugeness or inordinate muchness (to put the effect at once most plainly and most expressively), that with any first approach we but walk vaguely and slowly, rather bewilderedly, round and round it, wondering at what point we had best attempt such entrance as will save our steps and light our uncertainty—most enable us, in a word, to reach our personal chair, our indicated chapel or shrine, when once within. For it is to be granted that to this inner view the likeness of the literary monument to

one of the great religious gives way a little, sustains itself less than in the first, the affronting mass; unless we simply figure ourselves, under the great roof, looking about us through a splendid thickness and dimness of air, an accumulation of spiritual presences or unprofaned mysteries, that makes our impression heavily general—general only—and leaves us helpless for reporting on particulars. The particulars for our purpose have thus their identity much rather in certain features of the twenty faces—either of one or of another of these—that the structure turns to the outer day, and that we can, as it were, sit down before and consider at our comparative ease. I say “comparative” advisedly, for I cling to the dear old tradition that Browning is “difficult”—which we were all brought up on, and which I think we should, especially on a rich retrospective day like this, with the atmosphere of his great career settling upon us as much as possible, feel it a shock to see break down in too many places at once. Selecting my ground, by your kind invitation, for sticking in and planting before you, to flourish so far as it shall, my little sprig of bay, I have of course tried to measure the quantity of ease with which our material may on that noted spot allow itself to be treated. There are innumerable things in ‘The Ring and the Book’—as the comprehensive image I began with makes it needless I should say; and I have been above all appealed to by the possibility that one of these, pursued for a while through the labyrinth, but at last overtaken and then more or less confessing its identity, might have yielded up its best essence (as

a grateful theme, of course I mean) under some fine strong economy of *prose* treatment. So here you have me talking at once of prose and seeking that connection to help out my case.

From far back, from my first reading of these volumes, which took place at the time of their disclosure to the world, when I was a fairly young person, the sense, almost the pang, of the novel they might have constituted, sprang sharply from them: so that I was to go on through the years almost irreverently, all but quite profanely, if you will, thinking of the great loose and uncontrolled composition, the great heavy-hanging cluster of related but unreconciled parts, as a fiction of the so-called historic type, that is as a suggested study of the manners and conditions from which our own have more or less traceably issued, just tragically spoiled—or as a work of art, in other words, smothered in the producing. To which I hasten to add my consciousness of the scant degree in which such a fresh start from our author's documents, such a re-projection of them, wonderful documents as they can only have been, may claim a critical basis. Conceive me as simply astride of my different fancy, my other dream, of the matter—which bolted with me, as I have said, at the first alarm. Browning worked, in this connection, literally *upon* documents: no page of his long story is more vivid and splendid than that of his find of the Book in the litter of a market-stall in Florence, and the swoop of practised perception with which he caught up in it a treasure. Here was a subject stated to the last ounce of its weight, a living and breathing record of facts pitiful and

terrible, a mass of matter bristling with revelations, and yet at the same time wrapped over with layer upon layer of contemporary appreciation; which appreciation, in its turn, was a part of the wealth to be appreciated. What our great master saw was his situation founded, seated there in positively packed and congested significance, though by just so much as it was charged with meanings and values were those things undeveloped and unexpressed. They looked up at him, even at that first flush and from their market-stall, and said to him, in their compressed compass, as with the muffled rumble of a slow-coming earthquake, "Express us, express us, immortalise us as we'll immortalise *you*!"—so that the terms of the understanding were so far cogent and clear. It was an understanding, on their side, with the Poet; and, since that Poet had produced "Men and Women," "Dramatic Lyrics," "Dramatis Personae" and sundry plays—we needn't even foist on him "Sordello"—he could but understand in his own way. That way would have had to be quite some other, we fully see, had he been by habit and profession not just the lyric, epic, dramatic commentator, the extractor, to whatever essential potency and redundancy, of the moral of the fable, but the very fabulist himself, the inventor and projector, layer down of the postulate and digger of the foundation. I doubt if we have a precedent for this energy of appropriation of a deposit of *stated* matter, a block of sense already in position and requiring not to be shaped and squared and caused any further to solidify, but rather to suffer disintegration, be pulled apart, melted down, hammered, by the most charac-

teristic of the poet's processes, to powder—dust of gold and silver let us say. He was to apply to it his favourite system—that of looking at his subject from the point of view of a sort of sublime curiosity, and of smuggling as many more points of view together into that one as the fancy might take him to smuggle—on a scale on which even he had never before applied it; this with a courage and confidence that, in presence of all the conditions, conditions many of them arduous and arid and thankless even to defiance, we can only pronounce splendid, and of which the issue was to be of a proportioned monstrous magnificence.

The one definite forecast for this product would have been that it should figure for its producer as a poem—as if he had simply said, "I embark at any rate for the Golden Isles"; everything else was of the pure incalculable, the frank voyage of adventure. To what extent the Golden Isles were in fact to be reached is a matter we needn't pretend, I think, absolutely to determine; let us feel for ourselves and as we will about it—either see our adventurer, disembarked bag and baggage and in possession, plant his flag on the highest eminence within his ring of sea, or, on the other hand, but watch him approach and beat back a little, tack and circle and stand off, always fairly in sight of land, catching rare glimpses and meeting strange airs, but not quite achieving the final *coup* that annexes the group. He returns to us under either view all scented and salted with his measure of contact, and that for the moment is enough for us; more than enough for me, at any rate, engaged, for your

beguilement, in this practical relation of snuffing up what he brings. He brings, anyhow one puts it, a detailed report, which is but another word for a story; and it is with his story, his offered, not his borrowed one—a very different matter—that I am concerned. We are probably most of us so aware of its general content that if I sum this up I may do so briefly. The book of the Florentine rubbish-heap is the full account (as full accounts were conceived in those days) of the trial before the Roman courts, with inquiries and judgments by the Tuscan authorities intermixed, of a certain Count Guido Franceschini of Arezzo—decapitated, in company with four confederates, these latter hanged, on the 22nd of February, 1698, for the murder of his young wife, Pompilia Comparini, and her adopted parents, Pietro and Violante of that ilk. The circumstances leading to this climax had been primarily his marriage to Pompilia, some years before, in Rome, she being then but in her thirteenth year, under the impression, fostered in him by the elder pair, that she was their own child and on this head heiress to moneys settled on them from of old in the event of their having a child. They had in fact had none, and had, in substitution, invented, so to speak, Pompilia, the luckless base-born baby of a woman of lamentable character easily induced to part with her for cash. They bring up the hapless creature as their daughter, and as their daughter they marry her, in Rome, to the middle-aged and impecunious Count Guido, a rapacious and unscrupulous fortune-seeker, by whose superior social position, as we say, dreadfully *deceaduto* though he be, they are dazzled

out of all circumspection. The girl, innocent, ignorant, bewildered and scared, is purely passive, is taken home by her husband to Arezzo, where she is at first attended by Pietro and Violante, and where the direst disappointments await the three. Count Guido proves the basest of men and his home a place of terror and of torture, from which, at the age of seventeen, and shortly prior to her giving birth to an heir to the house, such as it is, she is rescued by a pitying witness of her misery, Canon Caponsacchi, a man of the world and adorning it, yet in holy orders, as men of the world in Italy might then be, who clandestinely helps her, at peril of both their lives, back to Rome, and of whom it is attested that he has had no other relation with her but this of distinguished and all-disinterested friend in need. The pretended parents have at an early stage thrown up their benighted game, fleeing from the rigour of their dupe's domestic rule, disclosing to him vindictively the part they have played and the consequent failure of any profit to him through his wife, and leaving him in turn to wreak his spite, which has become infernal, on the wretched Pompilia. He pursues her to Rome on her eventual flight, and overtakes her, with her companion, just outside the gates; but having, by the aid of the authorities, re-achieved possession of her, he contents himself for the time with procuring her sequestration in a convent, from which, however, she is presently allowed to emerge in view of the near birth of her child. She rejoins Pietro and Violante, devoted to her, oddly enough, through all their folly and fatuity, and under their roof, in a lonely Roman suburb, her

child comes into the world. Her husband meanwhile, hearing of her release, gives way afresh to the fury that had not at the climax of his former pursuit taken full effect; he recruits a band of four of his young tenants or farm-labourers, and makes his way, armed, like his companions, with knives, to the door behind which three of the parties to all the wrong done him, as he holds, then lurk. He pronounces, after knocking and waiting, the name of Caponsacchi, upon which, as the door opens, Violante presents herself. He stabs her to death, on the spot, with repeated blows; like her companions she is off her guard, and he throws himself on each of these with equally murderous effect. Pietro, crying for mercy, falls second beneath him; after which he attacks his wife, whom he literally hacks to death. She survives, by a miracle, long enough, in spite of all her wounds, to testify; which testimony, as may be imagined, is not the least precious part of the case. Justice is on the whole, though deprecated and delayed, what we call satisfactory: the last word is for the Pope in person, Innocent XII. Pignatelli, at whose deliberation, lone and supreme, on Browning's page, we splendidly assist, and Count Guido and his accomplices, bloodless as to the act though these appear to have been, meet their discriminated doom.

That is the bundle of facts, accompanied with the bundle of proceedings, legal, ecclesiastical, diplomatic and other, *on* the facts, that our author, of a summer's day, made prize of; but our general temptation, as I say—out of which springs this question of the other values of character and effect.

the other completeness of picture and drama, that the confused whole might have had for us—is a distinctly different thing. The difference consists, you see, to begin with, in the very breath of our Poet's genius, already, and so inordinately, at play on them from the first of our knowing them. And it consists in the second place of such an extracted sense of the whole, which becomes, after the most extraordinary fashion, bigger by the extraction, immeasurably bigger than even the most cumulative weight of the mere crude evidence, that our choice of how to take it all is in a manner determined for us. We can only take it as tremendously interesting, interesting not only in itself but with the great added interest, the dignity and authority and beauty, of Browning's general perception of it. We cannot accept this—and little enough, on the whole, do we want to: it sees us, with its prodigious push, that of its poetic, aesthetic, historic, psychologic (one scarce knows what to call it) shoulder, so far on our way. Yet all the while we are in presence not at all of an achieved form, but of a mere preparation for one, though on the hugest scale; so that you see, we are no more than decently attentive with our question: "Which of them all, of the various methods of casting the wondrously mixed metal, is he, as he goes, preparing?" Well, as he keeps giving and giving, in immeasurable plenty, it is in our selection from it all and our picking it over that we seek and to whatever various and unequal effect we find our account. He works over his vast material and we then work *him* over—though not availing ourselves, to this end, of a

grain he himself doesn't somehow give us—and there we are.

The first thing we do then is to cast about for some centre in our field; seeing that, for such a purpose as ours, the subject might very nearly go a-begging with none more definite than the author has provided for it. I find that centre in the embracing consciousness of Caponsacchi, which, coming to the rescue of our question of treatment, of our search for a point of control, practically saves everything, and shows, itself, moreover, the only thing that *can* save. The more we ask of any other part of our picture that it shall exercise a comprehensive function, the more we see that particular part inadequate; as inadequate even in the extraordinarily magnified range of spirit and reach of intelligence of the infernal Franceschini as in the sublime passivity and plasticity of the childish Pompilia, educated to the last point though she be indeed by suffering, but otherwise so untaught that she can neither read nor write. The magnified state is in this work still more than elsewhere the note of the intelligence, of any and every faculty of thought, imputed by our poet to his creatures—and it takes a great mind, one of the greatest, we may at once say, to make these persons express and confess themselves to such an effect of intellectual splendour. He resorts primarily to their sense, their sense of themselves and of everything else they know, to exhibit them, and has for this purpose to keep them, and to keep them persistently and inexhaustibly, under the huge lens of his own prodigious vision. He thus makes out in them boundless treasures of truth—truth even when it

happens to be, as in the case of Count Guido, but the shining wealth of constitutional falsity. Of the extent to which he may after this fashion unlimitedly draw upon them his exposure of Count Guido, which goes on and on, though partly, I admit, by repeating itself, is a wondrous example. It is not too much to say of Pompilia, Pompilia pierced with twenty wounds, Pompilia on her death-bed, Pompilia but seventeen years old and but a fortnight a mother, that she acquires an intellectual splendour just by the fact of the vast covering charity of imagination with which her recording, our commemorated, avenger, never so as in this case an avenger of the wronged beautiful things of life, hangs over and breathes upon her. We see her come out to him—and the extremely remarkable thing is that we see it, on the whole, without doubting that it might have been so. Nothing could thus be more interesting, however it may at moments and in places puzzle us, than the impunity, on our poet's part, of most of these over-stretchings of proportion, these violations of the immediate appearance. Browning is deep down below the immediate with the first step of his approach; he has vaulted over the gate, is already far afield, and never, so long as we watch him, has occasion to fall back. We wonder, for after all the real is his quest, the very ideal of the real, the real most finely mixed with life, which is, in the last analysis, the ideal; and we know, with our dimmer vision, no such reality as a Franceschini fighting for his life, fighting for the vindication of his baseness, embodying his squalor, with an audacity of wit, an intensity of

colour, a variety of speculation and illustration, that represent well-nigh the maximum play of the human mind. It is in like sort scarce too much to say of the exquisite Pompilia that on her part intelligence and expression are disengaged to a point at which the angels may well begin to envy her; and all again without our once wincing so far as our consistently liking to see and hear and believe is concerned. Caponsacchi regales us, of course, with the rarest fruit of a great character, a great culture and a great case: but Caponsacchi is acceptedly and naturally, needfully and illustratively, splendid. He *is* the soul of man at its finest—having passed through the smoky fires of life and emerging clear and high. Greatest of all the spirits exhibited, however, is that of the more than octogenarian Pope, at whose brooding, pondering, solitary vigil, by the end of a hard grey winter day in the great, bleak, waiting Vatican—"in the plain closet where he does such work"—we assist as intimately as at every other step of the case, and on whose grand meditation we heavily hang. But the Pope is too high above the whole connection, functionally and historically, for us to place him within it dramatically. Our Novel—which please believe I still keep before me!—dispenses with him, as it dispenses with the amazing, bristling, all too indulgently presented Roman advocates, on either side of the case, who combine to put together the most formidable monument we possess to Browning's active curiosity, and the liveliest proof of his almost unlimited power to give on his readers' nerves without giving on his own.

What remains with us all this time, none the less,

is the effect of magnification, the exposure of each of these figures, in its degree, to that iridescent wash of personality, of temper and faculty, that our author ladles out to them, as the copious share of each, from his own great reservoir of spiritual health, and which makes us, as I have noted, seek the reason of a perpetual anomaly. Why, bristling so with references to him rather than with references to each other or to any accompanying set of circumstances, do they still establish more truth and beauty than they sacrifice, do they still, according to their chance, help to make 'The Ring and the Book' a great living thing, a great objective mass? I brushed by the answer a moment ago, I think, in speaking of the development in *Pompilia* of the resource of expression; which brings us round, it seems to me, to the justification of Browning's method. To express his inner self—his outward was a different affair!—and to express it utterly, even if no matter how, was clearly, for his own measure and consciousness of that inner self, to *be* poetic; and the solution of all the deviations and disparities, or, speaking critically, monstrosities, in the mingled tissue of this work, is the fact that, whether or no by such convulsions of soul and sense life got delivered for him, the garment of life—which for him was poetry and poetry alone—got disposed in its due and adequate multitudinous folds. We move with him but in images and references and vast and far correspondences, we eat but of strange compounds and drink but of rare distillations; and very soon, after a course of this, we feel ourselves, however much or however little to our advantage we

may on occasion pronounce it, in the world of expression at any cost. That, essentially, is the world of poetry—which, in the cases known to our experience where it seems to us to differ from Browning's world, does so but through the latter's having been, by the vigour and violence, the bold familiarity, of his grasp and pull at it, moved several degrees nearer us, so to speak, than any other of the same general sort with which we are acquainted; so that, intellectually, we back away from it a little, back down before it, again and again, as we try to get off from a picture or a group or a view which is too much upon us and thereby out of focus. Browning is "upon" us, straighter upon us always, somehow, than anyone else of his race—and we thus recoil, we push our chair back from the table he so tremendously spreads, just to see a little better what is on it. That makes a relation with him that it is difficult to express; as if he came up against us each time, on the same side of the street and not on the other side, across the way, where we mostly see the poets elegantly walk and where we greet them without danger of concussion. It is on this same side, as I call it, on our side, on the other hand, that I rather see our encounter with the novelists taking place—we being, as it were, more mixed with them, or they at least, by their desire and necessity, more mixed with us, and our brush of them, in their minor frenzy, a comparatively muffled matter.

We have in the whole thing, at any rate, the element of action which is at the same time constant picture, and the element of picture which is at the same time constant action—and with a fusion, as

the mass moves, that is none the less effective, none the less thick and complete, from our not owing it in the least to an artful economy. Another force pushes its way through the waste and rules the scene, making wrong things right and right things a hundred times more so: that breath of Browning's own particular matchless Italy which takes us full in the face and remains from the first the felt, rich, coloured air in which we live. The quantity of that atmosphere that he had to give out is like nothing else in English poetry, any more than in English prose, that I recall; and since I am taking these liberties with him let me take one too, a little, with the fruit of another genius shining at us here in association—with that great placed and timed prose fiction which we owe to George Eliot, and in which her projection of the stage and scenery is so different a matter. Curious enough this difference where so many things make for identity: the quantity of talent, the quantity of knowledge, the high equality (or almost) of culture and curiosity, not to say of "spiritual life." Each writer drags along a far-sweeping train, though indeed Browning's spreads so considerably furthest; but his stirs up, to my vision, a perfect cloud of gold-dust, while hers, in *Romola*, by contrast, leaves the air about as clear, about as white, and withal about as cold, as before she had benevolently entered it. This straight saturation of our author's, this prime assimilation of the elements for which the name of Italy stands, is a single splendid case, however; I can think of no second one that is not below it—if we take it as supremely expressed in those of his lyrics and

shorter dramatic monologues that it has most helped to inspire. The Rome and Tuscany of the early 'fifties had become for him so at once a medium, a bath of the senses and perceptions, into which he could sink, in which he could unlimitedly soak, that wherever he might be touched afterwards he gave out some effect of that immersion. This places him to my mind quite apart, makes the rest of our poetic record of a similar experience comparatively pale and abstract. Shelley and Swinburne—to name only his compeers, are, I know, a part of the record; but the author of "Men and Women," of "Pippa Passes," of certain of the "Dramatic Lyrics" and other scattered felicities, not only expresses and reflects the matter, he fairly, he heatedly (if I may use such a term) exudes and perspires it. Shelley, let us say in the connection, is a light, and Swinburne is a sound—Browning alone is a temperature. We feel it, we are in it at a plunge, with the very first pages of the thing before us—to which, I confess, we surrender with a momentum drawn from fifty of their predecessors, pages not less sovereign, elsewhere.

The old Florence of the late spring closes round us; the hand of Italy is at once, with the recital of the old-world litter of Piazza San Lorenzo, with that of the great glare and the great shadow-masses heavy upon us, heavy with that strange weight, that mixed pressure which is somehow to the imagination at once a caress and a menace. Our poet kicks up on the spot and at short notice what I have called his cloud of gold-dust; I can but speak for myself at least—something that I want to

feel both as historic and æsthetic truth, both as pictorial and moral interest, something that will repay my fancy tenfold if I can but feel it, hovers before me, and I say to myself that whether or no a great poem is going to "come off," I'll be hanged if one of the vividdest of all stories and one of the sharpest of all impressions doesn't. I beckon these things on, I follow them up, I so desire and need them that I, of course, by my imaginative collaboration, contribute to them—from the moment, that is, of my finding myself *really* in relation to the great points. On the other hand, as certainly, it has taken the author of the first volume and of the two admirable chapters of the same—since I can't call them cantos!—entitled respectively "Half-Rome" and "The Other Half-Rome," to put me in relation; where it is that he keeps me more and more, letting the closeness of my state, it must be owned, occasionally drop, letting the finer call on me, even for bad quarters of an hour, considerably languish, but starting up before me again in vivid authority if I really presume to droop or stray. He takes his wilful way with me, but I make it my own, picking over and over, as I have said, like some lingering, talking pedlar's client, his great unloosed pack; and thus it is that by the time I am settled with Pompilia at Arezzo I have lived into all the conditions. They press upon me close, those wonderful, dreadful, beautiful particulars of the Italy of the eve of the eighteenth century—Browning himself moving about, darting hither and thither in them, at his mighty ease. Beautiful, I say, because of the quantity of romantic and æsthetic tradition,

from a more romantic and æsthetic age, still visibly, palpably in solution there; and wonderful and dreadful through something of a similar tissue of matchless and ruthless consistencies and immoralities. I make to my hand, as this infatuated reader, *my* Italy of the eve of the eighteenth century—a vast painted and gilded rococo shell roofing over a scenic, an amazingly figured and furnished earth, but shutting out almost the whole of our own dearly bought, rudely recovered spiritual sky. You see I have this right, all the while, if I recognise my suggested material, which keeps coming and coming in the measure of my need, and my duty to which is to recognise it, and as handsomely and actively as possible. The great thing is that I have such a group of figures moving across a so constituted scene—figures so typical, so salient, so reeking with the old-world character, so impressed all over with its manners and its morals, and so predestined, we see, to this particular horrid little drama. And let me not be charged with giving it away, the idea of the latent prose fiction, by calling it little and horrid; let me not—for with my contention I can't possibly afford to—appear to agree with those who speak of the Franceschini-Comparini case as a mere vulgar criminal anecdote.

It might have been such but for two reasons—counting only the principal ones; one of these our fact that we see it so, I repeat in Browning's inordinately coloured light, and the other—which is indeed, perhaps, but another face of the same—that, with whatever limitations, it gives us in the rarest manner three characters of the first importance. I

hold three a great many—I could have done with it almost, I think, if there had been but one or two; our rich provision shows you at any rate what I mean by speaking of our author's performance as above all a preparation for something. Deeply he felt that with the three—the three built up at us each with an equal genial rage of reiterative touches—there couldn't eventually *not* be something done (artistically done, I mean) if someone would only do it! There they are in their old yellow Arezzo, that miniature milder Florence, as sleepy to my recollection as a little English cathedral city clustered about a close, but dreaming not so peacefully nor so innocently; there is the great fretted fabric of the church on which they are all swarming and groveling, yet after their fashion interesting parasites, from the high and dry old Archbishop, meanly wise or ignobly edifying, to whom Pompilia resorts in her woe, and who practically pushes her away with a shuffling velvet foot; down through the couple of Franceschini cadets, Canon Girolamo and Abate Paul, mere minions, fairly in the verminous degree, of the overgrown order or too-rank organism; down to Count Guido himself and to Count Caponsacchi, who have taken the tonsure at the outset of their careers, but not the vows, and who lead their lives under some strangest, profanest, pervertedest clerical category. There have been before this the Roman preliminaries, the career of the queer Comparini, the adoption, the assumption of the parentship of the ill-starred little girl, with the sordid cynicism of her marriage out of hand, conveying her presumptive little fortune, her poor

handful of even less than contingent cash, to hungry middle-aged Count Guido's stale "rank"; the many-toned note or turbid harmony of all of which recurs to us in the vivid image of the pieties and paganisms of San Lorenzo in Lucina, that *banal* little church in the old upper Corso—banal, that is, at the worst, with the rare Roman *banalité*; bravely banal or banal with style—that we have passed, but with a sense of its reprieve to our sight-seeing, and where the bleeding bodies of the still-breathing Pompilia and her extinct companions are laid out on the greasy marble of the altar steps. To glance at these things, however, is fairly to be tangled, and at once, in the author's complexity of suggestion—to which our own thick-coming fancies respond in no less a measure; so that I have already missed my time to so much even as name properly the tremendous little chapter we should have devoted to the Franceschini interior as revealed at last to Comparini eyes; the sinister scene or ragged ruin of the Aretine "palace," where pride and penury, and, at once, rabid resentment, show their teeth in the dark and the void, and where Pompilia's inspired little character, clear silver hardened, effectually beaten and battered to steel, begins to shine at the blackness with a light that fairly out-faces at last the gleam of wolfish fangs; the character that draws from Guido, in his, alas, too boundless harangue of the fourth volume, some of the sharpest characterisations into which that extraordinary desert, that indescribable waste of intellectual life, as I have called it, from time to time flowers.

"None of your abnegation of revenge !
Fly at me frank, tug where I tear again !"

"Away with the empty stare ! Be holy still,
And stupid ever ! Occupy your patch
Of private snow that's somewhere in what world
May now be growing icy round your head
And aguish at your foot-print—freeze not *me* !"

Or elsewhere :

"She could play off her sex's armoury,
Entreat, reproach, be female to my male,
Try all the shrieking doubles of the hare,
And yield fair sport so : but the tactics change,
The hare stands stock-still to enrage the hound !

This self-possession to the uttermost,
How does it differ in aught save degree
From the terrible patience of God ?"

But I find myself, too unresistingly, quoting, and so, frankly, as I cannot justify some of my positions here by another example or two, I must cut short as to what I should have liked to add for that shaft further to be sunk into the dense deposit of social decay forming Count Guido's domestic life ; the shaft so soon widening out to his awful mother, evoked for us in our author's single sufficing line :

"The gamut grey nightmare in the furthest smoke."

The mere use of "furthest" there somehow makes the image ! But other single lines glance at us, more flower-like, all along, out of the rank vegetation ; such as :

"Fragment of record very strong and old."

Or such as :

“ Those old odd corners of an empty heart.”

Or such as :

“ Leave that live passion, come be dead with me.”

And even these already take me too far, or would if I didn't feel it really important just to put in, for your brief attention, the page or two representing to my sense the highest watermark of our author's imagination here ; representing not, like too many others, mere imaginative motion, but real imaginative life. Taken from Caponsacchi's address in the second volume it consists of his superb visionary dismissal and disposal of Guido ; which let me just preface, however, by the latter's own splendid howl, when at the end of his prodigious final interview with justice, an interview, as given us, all on his own side and involving, well-nigh, a complete conspectus of human history, the man, with the officers of the law at the door and the red scaffold in view, breaks out in the concrete truth of his weakness and terror and his cry, first, to his judges, “ Hold me from them ! I am yours.” And then, frantically, wonderfully :

“ I am the Grand-duke's—No, I am the Pope's !

Abate—Cardinal—Christ—Maria—God . . .

Pompilia, will you let them murder me ? ”

I have pronounced them all splendid contentious minds ; so that the return there, at a jump, to alarmed nature, to passion and pain as we more easily, that is less loquaciously, know them, has again no less a value at Caponsacchi's broken

climax of his magnificent plea—"I do but play with an imagined life"—when he drops suddenly straight down from magnanimous speculative heights to his personal sense of the reality :

"O great, just, good God ! Miserable me !"

However, the great passage I allude to has everything.

"Let us go away—leave Guido all alone
 Back on the world again that knows him now !
 I think he will be found (indulged so far !)
 Not to die so much as slide out of life,
 Pushed by the general horror and common hate
 Low, lower—left o' the very ledge of things,
 I seem to see him catch convulsively
 One by one at all honest forms of life,
 At reason, order, decency and use—
 To cramp him and get foothold by at least ;
 And still they disengage them from his clutch.
 'What, you are he then had Pompilia once
 And so forewent her ? Take not up with us !'
 And thus I see him slowly and surely edged
 Of all the table-land whence life upsprings
 Aspiring to be immortality,
 As the snake, hatched on hill-top by mischance,
 Despite his wriggling, slips, slides, slidders down
 Hillside, lies low and prostrate on the smooth
 Level of the outer place, lapsed in the vale :
 So I lose Guido in the loneliness,
 Silence and dusk, till at the doleful end,
 At the horizontal line, creation's verge,
 From what just is to absolute nothingness—
 Lo, what is this he meets, strains onward still ?
 What other man deep further in the fate,
 Who, turning at the prize of a footfall
 To flatter him and promise fellowship,

Discovers in the act a frightful face—
 Judas, made monstrous by much solitude!
 The two are at one now! Let them love their love
 That bites and claws like hate, or hate their hate
 That mops and mows and makes as it were love!
 There, let them each tear each in devil's-fun,
 Or fondle this the other while malice aches—
 Both teach, both learn detestability!
 Kiss him the kiss, Iscariot! Pay that back,
 That smatch o' the slaver blistering on your lip—
 By the better trick, the insult he spared Christ—
 Lure him the lure o' the letters, Aretine!
 Lick him o'er slimy-smooth with jelly-filth
 O' the verse-and-prose pollution in love's guise!
 The cockatrice is with the basilisk!
 There let them grapple, denizen's o' the dark,
 Foes or friends, but indissolubly bound,
 In their one spot out of the ken of God
 Or care of man, for ever and ever more!"

I have spoken of the enveloping consciousness—or call it just the struggling, emerging, comparing, at last intensely living conscience—of Caponsacchi as the indicated centre of our situation or determinant of our form, in the matter of the excellent novel; and know, of course, what such an indication lets me in for, responsibly speaking, in the way of a rearrangement of relations, in the way of liberties taken. To lift our subject out of the sphere of anecdote and place it in the sphere of drama, liberally considered, to give it dignity by extracting its finest importance, causing its parts to flower together into some splendid special sense, we supply it with a large lucid reflector, which we find only, as I have already noted, in

that mind and soul concerned in the business that have at once the highest sensibility and the highest capacity, or that are, as we may call it, most admirably agitated. There is the awkward fact, the objector may say, that by our record the mind and soul in question are not concerned till a given hour, when many things have already happened and the climax is almost in sight; to which we reply, at our ease, that we simply don't suffer that fact to be awkward. From the moment I am taking liberties I suffer *no* awkwardness; I should be very helpless, quite without resource and without vision, if I did. I said it to begin with: Browning works the whole thing over—the whole thing as originally given him—and we work *him*; helpfully, artfully, boldly, which is our whole blest basis. We therefore turn Caponsacchi on earlier, ever so much earlier; turn him on, with a brave ingenuity, from the very first—that is in Rome, if need be; place him there in the field, at once recipient and agent, vaguely conscious and with splendid brooding apprehension, awaiting the adventure of his life, awaiting his call, his real call (the others have been such vain shows and hollow stop-gaps), awaiting, in fine, his terrible great fortune. His direct connection with Pompilia begins, certainly, at Arezzo, only after she had been some time hideously mismated and has suffered all but her direst extremity—that is of the essence: we *take* it; it's all right. But his indirect participation is another affair, and we get it—at a magnificent stroke—by the fact that his view of Franceschini, his fellow-Aretine sordidly “on the make,” his

measure of undesired, of, indeed, quite execrated, contact with him, brushed against in the motley, hungry Roman traffic, where and while that sinister soul snuffs about on the very vague, or the very foul, scent of *his* fortune, may begin whenever we like. We have only to have it begin right, only to make it, on the part of two men, a relation of strong, irritated perception and restless, righteous, convinced instinct in the one nature, and of equally instinctive hate and envy, jealousy and latent fear, on the other, to see the indirect connection, the one with Pompilia, as I say, throw across our page as portentous a shadow as we need. Then we get Caponsacchi as a recipient up to the brim—as an agent, a predestined one, up to the hilt. I can scarce begin to tell you what I see him give, as we say, or how his sentient and observational life, his fine reactions in presence of such a creature as Guido, such a social type and image and lurid light, as it were, make him comparatively a modern man, breathed upon, to that deep and interesting agitation I have mentioned, by more forces than he yet reckons or knows the names of.

The direct relation—always to Pompilia—is made, at Arezzo, as we know, by Franceschini himself; preparing his own doom, in the false light of his debased wit, by creating an appearance of hidden dealing between his wife and the priest which shall, as promptly as he likes—if he but work it right—compromise and overwhelm them. The particular deepest damnation he conceives for his weaker, his weakest victim is that she shall take the cleric Caponsacchi for her lover, he indubitably willing—

to Guido's apprehension; and that her castigation at his hands for this, sufficiently proved upon her, shall be the last luxury of his own baseness. He forges infernally, though grossly enough, an imputed correspondence between them, a series of love letters, scandalous scrawls, of the last erotic intensity; which we in the event see solemnly weighed by his fatuous judges, all fatuous save the grave old Pope, in the scale of Pompilia's guilt and responsibility. It is this atrocity that at the *dénoûment* damns Guido himself most, or well-nigh; but if it fails and recoils, as all his calculations do—it is only his rush of passion that doesn't miss—this is by the fact exactly that, as we have seen, his wife and her friend are, for our perfect persuasion, characters of the deepest dye. There, if you please, is the finest side of our subject; such sides comes up, such sides flare out upon us, when we get such characters in such embroilments. Admire with me therefore our felicity in this first-class value of Browning's beautiful, critical, genial vision of his Caponsacchi—vision of him as the tried and tempered and illuminated *man*, a great round smooth, though as yet but little worn gold-piece, an embossed and figured ducat or sequin of the period, placed by the poet in my hand. He gives me that value to spend for him, spend on all the strange old experience, old sights and sounds and stuffs, of the old stored Italy—so we have at least the wit to spend it to high advantage; which is just what I mean by our taking the liberties we spoke of. I see such bits we can get with it; but the difficulty is that I see so many more things than I can have even dreamed of giving you a hint of. I

see the Arezzo life and the Arezzo crisis with every "i" dotted and every circumstance presented; and when Guido takes his wife, as a possible trap for her, to the theatre—the theatre of old Arezzo: share with me the tattered vision and inhale the musty air!—I am well in range of Pompilia, the tragically exquisite, in her box, with her husband not there for the hour but posted elsewhere; I look at her in fact over Caponsacchi's shoulder and that of his brother-canon Conti, while this light character, a vivid recruit to our company, manages to toss into her lap, and as coming in guise of overture from his smitten friend, "a paper-twist of comfits." There is a particular famous occasion at the theatre in a work of more or less contemporary fiction—at a petty provincial theatre which isn't even, as you might think, the place where Pendennis had his first glimpse of Miss Fotheringay. The evening at the Rouen playhouse of Flaubert's "Madame Bovary" has a relief not elsewhere equalled—it is the most *done* visit to the play in all literature—but, though "doing" is now so woefully out of favour, my idea would be to give it here a precious *pendant*; which connection, silly Canon Conti, the old fripperies and levities, the whole queer picture and show of manners, is handed over to us, expressly, as inapt for poetic illustration.

What is equally apt for poetic or for the other, indeed, is the thing for which we feel 'The Ring and the Book' preponderantly done—it is at least what comes out clearest, comes out as straightest and strongest and finest, from Browning's genius—the exhibition of the great constringent relation between

man and woman at once at its maximum and as the relation most worth while in life for either party; an exhibition forming quite the main substance of our author's message. He has dealt, in his immense variety and vivacity, with other relations, but on this he has thrown his most living weight; it remains the thing of which his own rich experience most convincingly spoke to him. He has testified to it as charged to the brim with the burden of the senses, and has testified to it as almost too clarified, too liberated and sublimated, for traceable application or fair record; he has figured it as never too much either of the flesh or of the spirit for him, so long as the possibility of both of these is in each, but always and ever as the thing absolutely most worth while. It is in the highest and rarest degree clarified and disengaged for Caponsacchi and Pompilia; but what their history most concludes to is how ineffably it was, whatever happened, worth while. Worth while most then for them or for us is the question? Well, let us say worth while assuredly for us, in this noble exercise of our imagination. Which accordingly shows us what we, for all our prose basis, would have found, to repeat my term once more, prepared for us. There isn't a detail of their panting flight to Rome over the autumn Apennines—the long hours when they melt together only *not* to meet—that doesn't positively plead for our perfect prose transcript. And if it be said that the mere massacre at the final end is a lapse to a passivity from the high plane, for our pair of protagonists, of constructive, of heroic vision, this is not a blur from the time every-

thing that happens happens most effectively to Caponsacchi's life. Pompilia's is taken, but she is none the less given; and it is in his consciousness and experience that she most intensely flowers—with all her jubilation for doing so. So that *he* contains the whole—unless indeed, after all, the Pope does, the Pope whom I was leaving out as too transcendent for *our* version. Unless, unless, further and further, I see what I have at this late moment no right to; see, as the very end and splendid climax of all, Caponsacchi sent for to the Vatican and admitted alone to the Papal presence. *There* is a scene if we will; and in the mere mutual confrontation, brief, silent, searching, recognising, consecrating, almost as august on the one part as on the other.

It has been easy in many another case to run to earth the stray prime fancy, the original anecdote or artless tale from which a great imaginative work, starting off after meeting it, has sprung and rebounded again and soared; and perhaps it is right and happy and final that one should have faltered in attempting by a converse curiosity to clip off or tie back the wings that once have spread. You will agree with me none the less, I feel, that Browning's great generous wings are over us still and even now, more than ever now—as also that they shake down on us his blessing.

REPORT
OF THE
Royal Society of Literature,
20, *HANOVER SQUARE*, W
AND
LIST OF FELLOWS.
1912.

Royal Society of Literature of the United Kingdom.

Founded in 1825 by H.M. King George the Fourth.

Patron.

HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

COUNCIL AND OFFICERS FOR 1912-13.

President.

THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF HALSBURY, F.R.S.

Five-Presidents.

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W. J. COURTHOPE, ESQ., C.B., D.LITT.
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PROFESSOR J. W. MACKAIL, M.A., LL.D.
PROFESSOR W. L. COURTNEY, M.A., LL.D.
PROFESSOR A. C. BENSON, C.V.O., M.A.
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THE RIGHT REV. BISHOP RYLE, D.D., C.V.O., Dean of Westminster.
G. BERNARD SHAW, ESQ.
M. H. SPIELMANN, ESQ., F.S.A.
R. INIGO TASKER, ESQ.
THE BARON DE WORMS, F.S.A.

Officers.

Treasurer.—SIR EDWARD BRABROOK, C.B.

Hon. Foreign Secretary.—REV. H. G. ROSEDALE, M.A., D.D., F.S.A.

Secretary and Librarian.—PERCY W. AMES, ESQ., LL.D., F.S.A.

Auditors.— $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{DAVID TOLLEMACHE, ESQ.} \\ \text{CHAS. A. BRADFORD, ESQ., F.S.A.} \end{array} \right.$

Honorary Solicitor.—T. CATO WORSFOLD, ESQ., M.A., LL.D., 9, Staple Inn, Holborn, W.C.

Honorary Professorships.

English Fiction.—PROF. A. C. BENSON, C.V.O., M.A., Fellow of Magdalene College, Cambridge.

Dramatic Literature.—PROF. W. L. COURTNEY, M.A., LL.D., Fellow of New College, Oxford.

Comparative Literature.—PROF. GEROTHWOHL, LITT.D., Trinity College, Dublin.

Poetry.—PROF. HENRY NEWBOLT, M.A., Oxon.

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Royal Society of Literature.

ANNIVERSARY MEETING.

MAY 22ND, 1912.

REPORT OF THE COUNCIL.

The Council have the honour to report that since the last Anniversary Meeting, held on May 24th, 1911, there have been the following changes in the number of Fellows of the Society.

They have to announce the loss by death of—

REV. A. M. FAIRBAIRN, D.D., LL.D., D.LITT.

G. J. JOHNSON, J.P.

REV. J. E. PERKINS, M.A.

J. S. PHENÉ, LL.D., F.S.A.

And by resignation of—

SIR A. GEIKIE, F.R.S.

PROF. G. E. B. SAINTSBURY, D.LITT.

COL. T. D. SEWELL.

On the other hand, they have to announce the election of the following :

ARTHUR WILLIAM BECKETT, Esq.
 JAMES MATTHEW BARRIE, Esq., M.A., LL.D.
 JOHN ARTHUR BROOKE, Esq.
 REV. EDGAR DAPLYN.
 JOHN GALSWORTHY, Esq.
 CHARLES GARVICE, Esq.
 REV. JOHN HUDSON, M.A.
 ARTHUR MAQUARIE, Esq.
 THE PRINCESS EDMOND DE POLIGNAC.
 ANNE, LADY RICHMOND RITCHIE.
 GEORGE BERNARD SHAW, Esq.
 HENRY SIMPSON, Esq.

Since the last Anniversary Meeting the following “Transactions” have been issued to the Fellows : Vol. xxx, part iv ; Vol. xxxi, part i.

The Balance-sheet for 1911, showing the financial state of the Society, after being laid on the table for the information of the Fellows, is printed with this Report as follows :

Royal Society of Literature.

CASH ACCOUNT FOR THE YEAR 1911.

[illegible]

Vouchers produced.

Examined and found correct.

D. TOLLEMACHE,
CHAS. ANGELL BRADFORD.

April 3rd, 1912.

BALANCE-SHEET, DECEMBER 31st, 1910.

<i>Liabilities.</i>		<i>Assets.</i>	
To Amount owing for	£ s. d.	By Investments—	£ s. d.
Rent	57 10 0	£200 India 3½ per cent. Stock,	
Entrance Fees, &c.,		1931	187 10 0
received in 1911	16 16 0	£1659 2s. 11d. Queensland 4 per	
Dr. Richards' Fund at		cent. Stock, 1924	1684 0 8
date, viz.—Principal		£1690 11s. 6d. London County	
as estimated, and		3½ per cent. Stock	1673 13 5
accumulated inter-		£1735 London Brighton and	
est, brought forward	£2724 1 11	South Coast Railway 4½ per	
Interest received in		cent. Deb. Stock	2029 19 0
1911	77 14 4		5575 3 1
		Cash at Bankers	170 16 6
	2801 16 3	Stock of Publications (as estimated)	250 0 0
Loss paid to printer £100 0 0		Dr. Richards' Fund, Investments, and Cash—	
Decreased value of		£500 Consols	285 12 6
investments .. 31 15 0	131 15 0	£1800 Metropolitan 3½ per cent.	
		Stock	1791 0 0
	2670 1 3	£200 India 3½ per cent. Stock...	187 10 0
		Cash at Bankers	305 18 9
Academic Committee Fund—			2670 1 3
Donations received	271 0 0	Academic Committee Fund	106 0 0
Paid Edmond de			
Polignac Prize £100 0 0			
Expenditure	165 0 0		
	106 0 0		
	5921 13 7		
Balance, being surplus at 31st Dec., 1911 ...	£8772 0 10		

Examined and found correct according to Messrs. Coutts & Co.'s Statement of the Consols and Inscribed Stocks in their possession.

April 3rd, 1912.

D. TOLLEMACHE.
CHAS. ANGELL BRADFORD.

The following Papers have been read before the Society since the last Anniversary Meeting :

I. May 24th, 1911. Sir Edward Brabrook, C.B., Vice-President, in the chair. A Paper was read on *The Apostles of Moravia and Bohemia*, by the Count Lützow, D.Litt., Hon. F.R.S.L.

II. October 25th, 1911. Sir Edward Brabrook, C.B., Vice-President, in the chair. A Paper was read on *Eighteenth Century Poetry in the light of Nineteenth Century Critical Theory*, by Professor R. P. Cowl, M.A., F.R.S.L.

III. November 22nd, 1911. The Rev. J. Arbuthnot Nairn, Litt.D., Vice-President, in the chair. A Lecture with Lantern Illustrations on *The Manor Houses and Village Life of the time of Shakespeare* was given by the Rev. P. H. Ditchfield, M.A., F.S.A., F.R.S.L.

IV. January 24th, 1912. W. J. Courthope, Esq., C.B., D.Litt., Vice-President, in the chair. A Paper was read on *Lucian and his Times*, by Howard Candler, Esq., M.A., F.R.S.L.

V. February 28th, 1912. Professor W. L. Courtney, M.A., LL.D., Vice-President, in the

chair. A Paper was read on *Nicholas Amhurst*, by Charles E. Wade, Esq., M.A., F.R.S.L.

VI. March 27th, 1912. Sir Edward Brabrook, C.B., Vice-President, in the chair. A Paper was read on *The Best Poetry*, by T. Sturge Moore, Esq., Member of the Academic Committee.

VII. April 24th, 1912. Professor A. C. Benson, C.V.O., Vice-President, in the chair. A Paper was read on *Recent Discoveries in Classical Literature*, by Joseph Offord, Esq.

LECTURES.

The following lectures have been given—

Professor A. C. Benson, C.V.O., M.A., on *English Fiction*, November 8th and March 13th.

Professor Henry Newbolt, M.A., on *Poetry* December 13th, February 21st and May 8th.

Professor W. L. Courtney, M.A., LL.D., on *Dramatic Literature*, on January 17th and April 17th.

Professor M. A. Gerothwohl, Litt.D., on *Comparative Literature*, on February 14th.

These have all been attended by large audiences.

ANNIVERSARY ADDRESS, 1912.

BY SIR EDWARD BRABROOK, C.B.,

Vice-President and Treasurer.

In the absence of our venerated President, Lord Halsbury, on the Continent, it has again become my duty, in obedience to the wish of my colleagues on the Council, to do all the little that lies in my power to supply his place. Though the delivery of an anniversary address has occasionally been omitted, it is a time-honoured custom with us, as with other societies, and I should be sorry if, on account of my own inability to do justice to my theme, it were omitted on the present occasion. I therefore rise—I think for the twelfth time—to offer a few observations on the work of the Society, which has now completed the eighty-ninth year of its existence. In words which were a common form during the illustrious presidency of Bishop Connop Thirlwall, “I

have much pleasure in doing so, because I am able still to speak to you, as I have done on so many previous years, of the continued welfare and prosperity of this Society."

The same compliance with long-established custom compels me nevertheless to begin on a low note, by recalling to your memory the toll that death has exacted from us during the year. I must first mention my dear old friend Dr. John Samuel Phené, who had reached his eighty-ninth year. He had been a member of the British Association since the year 1863, was elected a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries in 1872, and joined our Society in 1878. In the year 1892, when Lord Halsbury became President, Dr. Phené and I were added to the list of Vice-Presidents, of which list, as it then stood, I am now the last survivor. His deep interest in the Society was manifested by his contributing not fewer than eight papers to our 'Transactions,' in which he brought great erudition and shrewd observation to bear upon a variety of subjects, viz. :

“Linguistic Synonyms in the Pre-Roman Languages of Britain and of Italy” (vol. xv), “King Arthur and St. George” (vol. xvii), “Ethical and Symbolical Literature in Art” (vol. xviii), “*Δενδροφορία*, or Tree Transporting” (vol. xix), “Place Names in and around Rome, Latium, Etruria, Britain, etc., with Earthworks and Other Works of Art illustrating such Names” (vol. xx), “The Rise, Progress, and Decay of the Art of Painting in Greece” (vol. xxi), and “The Influence of Chaucer on the Language and Literature of England” (vol. xxii). There was thus, in recent times, hardly a year in which he did not make some communication to our Society: he was regular in attendance at our Councils up to the last year of his life.

Dr. Andrew Martin Fairbairn was elected a Fellow of our Society in 1907, and died on February 9th, 1912, in his seventy-fourth year. Though present at one of our meetings, he took no active part in our work. He was the first Principal of Mansfield College, Oxford, and author of numerous philosophical and

religious works. He had received honorary degrees from seven universities.

Mr. George J. Johnson, of Birmingham, J.P., was one of our oldest Fellows, having been elected in 1865. He occasionally served on the Council. He died on January 16th.

We have lost another of our older Fellows in the Rev. James Edward Perkins, vicar of St. Michael and All Angels, Bradford. He was elected in 1876, and died July 21st, 1911, in his eighty-first year.

Our losses by death, and by the withdrawal of three of our Fellows, have been more than supplied by the addition of twelve new Fellows to our list, of whom four are members of our Academic Committee. We are gratified thus to enrol among our number Lady Ritchie, Mr. J. M. Barrie, Mr. John Galsworthy and Mr. George Bernard Shaw. We also welcome as Fellows the Princess Edmond de Polignac, Mr. A. W. Beckett, Mr. J. A. Brooke, the Rev. E. Daplyn, Mr. Charles Garvice, the Rev. John Hudson, Mr. Arthur Maquarie and Mr. Henry Simpson.

Still following our old precedents, I have now to speak of the papers read before us. Three of these have already been printed and issued to the Fellows, by Count Lutzow on "The Apostles of Moravia and Bohemia," by Mr. H. Candler on "Lucian and His Times," and by Mr. T. Sturge Moore on "The Best Poetry"—why it usually passes unobserved, and how we may train ourselves to recognise it. Three other papers will appear in the forthcoming issues of our transactions, viz. Prof. Cowl on "Eighteenth Century Poetry in the Light of Twentieth Century Criticism," Mr. C. E. Wade on "Nicholas Amhurst," and Mr. J. Offord on "Recent Discoveries of Classical Literature," supplementing and bringing up to the present time previous communications by the same author.

But this in no way exhausts the record of our activities. At public meetings convened by our Academic Committee the services to literature of Sir Alfred Lyall and Mr. E. H. Pember have been commemorated by Mr. Prothero and Mr. Courthope; the centenary of the birth of Robert Browning has been cele-

brated by addresses from Sir A. W. Pinero and Mr. Henry James ; and the de Polignac prize for good literary work of the previous year has been awarded for the first time, being given to Mr. Walter de la Mare.

Our newly elected staff of professors have entered upon their duties and have delivered their first lectures : Mr. A. C. Benson on " English Fiction," Mr. W. L. Courtney on " Dramatic Literature," Mr. M. A. Gerothwohl on " Comparative Literature," and Mr. Henry Newbolt on " Poetry."

Ten days hence we shall present to Mr. Thomas Hardy, on the occasion of his birthday, the Society's gold medal, which has been awarded to him by the Council on the unanimous recommendation of our Academic Committee. In the years 1823 to 1830 two gold medals were annually awarded by the Society and the practice was recently renewed, when we awarded one to George Meredith. There can be no doubt that we do well in offering this honour to the present President of the Society of Authors, whose pre-eminence among the imagi-

native writers of the day is unchallenged. It may be interesting if I repeat the list of those who were thus honoured in the Society's earlier days :

WILLIAM MITFORD.

ANGELO MAÏ.

JAMES RENNELL.

CHARLES WILKINS.

JOHN SCHWEIGHAUSER.

DUGALD STUART.

WALTER SCOTT.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

GEORGE CRABBE.

WILLIAM COXE.

ANTOINE ISAAC SILVESTRE DE SACY.

WILLIAM ROSCOE.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

HENRY HALLAM.

It is, indeed, a goodly company, to which we have now added the names of George Meredith and Thomas Hardy.

Having thus commented briefly upon the work of the past year, which I am sure all the Fellows must consider to be satisfactory, I propose to

offer a few observations on the present position and the settled policy of our Society. Having regard to the well-established fact that George the Fourth (whom I think I may describe as our Royal founder) had clearly in his intention the creation of something that should exercise similar functions to those of the French Academy, I have sometimes wondered why it was that he created a Society and not an Academy. To this question I think two answers may be given. The first is that he was well aware of the success which had attended the two great voluntary societies in England—the Royal Society of London and the Society of Antiquaries of London—and of the valuable public services those societies had rendered, and that he wished his new Society to emulate these in the domain of literature, and to be a sister society to them. He may have thought, and would assuredly have thought rightly, that the freedom of a voluntary society was more in harmony with the English character and with English habits than the more formal constitution appropriate

to the creation of an Academy would be. The second answer I would suggest is that by the constitution which he gave to his proposed society, or which he at least approved when it was submitted to him, but in the framing of which it is my belief that he took a considerable personal share, he contemplated obtaining many of the advantages of an academic foundation. Let me remind you that he provided for the election by the Society of ten persons, each of them distinguished in some department of literature, who should be styled the Society's Royal Associates, and should each receive an allowance of £100 a year from the King's privy purse. In addition to these he provided for the election by the Society of ten persons, each of them distinguished in some department of literature, who should be styled the Society's Honorary Associates, and should each receive an allowance of £100 a year from the funds of the Society. Every Royal and Honorary Associate was to be required each year to deliver a lecture on the branch of literature which he professed. The Society was to endeavour to raise, by the

subscriptions of wealthy supporters, sufficient funds to pay the allowances of its Honorary Associates, and thus to meet the munificent endowment provided by the King for his Royal Associates. What was the meaning and intention of this elaborate organisation? Surely this: that the Society, by selecting this body of twenty men, the most eminent in various branches of literature that they could find, should act the part of an honorific academy; while the twenty men themselves should constitute an academy of honour and of teaching. While, therefore, I give some weight to the first answer which I suggested to the problem before us, I am inclined to think that the second answer which I now suggest is the real one, and that King George thought that he had by this original and ingenious scheme combined the advantages of a voluntary society with those of a teaching academy.

What really happened was this: The Society duly appointed its ten Royal Associates, but never raised sufficient funds of its own to pay the ten Honorary Associates, who therefore never

came into being. The ten Royal Associates never fulfilled their obligation of delivering an annual lecture, though a few of them read occasional papers. Their functions as a teaching academy, therefore, never came into effectual existence. When King George died a few years later the allowances to the Royal Associates, which had been charged on his privy purse, were not continued by his successor, and thus the whole scheme designed to promote academic work fell through. It is idle to contend that this was not a grave misfortune for the Society, and I have more than once so characterised it. It hampered the Society's operations, and to some extent altered its character. I offer no disparagement to the work of the distinguished men who have adorned our ranks from that time to the present when I say that, great as their services have been, they have not had the means or the opportunity of fully carrying out our founders' intention.

Now, however, thanks in a great measure to the persuasive and organising genius of our

lamented friend, Mr. Pember, those means and that opportunity have been restored to us in a form which I believe to be even better than that devised by our founders. Our Academic Committee enables us to fulfil many of the functions conferred upon us by our Charter in a more satisfactory manner than ever before. In nominating the persons eminent in the various branches of literature of whom it should be constituted, we adopted the wise course of inviting the assistance of that numerous and important body, the Society of Authors, and arranged that the nominations should be made in equal proportions by both societies. These nominations were carefully considered and fully discussed by a joint committee of the two societies, and in the end a unanimous agreement was arrived at as to the names of the thirty persons that should be invited to form the first Academic Committee. The proposed constitution of the Committee was then laid before you for final approval, and you adopted the amendment in our bye-laws necessary to give effect to it. That constitution presents to

my mind an admirable example of a combination of independence in initiative with harmony and co-operation in action. The method by which the original members were selected, and the provision made for filling vacancies in their number, secure the permanence of an organisation which will give the public a high degree of confidence in our decisions, while the necessity that each member of the Academic Committee shall be a Fellow of the Society secures a community of interest between that Committee and our Council. I look forward to the time when the two bodies will be practically identical—an end to which you have largely contributed by electing to-day Mr. J. M. Barrie, Mr. Henry James (both Vice-Presidents), Mr. Edmund Gosse, Mr. Maurice Hewlett and Mr. Bernard Shaw as members of the Council. There are now eleven members of the Academic Committee on the Council. Absolute identity may, perhaps, not be attained, for several members of the Academic Committee are Honorary Fellows of the Society, and are thus not eligible for election on the Council ;

indeed, there are some persons eminent in literature who do not care to trouble themselves with the details of Council management; but a sufficient approach to identity has been made to show that it is the settled policy of the Society and of the Council to maintain the fullest and frankest co-operation with the Academic Committee. We have thus had restored to us our Academy of Honour. The admirable suggestion of Dr. Gerthwohl that we should renew our appointment of Professors restores to us our Academy of Teaching. We are now better equipped for the fulfilment of our functions than we have ever before been. I look with new hope and new courage to the future of our beloved Society, which, I trust, may continue its good work for many generations to come. In the words of our Fellow, Professor Mackail: "The exponents of letters pass away: the Republic of Letters is immortal."

The Secretary, acting also as Librarian R.S.L., has drawn up the following report of donations to the Library of the Society since the last Anniversary. These are classified under the several headings of Governments or Societies, Home, Colonial, and Foreign ; Public Institutions, and Individual Donors.

SOCIETIES AND PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS.

Home.

ROYAL ANTHROPOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.—Journal to date.

EAST INDIA ASSOCIATION.—Journal to date.

MANCHESTER GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.—Journal to date.

ROYAL COLONIAL INSTITUTE.—‘Journal of United Empire’ Year Book, 1912.

ROYAL DUBLIN SOCIETY.—Proceedings and Transactions.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.—Geographical Journal to date.

ROYAL INSTITUTION OF GREAT BRITAIN.—Proceedings.

ROYAL IRISH ACADEMY.—Transactions and Proceedings to date.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF EDINBURGH.—Transactions and Proceedings to date.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES OF LONDON.—Proceedings to date. *Archæologia*, Vol. LXII, Part II.

SWEDENBORG SOCIETY.—Transactions of the International Swedenborg Congress, London, 1910.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.—Calendar.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF ARTS.—Journal.

THE GUILDHALL, CITY OF LONDON.—Calendar of Letter Books. Letter Book K. Temp. H. VI. Edited by REGINALD K. SHARPE, D.C.L.

GOVERNMENTS.

Colonial.

NEW ZEALAND.—From the Registrar-General. Statistics of the Dominion of New Zealand, 1909. Official Year Books, 1910 and 1911.

SOCIETIES AND PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS.

Colonial.

CANADA, DOMINION OF.—ROYAL SOCIETY OF CANADA.—Proceedings and Transactions.

——— Geological Survey, Annual and Summary Reports, N.S., with Maps.

——— Department of Mines. Reports and Memoirs.

AUSTRALIA.—ROYAL SOCIETY OF NEW SOUTH WALES.—Journal and Proceedings.

NEW ZEALAND.—NEW ZEALAND INSTITUTE.—Transactions and Proceedings.

Foreign.

BELGIUM.—SOCIÉTÉ DES BOLLANDISTES.—*Analecta Bollandiana*.

DENMARK.—ROYAL SOCIETY OF NORTHERN ANTIQUARIES, COPENHAGEN.—*Mémoires*, N.S.

FRANCE.—LA BIBLIOTHÈQUE DE L'UNIVERSITÉ D'AIX.—*Annales de la Faculté des Lettres*.

——— LA BIBLIOTHÈQUE UNIVERSITAIRE DE LILLE.—*Revue Germanique*.

ITALY.—ROYAL ACADEMY OF SCIENCES, TURIN.—*Atti and Memorie*, continued to date.

——— ROYAL LOMBARD INSTITUTE, MILAN.—*Rendiconti*, 8°. Ser. ii continued to date.

——— MATHEMATICAL SOCIETY OF PALERMO.—*Rendiconti*.

RUSSIA.—IMPERIAL ACADEMY OF SCIENCES, ST. PETERSBURG.—*Bulletins*.

SWEDEN.—ROYAL UNIVERSITY OF UPSALA.—*Lexicon*. By LEONARD BYGDÓN; and other publications.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.—THE PENNSYLVANIA SOCIETY.—*The William Penn Memorial*, 1911.

The Society has received the following from individual donors :

BECKETT, ARTHUR, *Author*.—The Spirit of the Downs.

BETTS, C. H., *Author*.—The Education of a Soul.

——— The Universal Over-Presence.

- DE, R. P., *Author*.—Bengali, Literary and Colloquial.
 ——— Hindustani at a Glance.
 ——— The Open Sesame of English Synonyms.
- DITCHFIELD, REV. P. H., M.A., F.S.A., F.R.S.L., *Author*.
 —Ode on the Coronation of King George V.
- DURNING-LAWRENCE, SIR EDWIN, Bt., *Author*.—The
 Shakespeare Myth.
- GEDDES, PATRICK, *Author*.—The Masque of Learning
 and its many Meanings: A Pageant of Education
 through the Ages.
- GORDON, ELLA MARY, *Author*.—Songs; and White
 Heather.
 ——— Flashes and Reveries.
 ——— Firelight Fancies.
- HUDSON, REV. JOHN, M.A., *Author*.—Saint Augustine,
 Bishop of Hippo. The Seatonian Prize Poem
 for 1899.
 ——— Cyrus and the Restoration of the Jews. The
 Seatonian Prize Poem for 1902.
 ——— The Dream of Pilate's Wife.
- LINDSAY, JAMES, D.D., *Author*.—Studies in European
 Philosophy.
 ——— Literary Essays.
 ——— New Essays, Literary and Philosophical.
- MACKENZIE, A. S., *Author*.—The Evolution of Literature.
- MITCHELL, S. WEIR, *Editor*.—Some Recently Dis-
 covered Letters of William Harvey, with other
 Miscellanea.

PROCTOR, HENRY, *Author*.—Evolution and Regeneration.

REID, THE RT. HON. SIR GEORGE, *Author*.—The World of Matter and the World of Mind.

SOYEZ-LE-ROY, MADAME (TIE), *Author*.—Amour et Vaillance.

SPARKE, ARCHIBALD, *Transcriber and Editor*.—The Township Booke of Halliwell.

STOKES, MARGARET.—Early Christian Art in Ireland. Revised by Editor—G. N. COUNT PLUNKETT, F.S.A.

TERRY, REV. G. F., *Author*.—Memorials of the Church of St. John the Evangelist, Edinburgh.

WILLE, JAKOB, *Author*.—Humanismns und Renaissance in Deutschland.

The thanks of the Society are due to the respective Editors and Proprietors of the following Journals for presentation copies: The *Athenæum* and the *Edinburgh Review* to date.

The subscription has been continued to the New English Dictionary.

The list of names recommended by the outgoing Council as the Officers and Council for

1912-13 having been submitted to ballot, the scrutineers, Dr. J. W. Knipe and Mr. Arthur Macquarie reported that the House List was adopted by the meeting. The list will be found *ante*, on the leaf facing the commencement of the Report.

On the motion of Professor Newbolt, seconded by Mr. D. Tollemache, a vote of thanks was cordially passed to Sir Edward Brabrook for his conduct in the chair.

THE ACADEMIC COMMITTEE.

ALFRED AUSTIN.
JAMES MATTHEW BARRIE.
ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON.
LAURENCE BINYON.
ANDREW CECIL BRADLEY.
ROBERT BRIDGES.
JOSEPH CONRAD.
WILLIAM JOHN COURTHOPE.
AUSTIN DOBSON.
EDWARD DOWDEN.
JAMES GEORGE FRAZER.
JOHN GALSWORTHY.
EDMUND GOSSE.
VISCOUNT HALDANE OF CLOAN.
THOMAS HARDY.
MAURICE HEWLETT.
HENRY JAMES.
WILLIAM PATON KER.
ANDREW LANG.
JOHN WILLIAM MACKAIL.
THOMAS STURGE MOORE.
VISCOUNT MORLEY.
GEORGE GILBERT MURRAY.
HENRY NEWBOLT.
SIR ARTHUR WING PINERO.
GEORGE WALTER PROTHERO.
WALTER RALEIGH.
ANNE ISABELLA, LADY RITCHIE.
GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.
ARTHUR WOOLLGAR VERRALL.
GEORGE WYNDHAM.
WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS.

SAMUEL HENRY BUTCHER died Dec. 29th, 1910.

ALFRED COMYN LYALL died April 10th, 1911.

EDWARD HENRY PEMBER died April 5th, 1911.

PERCY W. AMES,
Secretary.

EDMOND DE POLIGNAC PRIZE.

The Princess Edmond de Polignac has founded a Prize for the encouragement of literature, to be called the "Edmond de Polignac Prize," in memory of her late husband. She has made arrangements for its continuance for five years tentatively, and has chosen the Academic Committee as the instrument through which her object may be accomplished. In addition to £100 to be devoted annually to the Prize, the Princess has generously founded an endowment of £50 a year for the same period for other purposes of the Committee.

The following Rules of Procedure have been drawn up by the Academic Committee and approved by the Princess:

- (1) The amount (£100) shall be given as a single prize and not divided.
- (2) The prize shall be given to an author in respect of a particular book.

(3) The book selected must have been published in the calendar year ending on the 31st of December preceding the award, which shall be made in November of each year.

(4) The award shall have special regard to literary promise.

(5) No author shall receive the Prize twice.

(6) Books by Members of the Academic Committee are excluded from consideration.

(7) Applications or recommendations are not invited and will not be received.

(8) For the year 1912 and thereafter a Reading Committee consisting of six members shall be appointed to make suggestions to the Academic Committee; at meetings three shall constitute a quorum; two members shall retire each year.

The first award was made at a meeting held on Thursday, November 23rd, 1911, Viscount Haldane of Cloan in the chair, to Mr. WALTER DE LA MARE, for his book, 'The Return.'

At the same meeting Commemorative Addresses were delivered on "Sir Alfred Comyn Lyall," by Mr. G. W. Prothero, Litt.D., LL.D.,

and on "Edward Henry Pember," by Mr. W. J. Courthope, C.B., D.Litt.

BROWNING CENTENARY, MAY 7TH, 1912.

A meeting was held at Caxton Hall, Westminster, Mr. Edmund Gosse in the chair, when the following addresses were delivered: "Browning as a Dramatist," by Sir Arthur Pinero, and "The Novel in 'The Ring and the Book,'" by Mr. Henry James.

FOREIGN SECRETARY'S REPORT.

It is gratifying not to have to record the loss by death of any of the members of that illustrious body of Foreign Fellows who grace the lists of our Society. Last year I alluded to the death of Signior Antonio Fogazzaro, an event which took place just before the 1911 General Meeting of the Royal Society of Literature. Though not desirous of further emphasising the loss we have sustained, it may be of some interest to the Fellows if I quote a few words used by a well-known Vicentine writer in alluding to the late Antonio Fogazzaro:

“Il Tuo aspetto maestoso, il sorriso gentile, l'affabilità e bontà senza limiti, Ti rendevano caro e simpatico a tutti. Tu alieno dai fasti del mondo, amante della solitudine, nobile di pensiero, sublime nell'arte, santamente chiudevi il corso duna vita operosa.”

The sentiment is not too strong, and no one who has had the privilege of knowing that

remarkable writer will ever forget the greatness of his personality.

The world of letters, however, has lost several literary lights who could ill be spared. In Germany Heinrich Kämpchen, whose poems appealed to all his readers in consequence of the noble spirit and the greatness of the purpose which permeated them, and the well-known biographical writer Dr. Etlinger, as well as the dramatist Professor Felix Dahn, who had just completed his historical romance 'König Roderick,' have passed away. Nor must we omit the name of August Strindberg, the great Swedish author, who leaves behind him an immense amount of dramatic and other literature.

In Russia the idealist Zlatovratski, a writer of peasant life stories, and a man deeply versed in folk-lore, has quite recently gone to his rest. Italy, too, mourns another of her most promising sons, Mario Rapisardi, the Sicilian poet, who died at the end of last year. He was brought to the notice of the reading world by his attack on Carducci, and much was pro-

phesied about him. France has lost by the death of Mademoiselle Colette Yver a charming writer of fiction.

We turn from the contemplation of the literary heroes who have passed away to the living whom we may still prize and honour. During the past year there has been no lack of notable books produced on the Continent.

With regard to France, we are bound to place in the forefront the erudite production of Henri Vignaud, which has just been "crowned" by the "Institute." His would seem to be almost the last word on the hitherto somewhat obscure subject of the life and works of Christopher Columbus. On the same level I would place 'Trois Drames de l'histoire de Russie' and 'Histoire Orientales,' just published, the latest works of the Vicomte E. M. de Vogüé, one of the greatest of living French historians. It may also be worth while to draw attention to a book published this year by Arthur Chuquet entitled 'La Campagne de 1812.' M. Chuquet is one of the younger generation of writers who bids fair to rise to distinction, and since the

primary object of the founder of the Royal Society of Literature was to seek out and assist such men, I feel bound to note their names. A book that has caused a good deal of comment in France is Emile Olivier's 'L'Empire Liberal—Etions nous prêts?' It is a critical study of the Franco-German War of 1870, and has caused no small stir in military circles.

Foris Delatre, in his erudite biography of Robert Herrick, shows considerable charm of style. M. Lafenestre, an enthusiastic writer, has published a most interesting work entitled, 'St. Francois d'Assise et Savonarola.' He endeavours to prove that these two men were the real inspirers of Italian art. All Europe congratulates M. Gabriel Hanotaux on his popular work 'Jeanne D'Arc,' as well as on his equally important historical production, 'La Fleur des Histoires Françaises.'

Our Foreign Fellow, Dr. Paul Sabatier, has during the year contributed a monograph to which he gives the explanatory title, 'L'Orientation Religieuse,' in addition to 'Franciscan Essays,' and 'Apropos de la séparation des

Églises et de l'état.' The latter has a distinct interest to English readers at the moment. The world of fiction is well represented by 'Pelerin d'Angkor,' from the facile pen of Pierre Loti, and by 'La Serre de l'Aigle' and 'Pour tuer Buonaparte,' whose author, George Ohnet, is at present in the forefront of the French literary world. The two novels which have been produced by Victor Marguerite, a new writer, indicate no small promise for the future.

In Germany much has been done. I have already alluded to the poetry of the late Heinrich Kämpchen. As might be expected of such a writer, Sudermann's 'Bettler von Syrakus' has found a considerable amount of appreciation in Berlin. Professor W. J. Jaeger has given to the student world a most learned work called 'Studien von Entstehungsgeschichte der Metaphysik des Aristoteles,' in which he endeavours to show that, far from our having all the writings of Aristotle, only a mere fragment of his work is extant. Dr. Eduard Meyer, who is always thoughtful, in his instruc-

tive book, 'Der Papyrus Fund von Elephantine,' has elaborately worked out the theory that Persia played no inconsiderable part in the external development of the Jewish religion. This book is extremely interesting, and deserves all the appreciation it has already obtained. Joseph Hansen, a writer known for his careful research, has published a really exhaustive work on the subject of the treatment of witches during the middle ages. Arnold Meyer has produced a no less able work under the descriptive title of 'Studien zur Vorgeschichte der Reformation.'

To an English society, especially in such days as these, it would be unfair not to allude to the work of Eduard Bernstein. In 'Sozialismus und Demokratie in der grossen Englischen Revolution' he deals in a forceful manner with many modern-day problems, and the character sketches which he presents of Cromwell, Milton, and others of that period, are, if not quite accurate, at least most interesting.

Dr. Brandl, whose pen is never idle, has not

only delivered lectures in Oxford, but has contributed no little to a good understanding between German Governmental authorities and our own by his much-read article on Lord Haldane, entitled 'Der Englische Kriegsminister und die Deutschen Universitäten.' The work is one which shows the writer to be at least an admirer of our ancient University of Oxford. The same writer has published a brochure called 'Chartisten, Socialisten und Carlyle,' in which he shows the attitude of the 'Seer of Chelsea' to the movements which are stirring us to-day.

Amongst the more important works of fiction I draw attention to Friedrich Jacobson's 'Kantor Liebe,' full of deep emotion.

In Italy, D'Annuncio has received a degree of appreciation rarely accorded to modern-day writers. He has quite recently published 'Canzoni della Gesta Oltramare.' Beautiful indeed they are as regards form, but to many lacking in healthy ideals. His latest novel, 'Forse Che se Forse Che no,' shows how versatile is his genius. Giacomina, probably the

favourite dramatic writer of Italy, has not only written, but has successfully staged no fewer than four plays—"San Francisco," "O Voto," "Asunta Spina," "O Mese Mariano."

Two Italian authors have recently written on subjects of no small interest to the thoughtful English reader. "Uno Stuart a Milano nel Settecento," by Giulini, in the 'Archivo Storico Lombardo,' has unveiled the history of another member of the Stuart family. Carlo Sagré, in addition to his studies of Petrarch, has written two valuable works summing up what has been discovered up to the present on the subject of early English and Italian influences, and showing the close relations between the literature of this country and Italian writers. These works are respectively 'Italia e Inghilterra' and 'Relazione Litterarie fra Italia e Inghilterra.'

As regards Spain, a new movement seems to have set in, and a considerable number of aspirants for literary fame have appeared, many of whom seem destined to "put into the shade" the older writers. As an illustration of this,

whilst Carlos Villaneuva, one of the best accounted of Spain's historians, has brought out 'Fernando VII' and 'Bolivar y el General,' a young writer, Fernando Ortiz, vies with him for popular honours in the latter's first great work, 'La Reconquista de Amerika.'

In the same way the novel writer, Blasco Ibanez, who has hitherto held his own, finds a rival to his own books, 'Aroz y Tartana' and 'Horda,' in 'Las Inquietudas di Shanti Andia' and 'Cesar O'Nada,' by the hitherto almost unknown writer, Pio Baroja.

In Portugal a somewhat similar state of affairs would seem to have been brought about, though the elder writers are holding their vantage ground more successfully. Our own honoured Fellow, Senor Theophilo Braga, ex-President of the Portuguese Republic, has given us a work both of weight and true merit. The release of such a thinker from the cares of statecraft to the calm of literary production has resulted in 'Parnass Portuguez Moderno.' Another writer of the same stamp, Enrico de

Sabra, has published ‘Oiro do Brazil’ and ‘Mulheres de Portugal.’ The splendid style of this writer and his fine patriotic spirit are self-evident. Amongst writers of fiction Louis de Camoões still stands out prominently with his ‘Os Lusíadas,’ but of Portuguese authors the one who appeals most strongly to the English man of letters is Julio Diniz. Passing over his poems we come to the four most recent tales, the last of which has peculiar interest for us, ‘Una Familia Inglesa,’ a book which has been largely read and commented on.

Amongst Russian literary productions two at least are of considerable value. Under the title of ‘Sashka Tigulev’ Leonid Andreiev tells the story of a sensitive boy under the influence of the Russian military system of Government. In this powerful psychological study he traces the various phases through which the boy’s character passes, until at last the tender, sensitive youth emerges a fanatical terrorist. This writer, who for a time had abandoned realism for mysticism, has evidently returned to his “first love.” A work of equal importance as

indicating the tendency of Russian thought was recently published by N. Kapteriff, entitled 'The Patriarch Nikon and the Tzar Alexis Michaelovitch.' The writer of this book has ventured to express broad views and to advocate liberal religious opinions. Whilst he has had a large share of secret appreciation and sympathy his courage has cost him public honours.

In Denmark our Foreign Fellow, Georg Brandes, of world-wide reputation, has brought out a new edition of his translation of Shakespeare, together with copious notes. This edition has met with universal approval. Sophus Michaelis has written several plays, which have been translated into English, and which have been staged in America, whilst Karin Michaelis, his wife, has had the satisfaction of knowing that her novel, 'The Dangerous Age,' possibly somewhat too morbid and introspective, has been the most widely read and discussed book in Denmark, if not in neighbouring countries. Of the productivity in literary matters of Selma Lager-

löff much might be said, but during the last year alone, she, the most eminent of modern Swedish writers, has published no fewer than five separate works of fiction.

Count Lutzow, whose patriotic aspirations are so well known in this country, has added yet another to the numerous works with which he has endowed the Bohemian peoples, by publishing his lectures delivered in America, 'The Czechs in Bohemia.' Before closing this retrospect, though it may seem a far-off cry, I cannot omit a work which comes to us from Corsica, 'La Chanson Populaire de l'Ile de Corse.' The book points to a renewal of Corsican literature. The poems are either 'Voceri' (fierce expressions of poignant grief which knows no resignation), or 'Vendetta' (outbursts of revengeful song, fierce and primitive).

During the year no new Foreign Fellows have been added to the list, but it is probable that ere long some new names will be submitted to the Council.

I have made at least two visits during the year to the Continent in order to meet and

discuss matters with our Foreign Fellows. I had the pleasure, amongst others, of spending a short time with Count Lutzow, whose acquaintance is one which I deeply value. I have also recently visited that eminent worker in the common cause, Professor Dr. Brandl, and had the pleasure of staying with him in his Tyrolese country home.

In conclusion, I cannot refrain from expressing the hope that the Council will do something more than has yet been done to attract those whom we delight to honour as Foreign Fellows to visit us in London.

English literature may possibly need just that contact with the personal life of the Continent—so much fresher and brighter than our own—to give it the uplifting quality which a great politician has just demanded of it as an essential part of its equipment.

H. G. ROSEDALE, D.D.

FELLOWS OF THE SOCIETY.

The sign † indicates an Honorary Fellow. c = a Compounder.

Year of
election.

1894. †HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF ALBANY.
1910. A. F. M. ABDUL ALI, Esq., M.A., M.R.A.S.,
F.R.Hist.S., Editor of 'Journal of the Moslem
Institute' (Calcutta), Deputy Magistrate and
Collector, Eastern Bengal and Assam, Rangpur,
East Bengal, India.
1899. ROBERT VICKERY ALLEN, Esq., A.C.P., F.E.I.S.,
Guilden Morden, Royston, Hertfordshire.
1878. cPERCY WILLOUGHBY AMES, Esq., LL.D., F.S.A.,
Secretary and *Librarian*, 71, Lewisham Park,
S.E.; and Authors' Club.
1907. THE RIGHT HON. SIR WILLIAM REYNELL ANSON,
Bt., D.C.L., M.P., Warden of All Souls College,
Oxford; and Athenæum Club.
1910. †ALFRED AUSTIN, Esq., Poet Laureate, *Member of*
Academic Committee, Swinford Old Manor, Ash-
ford, Kent.
1903. †THE RIGHT HON. LORD AVEBURY, D.C.L., LL.D.,
F.R.S., 48, Grosvenor Street, W.; High Elms,
Down, Kent; and Athenæum Club.

Year of
election.

1868. WILLIAM E. A. AXON, Esq., LL.D., 42, Richmond Grove, Manchester.
1901. REV. ALBERT BAGE, Ph.B., The Manse, Romsey, Hants.
1904. FREDERIC WILLIAM BANKS, Esq., 83, Eccleston Square, S.W.; Junior Constitutional Club.
1903. †REV. S. BARING-GOULD, M.A., J.P., Rector of Lew-Trenchard, Lew-Trenchard House, N. Devon.
1912. JAMES MATTHEW BARRIE, Esq., M.A., LL.D., *Vice-President ; Member of Academic Committee*, 3, Adelphi Terrace House, Strand, W.C.
1912. ARTHUR WILLIAM BECKETT, Esq., Anderida, Hartfield Road, Eastbourne; and Authors' Club.
1907. PROFESSOR ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON, C.V.O., M.A., F.R.Hist.S., Fellow of Magdalene College, *Vice-President ; Member of Academic Committee ; R.S.L. Professor of English Fiction*; Magdalene College, Cambridge; Hinton Hall, Haddenham, Isle of Ely; Tremans, Horsted Keynes, Sussex; and Athenæum Club.
1905. THE VEN. HENRY E. J. BEVAN, M.A., Archdeacon of Middlesex, The Rectory, Chelsea, S.W.; Quatford Castle, Bridgenorth, Shropshire.
1910. †LAURENCE BINYON, Esq., *Member of Academic Committee*, 118, Belgrave Road, S.W.; and British Museum.
1907. WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, Esq., Editor of 'Blackwood's Magazine,' 45, George Street, Edinburgh.

Year of
election.

1907. REGINALD BLOMFIELD, Esq., A.R.A., M.A., F.S.A.,
51, Frognal, Hampstead, N.W.; Point Hill,
Playden, Sussex; and Athenæum Club.
1902. DR. WILLIAM A. BOWEN, LL.B., M.B., Mombasa,
East Africa.
1865. cSIR EDWARD BRABROOK, C.B., Dir.S.A., past
President of the Anthropological Institute.
Vice-President and *Treasurer*, Athenæum Club,
Pall Mall, S.W.
1898. CHARLES ANGELL BRADFORD, Esq., F.S.A.,
Auditor, 4, Park Place, St. James's Street,
S.W.
1910. †ANDREW CECIL BRADLEY, Esq., LL.D., Litt.D.,
Professor of Poetry, Oxford, 1901–1906, *Member*
of Academic Committee, 9, Edwardes Square,
Kensington, W.
1910. †ROBERT BRIDGES, Esq., M.A., M.B., F.R.C.P.,
Member of Academic Committee, Chilswell,
Oxford.
1902. cJOHN POTTER BRISCOE, Esq., F.R.Hist.S.,
F.L.A., City Librarian of Nottingham, Central
Free Public Library, Nottingham; Elm Villa,
38, Addison Street, Nottingham.
1911. JOHN ARTHUR BROOKE, Esq., The Lea, Grasmere.
1894. †REV. STOPFORD AUGUSTUS BROOKE, M.A., LL.D.,
1, Manchester Square; and Athenæum Club.
1907. P. HUME BROWN, Esq., M.A., LL.D., Professor
of Ancient (Scottish) History and Palæography
in the University of Edinburgh, 20, Corrennie
Gardens, Edinburgh.

Year of
election.

1907. THE RIGHT HON. LORD BURGHCLERE, P.C., D.L.,
M.A., 48, Charles Street, W.; Fitzroy Place,
Surrey; and Brooks's Club.
1904. THOMAS BURNS, Esq., 25, Diana Street, Newcastle-
upon-Tyne.
1911. HOWARD CANDLER, Esq., M.A., 7, Briardale
Gardens, Hampstead, N.W.
1907. THE RIGHT REV. BISHOP CARPENTER, D.C.L.,
D.D., 2, Morpeth Mansions, S.W.; and
Athenæum Club.
1900. MAJOR W. BOUGHTON CHAMBERS, Inspector of
Factories, Custom House, Bombay.
1899. †ERNEST HARTLEY COLERIDGE, Esq., M.A., 12,
Rickford's Hill, Aylesbury, Bucks.
1910. †JOSEPH CONRAD, Esq., *Member of Academic Com-
mittee*, Capel House, Orlestone, near Ashford.
1906. RICHARD COOKE, Esq., A. and M.C.P., F.R.G.S.,
Archbishop Abbot's School, Guildford.
1892. STANLEY COOPER, Esq., 27, Banbury Road, Oxford.
1900. cREV. W. HARGREAVES COOPER, F.R.G.S., Sid-
lands, Camborne.
1901. cREV. FREDERICK STJOHN CORBETT, M.A.,
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Year of
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Year of
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ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE

THE ACADEMIC COMMITTEE

COMMEMORATIVE ADDRESSES

ON

Sir ALFRED COMYN LYALL

BY

G. W. PROTHERO

AND ON

EDWARD HENRY PEMBER

BY

W. J. COURTHOPE

Award of the EDMOND DE POLIGNAC PRIZE.

Thursday, November 23rd, 1911

LONDON

HENRY FROWDE

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, AMEN CORNER, E.C.

1912

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SAMUEL HENRY BUTCHER died Dec. 29th, 1910.
ALFRED COMYN LYALL died April 10th, 1911.
EDWARD HENRY PEMBER died April 5th, 1911.

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ACADEMIC COMMITTEE.

MEETING AT 20, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W.

Thursday, November 23rd, 1911.

CHAIRMAN : VISCOUNT HALDANE OF CLOAN.

THE CHAIRMAN : It will be for the convenience of those who are present that I should briefly indicate the order of our business. The first part of that business is a sad one. There have been removed from us two whom most of us knew well—Mr. Pember and Sir Alfred Lyall. Mr. Pember had thrown himself with all his energy, and with his passion for literature, into the work of the Academic Committee.

He was a man of rare energy, energy which

is not often bestowed on literary subjects with the intensity which he showed, and we miss him. Sir Alfred Lyall was one of these very unusual men who have certain gifts in a very high degree. There was a fineness about him (Hear, hear), an exquisite sense, which is not often met with in these islands, and when it is met with is of a quality which is as precious as it is rare.

“He was a man, take him for all in all,
We shall not look upon his like again.”

We shall not readily see anyone with that combination of qualities which was his. Trained in affairs, combining with practical knowledge of life and the insight which the training of those engaged in statecraft brings, a high literary sense, and a considerable literary gift, he was a distinguished member of the Academic Committee, and him also we shall miss. Of Mr. Pember, Mr. Courthope will speak, Mr. Prothero on Sir Alfred Lyall. When that is done, I shall come to what I will not for the moment touch on, and that is the new position in which the Academic

Committee has been placed by the generosity of the Princess de Polignac, and the first fruits which her gift has brought. For the moment I abstain from saying any more about that, and I will ask Mr. Courthope and Mr. Prothero to speak to us.

IN MEMORIAM:

EDWARD HENRY PEMBER, M.A., K.C.

By W. J. COURTHOPE, C.B., D.LITT.

ALL history, I think, shows us that a free and ancient society, so long as it is in a thoroughly healthy state, will know how to harmonise the elements in its life which tend to action with those which mainly help to encourage contemplation. The representative men among its statesmen, its soldiers and sailors, its lawyers, its merchants—all those, in short, who carry on the business of the Empire

from day to day—will be active patrons of its art and literature: its men of imagination, far from retiring into a monastic pleasure-house of their own devising, will seek inspiration from the living interests of their country. We may fairly make it our boast that this desirable state of things has prevailed in England from the time when she became a protagonist in the cause of European liberty. What may be called the patriotism of culture perhaps culminated in the epoch succeeding the Revolution of 1688. Then was the age when the men of policy deliberately called to their assistance the men of letters; the century of Oxford and Halifax, of Swift and Addison; the era when a great soldier like Wolfe declared that his ambition would have been more than satisfied had he been the author of Gray's 'Elegy'; the times in which the political philosophy of Burke shone with a brilliant reflection in the poetry of Goldsmith and in the criticism of Johnson. The tradition, initiated in that period, has been maintained into our own day, and perhaps, among all active pro-

fessions, it has been most brightly illustrated in the history and character of the English Bar. I have but to remind you that at this moment the illustrious President of the Royal Society of Literature is the late Lord Chancellor of England, and that our noble Chairman to-day, the present Secretary for War, is one of the chief ornaments of the Society of Lincoln's Inn. By no man was that great tradition more valued, by none was it more worthily upheld, than by him whom the Royal Society of Literature and the Bar of England have lately lost, and the commemoration of whose virtues and accomplishments has been entrusted to my unworthy hands—EDWARD HENRY PEMBER.

It is always desirable, where possible, to trace the consistency of a character from its early beginnings. I am unable to do so from personal recollection in Pember's case, as in age he belonged to a generation somewhat earlier than my own, while in active life our paths were distinct. But I am fortunately able to supplement my own memories of him with those of eminent contemporaries, who

were his associates at school, at the University, and at the Parliamentary Bar; and from the testimony of these it will be seen how steady and equable was the development in him of those qualities which all who knew him admired and loved. He entered Harrow in 1846, when the school was under the head-mastership of Charles John Vaughan, one of the finest classical scholars that the University of Cambridge ever produced; and I imagine that the choice simplicity of language, and the refinement of expression which I remember in my own time to have been the leading characteristics of Vaughan's teaching, had already become a tradition of intellectual discipline in all the forms of the school; so that, though Pember left Harrow before he reached its upper regions, his mind would have received there that bent towards exact scholarship on which he afterwards set so high a value. Among his contemporaries were two at least in whom the union of scholarship and athletics shone with particular lustre. Of one of these, Charles Stuart Calverley—then known by the name of Blayds—Pember was the

house-mate, and, I believe, the friend ; and, as he was always somewhat of a hero-worshipper, I do not doubt that he enthusiastically admired alike the wit and genius which afterwards embodied itself in that exquisite model of pure and graceful versification, ‘Fly-Leaves,’ and the physical prowess of one whose recklessly prodigious feats of leaping were traditional in the memory even of my own times. The other school-fellow I speak of, the present Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, known to all scholars as a composer of Latin verse that ranks with that of Vida and Addison and the Marquis of Wellesley, enjoyed as a boy another kind of glory in the cricket field. There he shared the amusements of Pember, and he has kindly furnished me with the following characteristic recollection of him : “Pember was a remarkably handsome boy, full of vivacity, eagerness, fun, self-confidence. Had he gone into the army he would have made a brilliant officer, always at the front, and sure to inspire others.” During Dr. Butler’s Head-mastership of Harrow, the old school-

fellows renewed their friendship, and Pember showed his appreciation of the teaching he had received there by founding "valuable prizes for Greek and Latin grammar," which the Master of Trinity tells me have "for the last thirty years been won by some of the best classical scholars in the country."

A later stage brought Pember to Oxford, and here a vivid sketch of the impression he made on his contemporaries has been given me by Sir Edward Chandos Leigh, his friend and colleague at the Parliamentary Bar, who says, "He won an open studentship at Christ Church; he obtained a first class in Moderations and a first class in the Final Classical Schools; at the same time, though obliged to read hard, he was popular and mixed a great deal in general society. Associating, as he did, with men like Lord Goschen, Sir Robert Herbert, C. S. Calverley, and Frederic Harrison, he also mixed with the best type of sporting characters, such as Henry Blundell, Gentleman Commoner of Christ Church, a real English gentleman and sportsman, and F. D.

Longe, famous both at Harrow and Oxford as a brilliant cricketer. He possessed a fine voice, and well do I remember how we enjoyed his singing at supper-parties, and on one occasion, at our private theatricals at Stonleigh Abbey, how he entranced the audience by his rendering of one of Tom Moore's Irish Melodies."

The artistic side of Pember's nature, of which we have here an early glimpse, was systematically cultivated by him. One who was more intimately associated with all his tastes than anybody else writes to me about his training in music : "He studied singing under Perugini for several years, in the straitest school of the old Italian methods. He sang a good deal at one time in private, but gave it up owing to stress of work.

"At one period of his life he studied harmony somewhat thoroughly, so that he may be said to have had some considerable technical theoretic knowledge of music. His preference certainly lay with the earlier forms of music, the old Italians, Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, etc. down to Schuman, Schubert, and Chopin. He

did not much appreciate the later developments.

“ His work on Sir George Grove’s Dictionary was mainly confined to “ Lives of the Early Italian Musicians.” Owing to his great friendship with Sir George, he moved for a considerable period of his life a good deal in a society that was keenly interested in music, and he had a wide general knowledge of the historical development of the art.”

But while he thus solaced his leisure with æsthetic enjoyments, which in many cases tend to absorb all the faculties of a man’s nature, Pember in no way relaxed his energy in the pursuit of his profession. Sir Edward Chandos Leigh says of him in his capacity of advocate : “ For ten years before I became Speaker’s Counsel in 1884 I was closely associated with him at the Parliamentary Bar. At that time the most eminent leaders were Lord Grimthorpe (then Sir Edward Beckett-Denison), George Venables, and Samuel Pope, and I may safely say that Pember held his own with these three great lawyers. Perhaps he

had the greatest sympathy with Venables, who combined forensic ability with a high appreciation and intimate knowledge of the classics, and in this respect Pember himself, a brilliant classic, found a strong bond of union with him. Pember's unflagging energy, his great powers of speaking and cross-examination, and his devotion to their interests, endeared him to his clients: while his unswerving honesty always secured the attention of the Committee, because of the implicit confidence which they reposed in him."

As I read these characteristic recollections of Pember, by those who knew him in his early days and in his professional life, I perceive how strong a light they throw on those admirable qualities in him which struck me when I first made his acquaintance some twenty years ago. He had then, not long before, been the sufferer from a crushing family bereavement, the permanent traces of which must be visible to those of his friends who have had the opportunity of reading the poems which he from time to time printed for private circulation.

These friends, I think, will have noted that the issue of his compositions begins only after the great personal loss to which I have alluded; nor will they doubt that the explanation of this lies in the soothing and consolatory influences exerted on his mind by his enthusiastic love of letters. I met him in those dining clubs and societies of ancient standing—legacies of the great eighteenth-century tradition—founded to promote intercourse between men of general, and particularly of literary sympathies, which form continuous links of union between the altering tastes of successive generations. At these meetings Pember was always the life and soul of conversation. He retained to the end of his life the characteristics of his boyhood, so appropriately summarised by his school-fellow the Master of Trinity—"vivacity, eagerness, fun, self-confidence." These qualities made him the best of company. Wide reading, and an equally wide knowledge of the active world, entitled him to speak with authority on a great variety of subjects; and he was never restrained from the frank expression of opinion by the

false feeling of diffidence which hinders many from the social interchange of thought, through a sense of the imperfection of their own knowledge. But this self-confidence was never marred by anything like dictatorial dogmatism, and no one was more ready than he to surrender an opinion which could be positively shown to rest upon a false foundation.

His personal qualities are vividly reflected in his poems. What particularly strikes me about their character is their *manliness*. They are utterly devoid of all affectation, of anything like shop-front advertisement, of attempts to attract spurious attention to the thing said by an eccentric manner of saying it. They illustrate the advice of Sir Joshua Reynolds to the painter—to choose subjects accessible to the general educated imagination. Those who have read them must have observed that the themes of his original compositions are invariably taken either from the great classical authors or from the Scriptures. In one of them called “The Finding of Pheidippides” Pember’s treatment of the subject is so characteristic

that I should like to dwell on it for a moment. He supposes that Pheidippides—the great Athenian runner, mentioned by Herodotus as having run from Athens to Sparta, a distance of 150 miles, in two days, to ask help from the Lacedaemonians against the Persians—after fighting bravely in the battles of Marathon, Salamis, Artemisium and Plataea, retired finally from public life under the stress of an overwhelming personal sorrow. Two generations later Pheidippides is visited in his retirement by the young Alcibiades, and the poet with great skill draws a contrast between the differing ideals of the two ages—the simple and unswerving adherence to public duty, in the representative of the Marathon epoch, and the brilliant, restless, sophistical aims that came into fashion during the Peloponnesian War. Nothing can be more admirable than the way in which the writer, without doing any violence to historical facts, contrives to give life and reality to his seemingly remote theme by imparting to it the colour of modern times and of his own personal sympathies.

The same features are manifest in his “Voyage of the Phocaeans”—the first of his compositions to be printed for the enjoyment of a circle of private friends—and in “Jephthah’s Daughter,” which, I think, was his latest work. Indeed, in all his original poems the reader will find the quality which I have described by the word “manliness”; that love of pure, simple, and direct diction, which was probably implanted, or at least encouraged, in Pember by his early school education, and was doubtless confirmed by the conditions which he had every day to satisfy as one of the prominent orators at the Parliamentary Bar. How closely his musical instincts coincided with his literary taste may be seen from his choice, for the purposes of translation, of severe, even austere, authors like Aeschylus and Dante, when compared with his preference for the early Italian and German composers in the sphere of music. On the whole his epic and dramatic style seems to me superior to his lyrical composition; but in this department, too, his love of Nature and his power of simple and direct expression often

inspired him very happily, as in stanzas like these, which I cite from a poem called "Winter":

"The winter day is dying like the year,
 With warmth enough to call the bats around,
 Behind our hill the young moon rises clear,
 And the swift night sweeps up without a sound.

"With evening's parting crimson on her breast,
 The full-lipped river glimmers in the meads;
 The hungry snipe runs bleating on her quest,
 And cautious wild-fowl call among the reeds.

"I stand alone amid the gathering gloom,
 While all the changes of the earth and sky
 Pass over me, as over one with whom
 Proud Nature cares not to keep company."

It was Pember's genuine and prevailing love for healthy and masculine art which led to his association in the latter days of his life with the Royal Society of Literature. He and I found from our conversation that a common course of education had possessed us of many sympathies of taste, derived mainly from the study of the classical writers, not only of Greece and Rome,

but also of England ; tastes which we knew to be shared by scholars of great distinction, such as Richard Claverhouse Jebb, Samuel Henry Butcher, the late Lord Collins, and many others. At the same time we saw that the principles on which these tastes were founded were in danger of being impaired, and even overwhelmed, by the rush and pressure of modern life, and that, if they were to be preserved, a stricter union among those who valued them was required than was at present organised on their behalf. Finding that similar considerations had also been in the minds of those who, in the early part of the last century, founded the Royal Society of Literature, we succeeded, after negotiations with the President of the Society, Lord Halsbury, and others of its chief officers, in setting on foot a movement which has effected a revision of its rules, and has given it the constitution necessary for our strictly conservative purposes. In this movement Pember was the protagonist. His wide acquaintance with men of action and culture enabled him to obtain the co-operation of many valuable allies ;

and he was, further, the chief instrument in forming within the Society the Academical Committee, the first fruits of whose labours we to-day welcome, through the generosity of an enlightened founder, in the institution of the Polignac Prize. Pember, as the prime mover in the formation of this body, became its first secretary ; he devoted unremitting attention to giving it life and character ; and I am confident that I speak the feelings of all its members when I say that no greater loss could have befallen it than the removal, while his energies were still vigorous, of one who, in his creative faculty as well as in his critical taste, embodied so much of what is best in the history and traditions of English literature.

I feel that I cannot do better than conclude my very inadequate testimony, with the tribute paid by the greatest of Roman orators to the genius of the poet Archias, which I give you in the admirable rendering of my friend, the Master of Balliol College, Oxford :

“ You ask me why I take such an extraordinary delight in this man ? It is because he

supplies me with a refuge where my mind can recruit its powers after the din of the Forum, and where my ears, tired out with controversy, may take some repose. Do you think that a man could find the thoughts to express, day after day, on such a variety of topics, unless he cultivated his mind by study? or that the mind could bear the strain, unless these same studies supplied him with relaxation?"

If Cicero could be with us in our England of to-day he would acknowledge that it would be impossible for his words to be more fitly applied than to the memory of Edward Henry Pember.

THE RIGHT HON. SIR ALFRED
COMYN LYALL, G.C.I.E., K.C.B.,
D.C.L.

BY G. W. PROTHERO, LITT.D., LL.D.

On the first occasion when we met here to do honour to the memory of a departed

colleague, Prof. Gilbert Murray defined so clearly and so convincingly the principles which should regulate an address of this nature that his successors can but follow in his steps. We are not met to utter or to hear a panegyric on the dead, but rather to attempt a just estimate of what he was and what he did, and not so much to praise as to try, at least, to comprehend. That this is a difficult task in the present case I think my hearers will allow. So delicate were the shades of character that went to make up a rare and charming personality, so varied and in many respects so admirable were the achievements of Sir ALFRED LYALL, that I cannot but feel how inadequately I am equipped to play the part of judge. There is one member of our body whose supreme fitness for the task no one will deny ; and we shall all regret, no one more acutely than myself, that the cares of State and other reasons have prevented Lord Morley from undertaking a task which Lyall himself, we may be sure, would gladly have placed in his hands.

It is given to comparatively few to be both men of action and men of letters, to spend the greater part of an energetic life in the service of the State, and to attain high eminence in the world of philosophy and literature. In the annals of our own country such names occur perhaps more frequently than elsewhere—the names of statesmen or administrators who have beguiled their leisure and widened the circle of their fame by literary efforts of a high, even of a splendid order. It is a long and illustrious line that extends from More and Raleigh and Sidney and Bacon, through Clarendon and Bolingbroke, Burke and Macaulay, to Disraeli and Gladstone. And it is a line unbroken still, for we need not go beyond this room to find living examples of men who have attained to eminence both in letters and in politics. But such men, in comparison with those whose activities are limited to one or the other sphere, are and must be rare. I would not indeed be understood as wishing to place Lyall on a level, in regard to either his political or his literary work, with

the great men whom I have mentioned, but he is of their kind; and it is his first and most obvious distinction that he is to be placed, if only as a minor star, in that brilliant constellation.

Of his public work, even were I in a position to estimate it except at second hand, this is not the place to treat at length. The Society on whose behalf I have been chosen to speak is concerned with literature, not with politics and administration. But in any judgment of Lyall as a man of letters, it is a fact to be remembered that nearly fifty years—two-thirds of his life—were spent in the service of the State, either at home or abroad. It is a fact to be borne in mind, because in the first place such public activity leaves, as a rule, but little leisure or mental energy for other tasks, and because, in the second place, it was his almost life-long connection with one great department of government that determined the bent of his studies, and supplied, in one way or another, the subject-matter of almost all his literary work.

Going out to India in 1856 as a Civil Servant, with the prospect of peaceful duties before him, he was almost immediately plunged into the fierce tumult of a soldier's life. On the outbreak of the Mutiny, he, like others in his position, exchanged the pen for the sword, and won special mention in despatches for his "excellent services" in the field. The Mutiny suppressed, Lyall returned to his civilian duties and to the task of rendering the foreign blessings of peace and order as little unpalatable as they might be to the reluctant populations committed to his charge. His abilities were recognised, and he rose rapidly to positions of great and greater responsibility. As Commissioner of Berar, as Agent in Rajputana, as Home Secretary and subsequently Foreign Secretary to the Indian Government, finally as Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Provinces, he had ample opportunities of studying from many sides the working of the vast and intricate machine of State, of forming conclusions on the largest questions of policy and government, and of collecting those stores of

knowledge concerning native religion, law and thought which in his 'Asiatic Studies' he turned to such admirable account. We are justified, indeed, in supposing that the observation of facts and the formation of ideas respecting the peoples of India were to him the chief alleviation of laborious years, the reward for constant immersion in administrative details for which he had little taste. It may be gathered that, though he filled high and important posts, and filled them with success and honour, his administrative career did not confer on him any special title to fame. It was as a counsellor that he specially excelled. His services to India were by no means ended when he finally left that country in 1888, for, as a member of the India Council, he brought thenceforward, for the space of fifteen years, his wisdom and ripe experience to the aid of successive Secretaries of State. It stands on good authority that among the advisers of the Indian Government no voice more influential than his was heard. He saw both sides of every question that came before him; and a

high officer of State once remarked that, whenever an important step was to be taken, he never failed to consult Lyall with particular care, for from him he was certain to gather all that could reasonably be urged against the course proposed.

The discharge of grave and onerous duties in the continuous employment of the State from early youth to age leaves but little time for the pursuit of literature. But Lyall made the best use of such leisure as he enjoyed ; and, long before he left India for good, his name was known as that of an original thinker on difficult and abstruse topics, a diligent and productive student, and a writer gifted with real distinction of style. His literary output is indeed not large in bulk ; quantity was, in the circumstances, not to be expected ; but its quality is, without exception, admirable, and it exhibits unusual variety. As historian and biographer, as essayist and poet, in narrative and in argument, in research and in exposition, in the lighter as well as in the graver veins of literature, he alike excelled ; and, on whatever

subject he may be engaged, his writing illuminates, charms, persuades. Whether, with Jowett, we hold that style is connection, or describe it, with Aristotle, as the art of saying things plainly without meanness, indeed whatever definition of style we adopt, Lyall possessed, in no small degree, that supreme gift of authorship ; and, in his case, the style undoubtedly was the man. His writings exhibit an abundance of both thought and knowledge ; but it is thought which has run clear, and knowledge which does not encumber but supports. It is a style free from eccentricities, devoid of rhetoric, superfluous ornament, or forced antithesis. It is restrained, tranquil and unaffected, elevated without pomposity, simple without commonness, charming without familiarity, polished but not precious, attractive without any apparent effort to attract ; in short, the style of a man who has things to say that are worth hearing, and says them as they should be said, with due consideration for the subject, his hearers and himself.

Lyall's personality shows itself in all his

work, most of all, perhaps, in those Asiatic Studies which are his chief title to fame. And it was a rich and complex personality, shot with strange hues and somewhat bewildering contrasts, with its underlying strain of melancholy and its delicate sensibility, its veiled humour and gentle irony; too sceptical for enthusiasm, too critical for worship; temperamentally indolent but intellectually alert; humble but independent; emotional but intensely sane; bold in speculation, in action cautious, even hesitating; reserved and a little chilling to the newcomer, but capable of unbosoming itself with warm affection to intimate friends; easy and fascinating in conversation, but preserving always a certain aloofness from the outer world. These essays of his betray rather than enforce his subtle appreciation of motives and points of view alien to the western mind, and his deep sympathy with the passive and unchanging East, strangely combined with the consciousness that he himself is the official representative of the bustling, the revolutionary West. He cannot dismiss his doubts as to the

efficacy of human efforts after progress, and is yet convinced that for the sake of society such efforts must be made. He perceives the irony of fate; and a tinge of fatalism habitually colours his estimate of all endeavour. He regrets the old order that changeth, giving place to new; he casts back a wistful glance at the primitive, the uncivilised, the free. He hopes that the inevitable change *may* be, he enjoys no certainty that it *will* be, an advance towards the greater happiness of mankind.

It is the clash of East and West, the contrast between European and Asiatic ideals, the differences in the social order, in methods of government, above all, in religion, between ourselves and our fellow-citizens in that vast and varied continent which we call India, that form the main subject of these brilliant volumes. Above all, I may repeat, it was religion that attracted Lyall's attention; and for the student of comparative religion, for all who desire to know, in particular, the religious mind of the Hindu, his work has rightly become a classic. Whether he would ever have had the industry

and perseverance to amplify and combine these essays into a great work on Indian or on comparative religion may perhaps be doubted. Even in other circumstances a work *de longue haleine* might have been beyond his powers or his inclination. Nevertheless it is evident throughout that he draws from a wide reservoir of knowledge, by no means confined to India. He brings Grote and Mill and Buckle to the bar of accurate scientific observation. He forms his own conclusions as to the source of religious myths, and upholds the notion of their historical origin against that of a personification of natural forces. "Within the domain of religion," he remarks, "as sometimes within that of history, it is worth while to point out the danger of carrying too far the method which obliterates the influence of persons, and ascribes all movement to general causes, physical or metaphysical."

In one of the most instructive of his essays he sets forth the contrast between East and West in their views on the connection between religion and morality. In India, he remarks,

a theological sanction is necessary to every social advance, to every change of custom. Vaccination without the aid of theology is doomed to fail. But the Hindu, like the Greek, is apt to separate religion and morality. The Jews founded religion on righteousness, and, at least in the later days of Hebraism, attributed, according to their lights, the highest virtues to Jehovah. Christianity confirmed this connection, giving it a still more spiritual content. But in the East morality demands no explanation, no leading, from theology. The Hindu can see no benevolent God in nature; he predicates no virtue in the Almighty powers; he worships, but from fear, not love. And these views Lyall, in his practical way, is inclined to connect with social and material conditions. Mill asserts that the lot of man cannot be improved without a fundamental change in modes of thought. Lyall maintains that the converse is rather true. Change the conditions, and religion and morality will follow. I imagine that Lecky—so at least we may infer from his treatises on the growth of rationalism and of

morals—would have been inclined to agree with Lyall.

I have referred to Lyall's practical side ; and it is remarkable that in these discussions of ideas, of customs, of social and religious views he does not lose sight of their applicability to the problems of government. These volumes are not mere contributions to science and philosophy; they abound in practical reflections on the nature and results of the British dominion in India, and on the line of conduct which it should pursue in view of existing social and religious conditions.

How far the views which Lyall puts into the mouth of Vamadeo Shastri, the Brahmin educated in the learning of the East and of the West, represent his own sentiment, it would be difficult to say. They are, at all events, so representative of the Hindu mind that a learned Babu is said, on good authority, to have taken them for the genuine utterances of a compatriot. Nevertheless Lyall is assuredly thinking of himself when he makes Vamadeo say, "The truth is, I am rather of a melan-

choly and vaguely speculative temperament"; and again, "I am plagued by the inveterate habit of regarding all sublunary matters from the religious point of view." We might even go so far as to suppose that, in one of his sceptical moods, he would have applauded the remark, "Politics I cannot help regarding as the superficial aspect of deeper problems; and for progress, the latest incarnation of European materialism, I have an incurable distrust."

With the grave but gentle irony that becomes an Eastern sage, Vamadeo hints that the benefits which the Hindu derives from an English education are balanced by some serious defects; that popular religion is being undermined and nothing put in its place; that materialism is making rapid progress, while the government opposes to it no higher aims. He is apprehensive of what may come of the impending religious anarchy; as one who has studied the habitual practice of eastern potentates, recognised by their subjects as essential to order and control, he cannot under-

stand the attitude of neutrality—that is, as they regard it, of negation—adopted by the British Raj; why, he asks, should religion actuate individuals but not governments? And it would be a dangerous mistake to regard Brahminism, with Max Müller, as a moribund religion. On the contrary, it propagates itself perpetually by a natural process of absorption—natural because of its very vagueness and undogmatic elasticity. In one of those luminous generalisations which Vamadeo must surely have borrowed from Lyall, he points out that, while religious ideas have arisen in the East, the systematic organisation—the crystal-lising, one may say—of religion comes from the West. The Hindu cannot regard dogma as final; he is speculating still upon those questions which occupied the attention of the Early Church. And, we are left to infer, he will continue, whatever we do, to speculate.

To this practical problem of the attitude of the State towards religion Lyall more than once returns. In one essay he illustrates it by the practice of China, where three great

religions receive State recognition, and willingly submit to a certain amount of State control; where, through the practice of deifying beneficent men, Hades itself becomes, as he puts it, an outlying province of the empire; and where, by the combination of spiritual and temporal powers, the Emperor is the veritable keystone of the arch of State. In another essay, through which runs a delicate vein of humour, never obtruded, but rather resembling the aroma of those onion atoms which, in Sydney Smith's famous recipe, "permeate the bowl," he sketches the vacillations of British policy in regard to the Hindu religions, and implies rather than asserts that we have committed a grave error in surrendering all religious control. In the chaos which now exists, vast changes, he thinks, may rapidly occur; there is danger of a great religious explosion. Some aspects of the recent troubles in India add special force to this warning; but Lyall's conclusion is clear. It is our duty to hold the balance level and to keep control. "If ever," he asserts, "the imperial system was necessary

and fitted to a time and country, it is to India as we see it now.”

It may well be surmised that this conviction owed no little of its cogency to the careful study which Lyall devoted to the history of our Indian Empire. His admirable qualities as an historian are displayed in his well-known work on ‘The Rise and Expansion of the British Dominion in India.’ The story of that wonderful and romantic achievement has not always been told with the detachment and impartiality which the subject demands. It is easy to condemn the actions of great men entrusted with the care of vast interests in remote countries, amid barbaric or semi-civilised peoples, under all the temptations which absolute power in such circumstances presents; and, no doubt, in the establishment of British Dominion, especially in its earlier days, deeds were done which are incapable of justification. But in their dealing with such matters great writers—notably James Mill and Macaulay—have imported prejudices detrimental to historic truth; and through their

influence public opinion has for generations suffered serious distortion.

No better corrective of such errors can be found than that which is supplied by Lyall's historical works. His training eminently fitted him for the formation of those large and sane views in which he excels. A remark which he makes in his 'Life of Lord Dufferin' might well have been applied to himself. "Practical politics," he says, "personal intercourse with statesmen, travel, and experience of government in different stages of civilisation are better than erudition for a real understanding of Greek and Roman (and he might have added of Indian) civilisation." His History of British India is indeed unique among treatises on this subject in its impartiality, its sane and convincing judgments, its comprehensive grasp, its sense of proportion, its perception of what matters and what does not, the clearness and connection of its narrative, the philosophical exposition of causes and results. It does not, indeed, pretend to be based on original research, nor does it add largely to our know-

ledge of events; but it teaches us how to connect facts, and how to draw the right conclusions. The writing may not possess the sparkle which we have come to regard as brilliancy—a quality which may easily be rated too high; but, what is far better, it shines throughout with clarity of phrase and the dry light of historic truth.

Nor does the author confine himself solely to the past. In the final chapter of the most recent edition—almost the last thing that he wrote—he discusses the nature and weighs the results of the latest phases of British policy in India. He would steadily uphold the rights of the native states, and recognise their limited but real autonomy. He approves the policy of the “buffer-state,” and insists on the necessity of a protectorate or quasi-protectorate over the wild peoples who fringe our frontier from the Shan States to Beluchistan. The cautious wisdom of the Liberal-Conservative statesman appears in his recognition at once of the necessity and of the risks of constitutional reform; the outcome of his whole survey is

seen in the confident affirmation that the alliance between England and India "cannot now be interrupted or impaired without irreparable injury to both nations."

His short 'Life of Warren Hastings' presents the same qualities as his history, concentrated on a narrower field. The story derives an enhanced vividness from the grouping of facts round a single heroic figure, and from the romantic nature of one of the most stirring episodes in the annals of Hindustan. The contentious character of the subject, so long the battle-field of party-strife, of ignorance and political prejudice, affords peculiar scope to Lyall's serene judgment and scrupulous impartiality. "Men," he justly reminds us, "appointed to govern distant and unsettled provinces . . . are more like naval commanders on the high seas than constitutional governors"; and judgment must be dealt accordingly. If of any biography it may truly be asserted that it "nothing extenuates, nor ought sets down in malice," it may be asserted of this. It is no panegyric of Hastings;

it does him full justice, and no more. Since the book was written, the publication of certain important documents has necessarily modified some few of Lyall's statements; while the subsequent publication of Admiral Mahan's great work enabled him to fill up, in the 'History,' a serious gap left by the smaller book in the narrative of the war with France. But such details do not appreciably impair the merits of this illuminating little book—a book which admirably corrects the perversions or mistakes of Burke and Sheridan, of Macaulay and Mill, and incidentally disposes of the gibe once uttered, I think, by Seeley—that India was conquered in a fit of absence of mind.

Two other essays in biography Lyall made—a sketch of Tennyson and his works in a well-known series, and a full-length life of Lord Dufferin, some time Governor of India. In both these tasks he enjoyed the advantage of personal intimacy with his subjects. He had served in responsible positions under Lord Dufferin in India; he had long been a friend of Tennyson, and it was in his son's house that

he died. Lord Dufferin's public career was one that could well bear the full light of day, and might be narrated without those silences which are not infrequent in official biographies. It is a fascinating life-story, attractive not only from the personal charm and the brilliant if somewhat superficial accomplishments of its hero, but still more from the extraordinary variety of Lord Dufferin's employments and the complexity of the interests which in Syria and Egypt, in Canada and India, at Constantinople, at Paris, and at Rome were committed to his charge. With full mastery of the facts, with his customary lucidity and sense of proportion, with equal facility and felicity of expression, Lyall follows his subject through these varied scenes. On the episode of the Viceroyalty he speaks with first-hand knowledge; and this is the most valuable portion of a work which has hardly enjoyed, in popular estimation, the success that, in my opinion, it deserves. Nevertheless, when all is said, it can hardly be asserted that the 'Life of Lord Dufferin' enjoys any superlative distinction

among works of a similar nature. It is good ; if another had written it, one might say it is very good ; but it does not display the author at his very best.

In the short life of Tennyson, Lyall undertook a difficult task—to sketch the life and to estimate the work of the greatest poet of our generation. With all its merits—and it has great merits—it is perhaps the least successful of his books. On the poet's life he adds, and could be expected to add, nothing of importance to the full biography which had preceded. In discussing the poetry of Tennyson there was more room for originality ; but the criticism cannot be said to be original. The book labours under a disadvantage almost inseparable from the dual task to which I have referred, in that the criticisms are broken up and interspersed among the successive chapters of the life, so that we nowhere obtain a summary estimate or presentation of the poetry as a whole ; while, in regard to some, at least, of the later poems, one cannot suppress, when reading between the lines, the suspicion that, had the critic felt per-

fectly free to say what was in his mind, he would have spoken in a somewhat different tone. It was Lyall's only essay in the difficult art of criticism; and, though his remarks show wide reading in poetical literature, and, especially in regard to the philosophical poems, a keen and appreciative judgment, we miss that penetrative flash of insight, those profound generalisations, that vivid perception of concealed affinities, by which a great critic would have enabled us not only to comprehend the writer, but to place him in the long line of those who have developed and ennobled English song.

Lyall himself deserves a place, if but a subordinate place, in this noble line. His one slender volume of verse contains true poetry, the musical expression of genuine poetic emotion called forth, for the most part, by incidents of his career in India. Some of the most striking pieces enshrine the memories of the Mutiny, in the suppression of which he took part. But it is not the fierce joy of combat or the elation of victory that inspires his Muse; it

is rather the tender melancholy engendered by some pathetic episode, the recollection of some vain and forgotten deed of heroism, and a generous sympathy with the defeated cause. And, what is of special interest to us on this occasion, the poems show the inner heart of the man—that heart which Lyall certainly did not wear upon his sleeve. It is true that we must not expect to find either the grace and finish of Tennyson or the hammer-stroke and pregnant force of Browning, the voluptuous melodies of Swinburne, or the clear-cut imagery of Rossetti. Lyall is not to be ranked with these great contemporaries; his poetry is on a lower plane. Poetry, we must remember, was not his profession, but the distraction of his lighter hours, and that only while he was still young. Nevertheless the true lyric emotion is there—in the visions of Indian scenes whose haunting sadness will not die, in the feeling for the ancient races and the vanished or vanishing traditions of a romantic past, in the suppressed longing of the exile for home. Many, and perhaps the best, of these little poems are semi-

dramatic; that is, they represent thoughts and feelings which are not Lyall's own, but into which he entered with an extraordinary power of assimilation. In one, it is the Hindu prince who meditates upon by-gone splendours and the riddle of what is to come.

“Here are the tombs of my kinsfolk, the fruit of an
ancient name,
Chiefs who were slain on the war-field, and women
who died in flame;
They are gods, these kings of the foretime; they
are spirits who guard our race;
Ever I watch and worship; they sit with a marble
face.

“Is life, then, a dream and delusion, and where shall
the dreamer awake?
Is the world seen like shadows on water? and what
if the mirror break?
Shall it pass as a camp that is struck, as a tent that
is gathered and gone
From the sands that were lamp-lit at eve, and at
morning are level and lone?”

In another it is the aged Rajput chief who, clinging to the ancient ways, submits with oriental fatalism to the new—

"I can but follow my fathers' rule ;
 I cannot learn in an English school.
 Yet the hard world softens, and change is best ;
 My sons must leave the ancient ways ;
 The folk are weary, the land shall rest,
 And the gods are kind, for I end my days."

Or, again, it is Siva—

 "the God of the sensuous fire,
 That moulds all nature in forms divine—"

Siva, who knows that, whatever happens,
 his worship will remain, for it enshrines under
 barbaric forms a philosophy of eternal things—

"Let my temples fall—they are dark with age ;
 Let my idols break—they have had their day ;
 On their deep-hewn stones the primeval sage
 Has figured the spells that endure alway.
 My presence shall vanish from river and grove,
 But I rule for ever in Death and Love."

Finally, it is the West that says to the
 East—

"The lightning that shivers, the storms that sweep,
 The wide full flood and the drowning waves—

Still do ye fear them, and worship and weep ?

They are still your gods ? They shall be your
slaves.

“ Ye have courted them vainly with passion and
prayer ;

Their gifts are but silence and infinite rest ;
If the heavens are empty the earth may be fair ;
There is one life only, so labour is best.”

And the East replies—

“ If the lords of our life be pleasure and pain,
And the earth is their kingdom, and none may
flee,

Ye may take their wages who wear their chain ;
I may serve them never, and sleep is free.

“ Ye shall float and fade in the world of sense,
As the clouds that hover, the rays that gleam ;
No hand shows whither, no tongue says whence—
Let me rest nor be troubled, if all is dream.”

That strange and undying contrast none has
felt, in our time at least, more keenly than
Lyll; none has expressed it with greater charm
and power. Had he died among the primitive
peoples whom he ruled and loved, his own
theory of myth and religion might have been
realised in his person. He might—may we not

imagine?—have become a deified spirit and been raised to the dim and populous Pantheon of the Hindu gods, as one who fused in himself, to an unparalleled degree, the thought, the ideals, the longings of the eastern and the western worlds.

The CHAIRMAN: We are grateful to Mr. Courthope and Mr. Prothero for having spoken as they have spoken, and as we should have wished. It is not for us to say anything in words, but to think. I will now pass to the next part of the business, and that is, the announcement of the nature of the prize which the Princess de Polignac has founded for the advancement of the objects of the Academic Committee. The Princess desires that this endowment should be a memorial to the name of her husband, the late Prince de Polignac, himself one whose interest in, and

sympathy with, literature and art were of the keenest. And she has taken the opportunity of doing something else. Her own feeling was for forming literature and for style, and she has wished to help this Committee in its object of bringing to the front the formation of literature and style. She has chosen the Committee as the instrument through which her object may be accomplished, and she has founded this prize and also an endowment for the Committee. She has given us for five years the annual sum of £150 for the purpose of the Committee, and of that £100 is to be devoted annually to a prize, the object of which I will presently explain. It is a generous gift this, a generous endowment. (Applause.) I am expressing, I believe, the sense of all of you when I convey your thanks to the Princess, who is present, not only for the gift, but for the spirit and ideas with which it has been accompanied. (Applause.) Now, here are the conditions which attach to the prize. I need not tell you that its one purpose is the encouragement of style,

and it is to be a single prize of £100, given in each year, and not to be divided. It is to be given to an author in respect of a particular piece of work, a particular book. The book selected must belong to the current year, must have been published in the calendar year ended December 31st preceding the award, which is to be made in November each year. What we hope to do is to crown a piece of work for each literary year. The award is to have special regard, not to the past of the author, nor even necessarily to his present, but to his future, and what the judges are to look for is literary promise. What we wish is to distinguish those to whom we shall look in the future for sustained credit for British literature. No author will receive the prize twice; that almost follows from what I have said. And I need not say that we do not confer the prize on ourselves. (Laughter.) The Academic Committee are excluded. Nor do we desire any applications or recommendations. They will be counted for unrighteousness on the part of those who send them in. (Laughter.) There is a Reading Committee

which is appointed, which makes suggestions to the Academic Committee, and guides it in the bestowal of the prize. Those are the conditions which have been approved by the Princess for the regulation of this prize, the Edmond de Polignac prize for the advancement of form in literature. And I say again that it is an endowment as valuable as it is generous, and I hope much good will come from it. (Applause.) And now I come to mention the first fruits of this. The Committee have selected, after much consideration, Mr. WALTER DE LA MARE as the one on whom their choice has fallen for this year, and that in respect of a particular work within the rule, the book known as ‘The Return,’ which he has recently published. I have the pleasure of congratulating Mr. de la Mare on the fact that he has the distinction of being the first recipient of the Edmond de Polignac prize. (Applause.) Ladies and gentlemen, that closes the business.

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